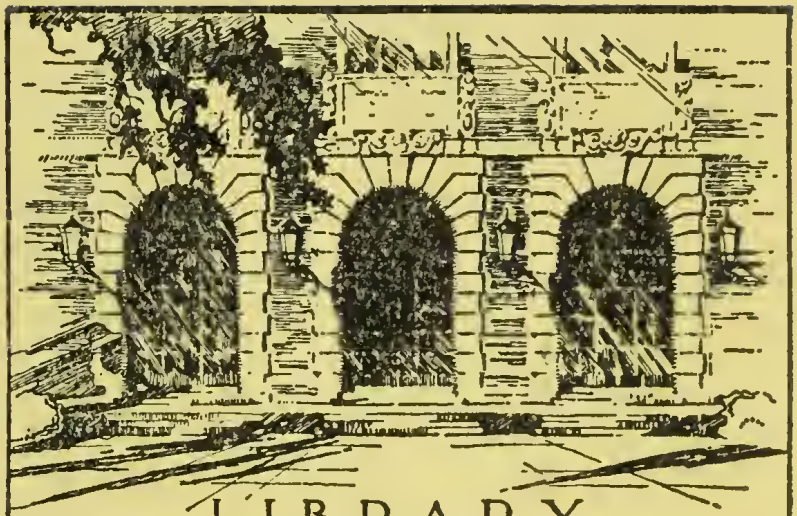

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THE

MAN OF FEELING:

THE

MAN OF THE WORLD.

BY HENRY MACKENZIE, ESQ.

HALIFAX:

JOSEPH HARTLEY, OLD MARKET PLACE.

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THE

MAN OF FEELING.

CHAPTER XI.*

Of Bashfulness—a Character—His Opinion on that Subject.

THERE is some rust about every man at the beginning; though in some nations (among the French, for instance) the ideas of the inhabitants, from climate, or what other cause you will, are so vivacious, so eternally on the wing, that they must, even in small societies, have a frequent collision; the rust therefore will wear off sooner: but in Britain it often goes with a man to his grave; nay, he dares not even pen a *hic jacet* to speak out for him after his death.

Let them rub it off by travel, said the baronet's brother, who was a striking instance of excellent metal shamefully rusted. I had drawn my chair

* The reader will remember that the Editor is accountable only for scattered chapters, and fragments of chapters; the curate must answer for the rest. The number at the top, when the chapter was entire, he has given as it originally stood, with the title which its author had affixed to it.

near his. Let me paint the honest old man: 'tis but one passing sentence to preserve his image in my mind.

He sat in his usual attitude, with his elbow rested on his knee, and his fingers pressed on his cheek. His face was shaded by his hand; yet it was a face that might once have been well accounted handsome; its features were manly and striking, and a certain dignity residing on his eyebrows, which were the largest I remember to have seen. His person was tall and well made; but the indolence of his nature had now inclined it to corpulency.

His remarks were few, and made only to his familiar friends: but they were such as the world might have heard with veneration: and his heart, uncorrupted by its ways, was ever warm in the cause of virtue and his friends.

He is now forgotten and gone; The last time I was at Silton-hall, I saw his chair stand in its corner by the fire-side; there was an additional cushion on it, and it was occupied by my young lady's favourite lapdog. I drew near unperceived, and pinched its ears in the bitterness of my soul; the creature howled, and ran to its mistress. She did not suspect the author of its misfortune, but she bewailed it in the most pathetic terms; and kissing its lips, laid it gently on her lap, and covered it with a cambric handkerchief. I sat in my old friend's seat; I heard the roar of mirth and gaiety around me: poor Ben Silton! I gave thee a tear then: accept of one cordial drop that falls to thy memory now.

Let them rub it off by travel.—Why, it is true,

said I, that will go far; but then it will often happen that, in the velocity of a modern tour, and amidst the materials through which it is commonly made, the friction is so violent that not only the rust, but the metal too will be lost in the progress.

Give me leave to correct the expression of your metaphor, said Mr. Silton: that is not always rust which is acquired by the inactivity of the body on which it preys; such, perhaps, is the case with me, though indeed I was never cleared from my youth; but (taking it in its first stage) it is rather an incrustation, which nature has given for purposes of the greatest wisdom.

You are right, I returned; and sometimes, like certain precious fossils, there may be hid under it gems of the purest brilliancy.

Nay, further, continued Mr. Silton, there are two distinct sorts of what we call bashfulness: this, the awkwardness of a booby, which a few steps into the world will convert into the pertness of a coxcomb; that, a consciousness, which the most delicate feelings produce, and the most extensive knowledge cannot always remove.

From the incidents I have already related, I imagine it will be concluded, that Harley was of the latter species of bashful animals: at least, if Mr. Silton's principle be just, it may be argued on this side: for the gradation of the first-mentioned sort, it is certain, he never attained. Some part of his external appearance was modeled from the company of those gentlemen, whom the antiquity of a family, now possessed of bare £250 a year, entitled its representative to approach: these in-

deed were not many; great part of the property in his neighbourhood being in the hands of merchants who had got rich by their lawful calling abroad, and the sons of stewards, who had got rich by their lawful calling at home, persons so perfectly versed in the ceremonial of thousands, tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands (whose degrees of precedency are plainly demonstrable from the first page of the Complete Accomptant, or Young Man's best Pocket Companion), that a bow at church from them to such a man as Harley would have made the parson look back into his sermon for some precept of Christian humility.

CHAPTER XII.

Of worldly Interests.

THERE are certain interests which the world supposes every man to have, and which therefore are properly enough termed worldly: but the world is apt to make an erroneous estimate: ignorant of the dispositions which constitute our happiness or misery, it brings to an undistinguished scale the means of the one, as connected with power, wealth, or grandeur, and of the other with their contraries. Philosophers and poets have often protested against this decision; but their arguments have been despised as declamatory, or ridiculed as romantic.

There are never wanting to a young man some grave and prudent friends to set him right in this

particular, if he need it ; to watch his ideas as they arise, and point them to those objects which a wise man should never forget.

Harley did not want for some monitors of this sort. He was frequently told of men, whose fortunes enabled them to command all the luxuries of life, whose fortunes were of their own acquirement : his envy was invited by a description of their happiness, and his emulation by a recital of the means which had procured it.

Harley was apt to hear those lecturers with indifference ; nay, sometimes they got the better of his temper ; and, as the instances were not always amiable, provoked, on his part, some reflections which I am persuaded his good nature would else have avoided.

Indeed, I have observed one ingredient, somewhat necessary in a man's composition towards happiness, which people of feeling would do well to acquire—a certain respect for the follies of mankind ; for there are so many fools whom the opinion of the world entitles to regard, whom accident has placed in heights of which they are unworthy, that he who cannot restrain his contempt or indignation at the sight will be too often quarreling with the disposal of things to relish that share which is allotted to himself. I do not mean, however, to insinuate this to have been the case with Harley : on the contrary, if we might rely on his own testimony, the conceptions he had of pomp and grandeur served to endear the state which Providence had assigned him.

He lost his father, the last surviving of his pa-

rents, as I have already related, when he was a boy. The good man, from a fear of offending, as well as a regard to his son, had named him a variety of guardians; one consequence of which was, that they seldom met at all to consider the affairs of their ward; and when they did meet, their opinions were so opposite that the only possible method of conciliation was the mediatory power of a dinner and a bottle, which commonly interrupted, not ended the dispute; and, after that interruption ceased, left the consulting parties in a condition not very proper for adjusting it. His education therefore had been but indifferently attended to; and after being taken from a country school, at which he had been boarded, the young gentleman was suffered to be his own master in the subsequent branches of literature, with some assistance from the parson of the parish in languages and philosophy, and from the exciseman in arithmetic and bookkeeping. One of his guardians, indeed, who, in his youth, had been an inhabitant of the Temple, set him to read Coke upon Lyttleton; a book which is very properly put into the hands of beginners in that science, as its simplicity is accommodated to their understandings, and its size to their inclinations. He profited but little by the perusal; but it was not without its use in the family: for his maiden aunt applied it commonly to the laudable purpose of pressing her rebellious linens to the folds she had allotted them.

There were particularly two ways of increasing his fortune, which might have occurred to people of less foresight than the counsellors we have men-

tioned. One of these was the prospect of his succeeding to an old lady, a distant relation, who was known to be possessed of a very large sum in the stocks: but in this their hopes were disappointed; for the young man was so untoward in his disposition that notwithstanding the instructions he daily received, his visits rather tended to alienate than gain the good-will of his kinswoman. He sometimes looked grave when the old lady told the jokes of her youth; he often refused to eat when she pressed him, and was seldom or never provided with sugar-candy or liquorice when she was seized with a fit of coughing; nay, he had once the rudeness to fall asleep while she was describing the composition and virtues of her favourite colic water. In short, he accommodated himself so ill to her humour, that she died, and did not leave him a farthing.

The other method pointed out to him was an endeavour to get a lease of some crown lands, which lay contiguous to his little paternal estate. This, it was imagined, might be easily procured, as the crown did not draw so much rent as Harley could afford to give, with very considerable profit to himself; and the then lessee had rendered himself so obnoxious to the ministry, by the disposal of his vote at an election, that he could not expect a renewal. This, however, needed some interest with the great, which Harley or his father never possessed.

His neighbour, Mr. Walton, having heard of this affair, generously offered his assistance to accomplish it. He told him, that though he had long been a stranger to courtiers, yet he believed there were

some of them who might pay regard to his recommendation; and that, if he thought it worth the while to take a London journey upon the business, he would furnish him with a letter of introduction to a baronet of his acquaintance, who had a great deal to say with the first lord of the treasury.

When his friends heard of this offer they pressed him with the utmost earnestness to accept of it. They did not fail to enumerate the many advantages which a certain degree of spirit and assurance gives a man who would make a figure in the world; they repeated their instances of good fortune in others, ascribed them all to a happy forwardness of disposition; and made so copious a recital of the disadvantages which attend the opposite weakness that a stranger, who had heard them, would have been led to imagine, that in the British code there was some disqualifying statute against any citizen who should be convicted of—modesty.

Harley, though he had no great relish for the attempt, yet could not resist the torrent of motives that assaulted him; and as he needed but little preparation for his journey, a day not very distant was fixed for his departure.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Man of Feeling in love.

The day before that on which he set out, he went to take leave of Mr. Walton.—We would conceal

nothing:—there was another person of the family to whom also the visit was intended, on whose account, perhaps, there were some tender feelings in the bosom of Harley than his gratitude for the friendly notice of that gentleman (though he was seldom deficient in that virtue) could inspire. Mr. Walton had a daughter; and such a daughter! we will attempt some description of her by and by.

Harley's notions of the *καλον*, or beautiful, were not always to be defined, nor indeed such as the world would always assent to, though we could define them. A blush, a phrase of affability to an inferior, a tear at a moving tale, were to him, like the cestus of Cytherea, unequalled in conferring beauty. For all these Miss Walton was remarkable; but as these, like the abovementioned cestus, are perhaps still more powerful when the wearer is possessed of some degree of beauty, commonly so called: it happened that, from this cause, they had more than usual power in the person of that young lady.

She was now arrived at that period of life which takes, or is supposed to take, from the flippancy of girlhood those sprightlinesses with which some good-natured old maids oblige the world of threescore. She had been ushered into life (as that word is used in the dialect of St. James's) at seventeen—her father being then in parliament, and living in London: at seventeen, therefore, she had been a universal toast; her health, now she was four and twenty, was only drunk by those who knew her face at least. Her complexion was mellowed into a paleness, which certainly took from her beauty; but agreed, at least Harley used to say so, with

the pensive softness of her mind. Her eyes were of that gentle hazel colour which is rather mild than piercing; and, except when they were lighted up by good humour, which was frequently the case, were supposed by the fine gentleman to want fire. Her air and manner were elegant in the highest degree, and were as sure of commanding respect as their mistress was far from demanding it. Her voice was inexpressibly soft; it was, according to that incomparable similie of Otway's,

> —— like the shepherd's pipe upon the mountains,
> When all his little flock's at feed before him.

The effect it had upon Harley, himself used to paint ridiculously enough; and ascribed it to powers which few believed, and nobody cared for.

Her conversation was always cheerful, but rarely witty; and without the smallest affectation of learning, had as much sentiment in it as would have puzzled a Turk, upon his principles of female materialism, to account for. Her benificence was unbounded; indeed the natural tenderness of her heart might have been argued, by the frigidity of a casuist, as detracting from her virtue in this respect, for her humanity was a feeling, not a principle: but minds like Harley's are not very apt to make this distinction, and generally give our virtue credit for all that benevolence which is instinctive in our nature.

As her father had for some years retired to the country, Harley had frequent opportunities of seeing her. He looked on her for some time merely with that respect and admiration which her appearance seemed to demand, and the opinion of others

conferrred upon her: from this cause, perhaps, and from that extreme sensibility of which we have taken frequent notice, Harley was remarkably silent in her presence. He heard her sentiments with peculiar attention, sometimes with looks very expressive of approbation; but seldom declared his opinion on the subject, much less made compliments to the lady on the justness of her remarks.

From this very reason it was, that Miss Walton frequently took more particular notice of him than of other visitors, who, by the laws of precedency, were better entitled to it; it was a mode of politeness she had peculiarly studied, to bring to the line of that equality, which is ever necessary for the ease of our guests, those whose sensibility had placed below it.

Harley saw this; for though he was a child in the drama of the world, yet it was not altogether owing to a want of knowledge on his part; on the contrary, the most delicate consciousness of propriety often kindled that blush which marred the performance of it: this raised his esteem something above what the most sanguine descriptions of her goodness had been able to do; for certain it is, that notwithstanding the laboured definitions which very wise men have given us of the inherent beauty of virtue, we are always inclined to think her handsomest when she condescends to smile upon ourselves.

It would be trite to observe the easy gradation from esteem to love: in the bosom of Harley there scarce needed a transition; for there were certain seasons when his ideas were flushed to a degree much above their common complexion. In times

not credulous of inspiration, we should account for this from some natural cause; but we do not mean to account for it at all; it were sufficient to describe its effects; but they were sometimes so ludicrous, as might derogate from the dignity of the sensations which produced them to describe. They were treated indeed as such by most of Harley's sober friends, who often laughed very heartily at the awkward blunders of the real Harley, when the different faculties which should have prevented them, were entirely occupied by the ideal. In some of these paroxysms of fancy, Miss Walton did not fail to be introduced; and the picture, which had been drawn amidst the surrounding objects of unnoticed levity, was now singled out to be viewed through the medium of romantic imagination: it was improved of course, and esteem was a word inexpressive of the feelings which it excited.

CHAPTER. XIV.

He sets out on his Journey.—The Beggar and his Dog.

He had taken leave of his aunt on the eve of his intended departure; but the good lady's affection for her nephew interrupted her sleep, and early as it was next morning when Harley came down stairs to set out, he found her in the parlour with a tear on her cheek, and her caudle-cup in her hand. She knew enough of physic to prescribe against going abroad of a morning with an empty stomach. She gave her

blessing with the draught : her instructions she had delivered the night before. They consisted mostly of negatives ; for London, in her idea, was so replete with temptations that it needed the whole armour of her friendly cautions to repel their attacks.

Peter stood at the door. We have mentioned this faithful fellow formerly : Harley's father had taken him up an orphan, and saved him from being cast on the parish ; and he had ever since remained in the service of him and his son. Harley shook him by the hand as he passed, smiling, as if he had said, I will not weep. He sprang hastily into the chaise that waited for him : Peter folded up the step. My dear master (said he, shaking the solitary lock that hung on either side of his head), I have been told as how London is a sad place.—He was choked with the thought, and his benediction could not be heard:—But it shall be heard, honest Peter ! where these tears will add to its energy.

In a few hours Harley reached the inn where he proposed breakfasting ; but the fullness of his heart would not suffer him to eat a morsel. He walked out on the road, and, gaining a little height, stood gazing on the quarter he had left. He looked for his wonted prospect, his fields, his woods, and his hills : they were lost in the distant clouds ! He pencilled them on the clouds, and bade them farewell with a sigh !

He sat down on a large stone to take out a litle pebble from his shoe, when he saw, at some distance, a beggar approaching him. He had on a loose sort of coat mended with different coloured rags, amongst which the blue and the russet were the predominant.

He had a short knoty stick in his hand, and on the top of it was stuck a ram's horn ; his knees (though he was no pilgram) had worn the stuff of his breeches; he wore no shoes, and his stockings had entirely lost that part of them which should have covered his feet and ancles : in his face, however, was the plump appearance of good humour ; he walked a good round pace, and a crook-legged dog trotted at his heels.

Our delicacies, said Harley to himself, are fantastic ; they are not in nature ! that beggar walks over the sharpest of these stones barefooted, while I have lost the most delightful dream in the world, from the smallest of them happening to get into my shoe.—The beggar had by this time come up, and, pulling off a piece of hat, asked charity of Harley : the dog began to beg to :—it was impossible to resist both ; and, in truth, the want of shoes and stockings had made both unnecessary, for Harley had destined sixpence for him before. The beggar, on receiving it poured forth blessings without number ; and, with a sort of a smile on his countenance, said to Harley, that if he wanted to have his fortune told—Harley turned his eye briskly on the beggar : it was an unpromising look for the subject of a prediction, and silenced the prophet immediately. I would much rather learn, said Harley, what it is in your power to tell me : your trade must be an entertaining one sit down on this stone, and let me know something of your profession : I have often thought of turning fortune-teller for a week or two myself.

Master, replied the beggar, I like your frankness much; God knows I had the humour of plain dealing in me from a child ; but there is no doing with it in

this world we must live as we can, and lying is, as you call it, my profession : but I was in some sort forced to the trade, for I dealt once in telling truth.

I was a labourer, sir, and gained as much as to make me live : I never laid by indeed : for I was reckoned a piece of a wag, and your wags, I take it, are seldom rich, Mr. Harley. So, said Harley, you seem to know me. Ay, there are few folks in the country that I don't know something of : How should I tell fortunes else ? True ; but to go on with your story : you were a labourer, you say, and a wag ; your industry, I suppose, you left with your old trade ; but your humour you preserve to be of use to you in your new.

What signifies sadness, sir ? a man grows lean on't : but I was brought to my idleness by degrees ; first I could not work, and it went against my stomach to work ever after. I was seized with a jail fever at the time of the assizes being in the county where I lived ; for I was always curious to get acquainted with the felons, because they are commonly fellows of much mirth and little thought, qualities I had ever an esteem for. In the height of this fever, Mr. Harley, the house where I lay took fire, and burned to the ground ; I was carried out in that condition, and lay all the rest of my illness in a barn. I got the better of my disease, however, but I was so weak that I spit blood whenever I attempted to work. I had no relation living that I knew of, and I never kept a friend above a week, when I was able to joke ; I seldom remained above six months in a parish, so that I might have died before I had found a settlement in any : thus

I was forced to beg my bread and a sorry trade I found it, Mr. Harley. I told all my misfortunes truly, but they were seldom believed ; and the few who gave me a halfpenny as they passed did it with a shake of the head, and an injunction not to trouble them with a long story. In short, I found that people don't care to give alms without some security for their money; a wooden leg or a withered arm is a sort of draught upon heaven for those who choose to have their money placed to account there; so I changed my plan, and, instead of telling my own misfortunes, began to prophecy happiness to others. This I found by much the better way: folks will always listen when the tale is their own; and of many who say they do not believe in fortune-telling, I have known few on whom it had not a very sensible effect. I pick up the names of their acquaintance; amours and little squabbles are easily gleaned among servants and neighbours; and, indeed, people themselves are the best intelligencers in the world for our purpose: they dare not puzzle us for their own sakes, for every one is anxious to hear what they wish to believe; and they who repeat it, to laugh at it when they have done, are generally more serious than their hearers are apt to imagine. With a tolerable good memory, and some share of cunning, with the help of walking a-nights over heaths and churchyards, with this, and showing the tricks of that there dog, whom I stole from the serjeant of a marching regiment (and by the way, he can steal too upon occasion), I made shift to pick up a livelihood. My trade, indeed, is none of the honestest; yet people are not

much cheated neither, who give a few halfpence for a prospect of happiness, which I have heard some persons say is all a man can arrive at in this world.—But I must bid you good day, sir; for I have three miles to walk before noon, to inform some boarding-school young ladies, whether their husbands are to be peers of the realm or captains in the army: a question which I promised to answer them by that time.

Harley had drawn a shilling from his pocket: but Virtue bade him consider on whom he was going to bestow it.—Virtue held back his arm:—but a milder form, a younger sister of Virtue's, not so severe as Virtue nor so serious as Pity, smiled upon him; his fingers lost their compression;—nor did Virtue offer to catch the money as it fell. It had no sooner reached the ground than the watchful cur (a trick he had been taught) snapped it up; and, contrary to the most approved method of stewardship, delivered it immediately into the hands of his master.

* * * * * * * *

CHAPTER XIX.

He makes a second Expedition to the Baronet's.—The laudable Ambition of a young Man to be thought something by the World.

We have related in a former chapter the little success of his first visit to the great man, for whom he

had the introductory letter from Mr. Walton. To people of equal sensibility, the influence of those trifles we mentioned on his deportment will not appear surprising ; but to his friends in the country they could not be stated, nor would they have allowed them any place in the account. In some of their letters, therefore, which he received soon after, they expressed their surprise at his not having been more urgent in his application, and again recommended the blushless assiduity of successful merit.

He resolved to make another attempt at the baronet's ; fortified with higher notions of his own dignity, and with less apprehension of repulse. In his way to Grosvenor Square he began to ruminate on the folly of mankind, who affix those ideas of superiority to riches, which reduced the minds of men, by nature equal with the more fortunate, to that sort of servility which he felt in his own. By the time he had reached the square, and was walking along the pavement which led to the baronet's, he had brought his reasoning on the subject to such a point, that the conclusion, by every rule of logic, should have led him to a thorough indifference in his approaches to a fellow mortal, whether that fellow mortal was possessed of six, or six thousand pounds a year. It is probable, however, that the premises had been improperly formed ; for it is certain that, when he approached the great man's door, he felt his heart agitated by an unusual pulsation.

He had almost reached it, when he observed a young gentleman coming out, dressed in a white

frock and a red laced waistcoat, with a small switch in his hand, which he seemed to manage with a particular good grace. As he passed him on the steps, the stranger very politely made him a bow, which Harley returned, though he could not remember ever having seen him before. He asked Harley, in the same civil manner, If he were going to wait on his friend the baronet? For I was just calling, said he, and am sorry to find that he is gone for some days into the country. Harley thanked him for his information; and was turning from the door, when the other observed, that it would be proper to leave his name, and very obligingly knocked for that purpose. Here is a gentleman, Tom, who meant to have waited on your master. Your name, if you please, sir? Harley.—You'll remember, Tom, Harley.—The door was shut. Since we are here, said he, we shall not lose our walk, if we add a little to it by a turn or two in Hyde Park. He accompanied this proposal with a second bow, and Harley accepted of it by another in return.

The conversation as they walked was brilliant on the side of his companion. The playhouse, the opera, with every occurrence in high life, he seemed perfectly master of; and talked of some reigning beauties of quality, in a manner the most feeling in the world. Harley admired the happiness of his vivacity; and, opposite as it was to the reserve of his own nature, began to be much pleased with its effects.

Though I am not of opinion with some wise men, that the existence of objects depends on idea; yet

I am convinced that their appearance is not a little influenced by it. The optics of some minds are in so unlucky a perspective, as to throw a certain shade on every picture that is presented to them ; while those of others (of which number was Harley), like the mirrors of the ladies, have a wonderful effect in bettering their complexions. Through such a medium, perhaps, he was looking on his present companion.

When they had finished their walk, and were returning by the corner of the Park, they observed a board hung out of a window, signifying "an excellent ORDINARY on Saturdays and Sundays." It happened to be Saturday, and the table was covered for the purpose. What if we should go in and dine here, if you happen not to be engaged, sir ? said the young gentleman. It is not impossible but we shall meet with some original or other ; it is a sort of humour I like hugely. Harley made no objection ; and the stranger showed him the way into the parlour.

He was placed, by the courtesy of his introductor, in an arm-chair that stood at one side of the fire. Over against him was seated a man of a grave considering aspect, with that look of sober prudence which indicates what is commonly called a warm man. He wore a pretty large wig, which had once been white, but was now of a brownish yellow ; his coat was one of those modest-coloured drabs, which mock the injuries of dust and dirt ; two jack-boots concealed in part the well-mended knees of an old pair of buckskin breeches, while the spotted handkerchief round his neck preserved at once its owner

from catching cold and his neckcloth from being dirted. Next him sat another man with a tankard in his hand, and a quid of tobacco in his cheek, whose eye was rather more vivacious, and whose dress was something smarter.

The first-mentioned gentleman took notice, that the room had been so lately washed as not to have had time to dry; and remarked, that wet lodging was unwholesome for man or beast. He looked round at the same time for a poker to stir the fire with, which, he at last observed to the company, the people of the house had removed, in order to save their coals. This difficulty, however, he overcame, by the help of Harley's stick, saying, that as they should, no doubt, pay for the fire in some shape or other, he saw no reason why they should not have the use of it while they sat.

The door was now opened for the admission of dinner. I don't know how it is with you, gentlemen, said Harley's new acquaintance; but I am afraid I shall not be able to get down a morsel at this horrid mechanical hour of dining. He sat down, however, and did not show any want of appetite by his eating. He took upon him the carving of the meat, and criticised on the goodness of the pudding.

When the table-cloth was removed, he proposed calling for some punch; which was readily agreed to: he seemed at first inclined to make it himself, but afterwards changed his mind, and left that province to the waiter, telling him to have it pure West Indian, or he could not taste a drop of it.

When the punch was brought, he undertook to

fill the glasses and call the toasts.——"The King." The toast naturally produced politics. It is the privilege of Englishmen to drink the king's health, and to talk of his conduct. The man who sat opposite to Harley (and who by this time, partly from himself, and partly from his acquaintance on his left hand, was discovered to be a grazier) observed, That it was a shame for so many pensioners to be allowed to take the bread out of the mouth of the poor. Ay, and provisions, said his friend, were never so dear in the memory of man; I wish the king and his counsellors would look to that. As for the matter of provisions, neighbour Wrightson, he replied, I am sure the prices of cattle—A dispute would have probably ensued, but it was prevented by the spruce toast-master, who gave a sentiment; and turning to the two politicians, Pray, gentlemen, said he, let us have done with these musty politics: I would always leave them to the beer-suckers in Butcher Row*. Come, let us have something of the fine arts. That was a damn'd hard match between the Nailor and Tim Bucket. The knowing ones were cursedly taken in there! I lost a cool hundred myself, 'faith.

At mention of a cool hundred, the grazier threw his eyes aslant, with a mingled look of doubt and surprise; while the man at his elbow looked arch, and gave a short emphatical sort of cough.

Both seemed to be silenced, however, by this intelligence; and, while the remainder of the punch

*It may be necessary to inform readers of the present day, that the noted political debating society called The Robin Hood was held at a house in Butcher Row.

lasted, the conversation was wholly engrossed by the gentleman with the fine waistcoat, who told a great many immense comical stories and confounded smart things, as he termed them, acted and spoken by lords, ladies, and young bucks of quality of his acquaintance. At last, the grazier, pulling out a watch of a very unusual size, and telling the hour, said, that he had an appointment. Is it so late? said the young gentleman: then I am afraid I have missed an appointment already; but the truth is, I am cursedly given to missing appointments.

When the grazier and he were gone, Harley turned to the remaining personage, and asked him, if he knew that young gentleman? A gentleman! said he; ay, he is one of your gentlemen at the top of an affidavit. I knew him, some years ago, in the quality of a footman; and, I believe, he had sometimes the honour to be a pimp. At last, some of the great folks, to whom he had been serviceable in both capacities, had him made a guager; in which station he remains, and has the assurance to pretend an acquaintance with men of quality. The impudent dog! with a few shillings in his pocket, he will talk you three times as much as my friend Mundy there, who is worth nine thousand if he's worth a farthing. But I know the rascal, and despise him as he deserves.

Harley began to despise him too, and conceive some indignation at having sat with patience to hear such a fellow speak nonsense. But he corrected himself, by reflecting, that he was perhaps as well entertained, and instructed too, by this same

modest guager as he should have been by such a man as he had thought proper to personate. And surely the fault may more properly be imputed to that rank where the futility is real, than where it is feigned; to that rank, whose opportunities for nobler accomplishments have only served to rear a fabric of folly, which the untutored hand of affectation, even among the meanest of mankind, can imitate with success.

CHAPTER XX.

He visits Bedlam.—The distresses of a Daughter.

Of those things called sights in London, which every stranger is supposed desirous to see, Bedlam is one. To that place, therefore, an acquaintance of Harley's, after having accompanied him to several other shows, proposed a visit. Harley objected to it, because said he, I think it an inhuman practise to expose the greatest misery with which our nature is afflicted, to every idle visitant who can afford a trifling perquisite to the keeper; especially as it is a distress which the humane must see with a painful reflection, that it is not in their power to alleviate it. He was overpowered, however, by the solicitations of his friend and the other persons of the party (amongst whom were several ladies); and they went in a body to Moorfields.

Their conductor led them first to the dismal mansions of those who are in the most horrid state of

incurable madness. The clanking of chains, the wildness of their cries, and the imprecations which some of them uttered, formed a scene inexpressly shocking. Harley and his companions, especially the female part of them, begged their guide to return: he seemed surprised at their uneasiness, and was with difficulty prevailed on to leave that part of the house without showing them some others; who, as he expressed it in the phrase of those that keep wild beasts for show, were much better worth seeing than any they had passed, being ten times more fierce and unmanageable.

He led them next to that quarter where those reside, who, as they are not dangerous to themselves or others, enjoy a certain degree of freedom, according to the state of their distemper.

Harley had fallen behind his companions, looking at a man who was making pendulums with bits of thread and little balls of clay. He delineated the segment of a circle on the wall with chalk, and marked their different vibrations by intersecting it with cross lines. A decent-looking man came up, and, smiling at the maniac, turned to Harley and told him, that gentleman had once been a very celebrated mathematician. He fell a sacrifice, said he, to the theory of comets; for having, with infinite labour, formed a table on the conjectures of Sir Isaac Newton, he was disappointed in the return of one of those luminaries, and was very soon after obliged to be placed here by his friends. If you please to follow me, sir, continued the stranger, I believe I shall be able to give you a more satisfactory account of the unfortunate people you see

here than the man who attends your companions. Harley bowed, and accepted his offer.

The next person they came up to had scrawled a variety of figures on a piece of slate. Harley had the curiosity to take a nearer view of them. They consisted of different columns, on the top of which were marked South Sea annuities, India Stock, and Three per cent. annuities consol. This, said Harley's instructor, was a gentleman well-known in Change-alley. He was once worth fifty thousand pounds, and had actually agreed for the purchase of an estate in the West, in order to realize his money; but he quarreled with the proprietor about the repairs of the garden-wall, and so returned to town to follow his old trade of stock-jobbing a little longer; when an unlucky fluctuation of stock, in which he was engaged to an immense extent, reduced him at once to poverty and to madness. Poor wretch! he told me t'other day, that against the next payment of differences he should be some hundreds above a plum.—

It is a spondee, and I will maintain it, interrupted a voice on his left hand. This assertion was followed by a very rapid recital of some verses from Homer. That figure, said the gentleman, whose clothes are so bedaubed with snuff, was a school-master of some reputation; he came hither to be resolved of some doubts he entertained concerning the genuine pronunciation of the Greek vowels. In his highest fits, he makes frequent mention of one Mr. Bentley.

But delusive ideas, sir, are the motives of the greatest part of mankind, and a heated imagination

the power by which their actions are incited: the world, in the eye of a philosopher, may be said to be a large madhouse. It is true, answered Harley, the passions of men are temporary madnesses; and sometimes very fatal in their effects,

"From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."

It was, indeed, said the stranger, a very mad thing in Charles, to think of adding so vast a country as Russia to his dominions; that would have been fatal indeed; the balance of the North would then have been lost; but the Sultan and I would never have allowed it.—— Sir! said Harley, with no small surprise on his countenance. Why yes, answered the other, the Sultan and I; do you know me? I am the Chan of Tartary.

Harley was a good deal struck with this discovery: he had prudence enough, however, to conceal his amazement, and, bowing as low to the monarch as his dignity required, left him immediately, and joined his companions.

He found them in a quarter of the house set apart from the insane of the other sex, several of whom had gathered about the female visitors, and were examining, with rather more accuracy than might have been expected, the particulars of their dress.

Separate from the rest stood one, whose appearance had something of superior dignity. Her face, though pale and wasted, was less squalid than those of the others, and showed a dejection of that decent kind which moves our pity unmixed with horror; upon her, therefore, the eyes of all were

immediately turned. The keeper, who accompanied them, observed it: this, said he, is a young lady, who was born to ride in her coach-and-six. She was beloved, if the story I have heard is true, by a young gentleman, her equal in birth, though by no means her match in fortune: but love, they say, is blind, and so she fancied him as much as he did her. Her father, it seems, would not hear of their marriage, and threatened to turn her out of doors, if ever she saw him again. Upon this the young gentleman took a voyage to the West Indies, in hopes of bettering his fortune and obtaining his mistress; but he was scarce landed when he was seized with one of the fevers which are common in those islands, and died in a few days, lamented by every one that knew him. This news soon reached his mistress, who was at the same time pressed by her father to marry a rich miserly fellow, who was old enough to be her grandfather. The death of her lover had no effect upon her inhuman parent; he was only the more earnest for her marriage with the man he had provided for her; and what between her despair at the death of the one, and her aversion to the other, the poor young lady was reduced to the condition you see her in. But God would not prosper such cruelty; her father's affairs soon after went to wreck, and he died almost a beggar.

Though this story was told in very plain language, it had particularly attracted Harley's notice; he had given it the tribute of some tears. The unfortunate young lady had till now seemed entranced in thought, with her eyes fixed on a little garnet ring she wore on her finger; she turned them now

upon Harley. My Billy is no more! said she, do you weep for my Billy? Blessings on your tears! I would weep too, but my brain is dry; and it burns, it burns, it burns!—She drew nearer to Harley.—Be comforted, young lady, said he, your Billy is in heaven.—Is he, indeed? and shall we meet again? and shall that frightful man (pointing to the keeper) not be there?—Alas! I am grown naughty of late; I have almost forgotten to think of Heaven: yet I pray sometimes; when I can, I pray; and sometimes I sing; when I am saddest, I sing:—you shall hear me—hush!

"Light be the earth on Billy's breast,
And green the sod that wraps his grave."

There was a plaintive wildness in the air not to be withstood; and, except the keeper's, there was not an unmoistened eye around her.

Do you weep again? said she; I would not have you weep: you are like my Billy: you are, believe me; just so he looked when he gave me this ring; poor Billy! 'twas the last time ever we met!

"'Twas when the seas were roaring—"

I love you for resembling my Billy; but I shall never love any man like him. She stretched out her hand to Harley; he pressed it between both of his, and bathed it with his tears. Nay, that is Billy's ring, said she, you cannot have it, indeed; but here is another, look here, which I plaited to-day of some gold thread from this bit of stuff; will you keep it for my sake? I am a strange girl;—but my heart is harmless: my poor heart; it will burst

some day; feel how it beats !—She pressed his hand to her bosom, then holding her head in the attitude of listening—Hark ! one, two, three ! be quiet thou little trembler; my Billy is cold !—but I had forgotten the ring. She put it on his finger—Farewell ! I must leave you now. She would have withdrawn her hand; Harley held it to his lips.—I dare not stay longer; my head throbs sadly: farewell !—She walked with a hurried step to a little apartment at some distance. Harley stood fixed in astonishment and pity; his friend gave money to the keeper. Harley looked on his ring. He put a couple of guineas into the man's hand. Be kind to that unfortunate—he burst into tears, and left them.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Misanthropist.

The friend who had conducted him to Moorfields called upon him again the next evening. After some talk on the adventures of the preceding day; I carried you yesterday, said he to Harley, to visit the mad; let me introduce you to-night, at supper, to one of the wise; but you must not look for any thing of the Socratic pleasantry about him; on the contrary, I warn you to expect the spirit of a Diogenes. That you may be a little prepared for his extraordinary manner, I will let you into some particulars of his history.

He is the elder of the two sons of a gentleman of considerable estate in the country. Their father died when they were young: both were remarkable at school for quickness of parts and extent of genius; this had been bred to no profession, because his father's fortune, which descended to him, was thought sufficient to set him above it; the other was put apprentice to an eminent attorney. In this the expectations of his friends were more consulted than his own inclination; for both his brother and he had feelings of that warm kind that could ill brook a study so dry as the law, especially in that department of it which was allotted to him. But the difference of their tempers made the characteristical distinction between them. The younger, from the gentleness of his nature, bore with patience a situation entirely discordant to his genius and disposition. At times, indeed, his pride would suggest, of how little importance those talents were, which the partiality of his friends had often extolled; they were now incumbrances in a walk of life where the dull and the ignorant passed him at every turn; his fancy and his feelings were invincible obstacles to eminence in a situation where his fancy had no room for exertion, and his feeling experienced perpetual disgust. But these murmurings he never suffered to be heard; and that he might not offend the prudence of those who had been concerned in the choice of his profession, he continued to labour in it several years, till, by the death of a relation, he succeeded to an estate of a little better than £100 a-year; with which, and the small patrimony left him, he retired into the coun-

try, and made a love-match with a young lady of a similar temper to his own, with whom the sagacious world pitied him for finding happiness.

But his elder brother, whom you are to see at supper, if you will do us the favour of your company, was naturally impetuous, decisive, and overbearing. He entered into life with those ardent expectations by which young men are commonly deluded; in his friendships warm to excess, and equally violent in his dislikes. He was on the brink of marriage with a young lady, when one of those friends, for whose honour he would have pawned his life, made an elopement with that very goddess, and left him besides deeply engaged for sums which that good friend's extravagance had squandered.

The dreams he had formerly enjoyed were now changed for ideas of a very different nature. He abjured all confidence in anything of human form; sold his lands, which still produced him a very large reversion, came to town, and immured himself with a woman who had been his nurse, in little better than a garret; and has ever since applied his talents to the vilifying of his species. In one thing I must take the liberty to instruct you: how ever different your sentiments may be (and different they must be), you will suffer him to go on without contradiction; otherwise he will be silent immediately, and we shall not get a word from him all the night after. Harley promised to remember this injunction, and accepted the invitation of his friend.

When they arrived at the house, they were informed that the gentleman was come, and had been

shown into the parlour. They found him sitting with a daughter of his friend's, about three years old, on his knee, whom he was teaching the alphabet from a horn-book: and at a little distance stood a sister of hers, some years older. Get you away, miss, said he to this last; you are a pert gossip, and I will have nothing to do with you. Nay, answered she, Nancy is your favourite; you are quite in love with Nancy. Take away that girl, said he to her father, whom he now observed to have entered the room, she has woman about her already. The children were accordingly dismissed.

Betwixt that and supper time he did not utter a syllable. When supper came, he quarrelled with every dish at table, but ate of them all; only exempting from his censures a salad, which you have not spoiled, said he, because you have not attempted to cook it.

When the wine was set upon the table, he took from his pocket a particular smoking apparatus, and filled his pipe, without taking any more notice of Harley or his friend than if no such persons had been in the room.

Harley could not help stealing a look of surprise at him; but his friend, who knew his humour, returned it, by annihilating his presence in the like manner; and leaving him to his own meditations, addressed himself entirely to Harley.

In their discourse some mention happened to be made of an amiable character, and the words *honour* and *politeness* were applied to it. Upon this the gentleman, laying down his pipe, and changing the tone of his countenance from an ironical

grin to something more intensely contemptuous: Honour, said he, Honour and Politeness! this is the coin of the world, and passes current with the fools of it. You have substituted the shadow Honour instead of the substance Virtue; and have banished the reality of friendship for the fictitious semblance which you have termed Politeness: Politeness, which consists in a certain ceremonious jargon, more ridiculous to the ear of reason than the voice of a puppet. You have invented sounds, which you worship, though they tyrannize over your peace; and are surrounded with empty forms, which take from the honest emotions of joy, and add to the poignancy of misfortune. Sir, said Harley——His friend winked to him, to remind him of the caution he had received. He was silenced by the thought.——The philosopher turned his eye upon him: he examined him from top to toe, with a sort of triumphant contempt. Harley's coat happened to be a new one: the other's was as shabby as could possibly be supposed to be on the back of a gentleman; there was much significance in his look with regard to his coat; it spoke the sleekness of folly, and the threadbareness of wisdom.

Truth, continued he, the most amiable as well as the most natural of virtues, you are at pains to eradicate. Your very nurseries are seminaries of falsehood; and what is called fashion in manhood completes the system of avowed insincerity. Mankind in the gross is a gaping monster, that loves to be deceived, and has seldom been disappointed; nor is their vanity less fallacious to your philoso-

phers, who adopt modes of truth to follow them through the paths of error, and defend paradoxes merely to be singular in defending them. These are they whom ye term Ingenious; 'tis a phrase of commendation I detest; it implies an attempt to impose on my judgment by flattering my imagination; yet these are they whose works are read by the old with delight, which the young are taught to look upon as the codes of knowledge and philosophy.

Indeed, the education of your youth is every way preposterous; you waste at school years in improving talents, without having ever spent an hour in discovering them; one promiscuous line of instruction is followed, without regard to genius, capacity, or probable situation in the commonwealth. From this beargarden of the pedagogue, a raw unprincipled boy is turned loose upon the world to travel, without any ideas but those of improving his dress at Paris, or starting into taste by gazing on some paintings at Rome. Ask him of the manners of the people, and he will tell you that the skirt is worn much shorter in France, and that every body eats macaroni in Italy. When he returns home, he buys a seat in Parliament, and studies the constitution at Arthur's.

Nor are your females trained to any more useful purpose: they are taught, by the very rewards which their nurses propose for good behaviour, by the first thing like a jest which they hear from every male visitor of the family, that a young woman is a creature to be married; and when they are grown somewhat older, are instructed, that it is

the purpose of marriage to have the enjoyment of pin-money, and the expectation of a jointure.

* These indeed are the effects of luxury, which is perhaps inseparable from a certain degree of power and grandeur in a nation. But it is not simply of the progress of luxury that we have to complain: did its votaries keep in their own sphere of thoughtless dissipation, we might despise them without emotion; but the frivolous pursuits of pleasure are mingled with the most important concerns of the state; and public enterprise shall sleep till he who should guide its operation has decided his bets at Newmarket, or fulfilled his engagement with a favourite mistress in the country. We want some man of acknowledged eminence to point our counsels with that firmness which the counsels of a great people require. We have hundreds of ministers, who press forward into office, without having ever learned that art which is necessary for every business, the art of thinking; and mistake the petulance, which could give inspiration to smart sarcasms on an obnoxious measure in a popular assembly, for the ability which is to balance the interest of kingdoms, and investigate the latent sources of national superiority.

* Though the Curate could not remember having shown this chapter to any body, I strongly suspect that these political observations are the work of a later pen than the rest of this performance. There seems to have been, by some accident, a gap in the manuscript, from the words "expectation of a jointure," to these, "In short, man is an animal," where the present blank ends; and some other person (for the hand is different, and the ink whiter) has filled part of it with sentiments of his own. Whoever he was, he seems to have caught some portion of the spirit of the man he personated.

With the administration of such men the people can never be satisfied; for, besides that their confidence is gained only by the view of superior talents, there needs that depth of knowledge, which is not only acquainted with the just extent of power, but can also trace its connexion with the expedient, to preserve its possessors from the contempt which attends irresolution, or the resentment which follows temerity.

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[Here a considerable part is wanting.]

* * In short, man is an animal equally selfish and vain. Vanity, indeed, is but a modification of selfishness. From the latter, there are some who pretend to be free: they are generally such as declaim against the lust of wealth and power, because they have never been able to obtain any high degree in either; they boast of generosity and feeling. They tell us (perhaps they tell us in rhyme) that the sensations of an honest heart, of a mind universally benevolent, make up the quiet bliss which they enjoy; but they will not, by this, be exempted from the charge of selfishness.—Whence the luxurious happiness they describe in their little family circles? Whence the pleasure which they feel when they trim their evening fires, and listen to the howl of winter's wind? Whence, but from the secret reflection of what houseless wretches feel from it? Or do you administer comfort in affliction—the motive is at hand; I have had it preached to me in nineteen out of twenty of

your consolatory discourses—the comparative littleness of our own misfortunes.

With vanity your best virtues are grossly tainted; your benevolence, which ye deduce immediately from the natural impulse of the heart, squints to it for its reward. There are some, indeed, who tell us of the satisfaction which flows from a secret consciousness of good actions; this secret satisfaction is truly excellent—when we have some friend to whom we may discover its excellence.

He now paused a moment to relight his pipe, when a clock, that stood at his back, struck eleven: he started up at the sound, took his hat and his cane, and nodding good night with his head, walked out of the room. The gentleman of the house called a servant to bring the stranger's surtout. What sort of a night is it, fellow? said he. It rains, sir, answered the servant, with an easterly wind.—Easterly for ever!—He made no other reply; but, shrugging up his shoulders till they almost touched his ears, wrapped himself tight in his great coat, and disappeared.

This is a strange creature, said his friend to Harley. I cannot say, answered he, that his remarks are of the pleasant kind: it is curious to observe how the nature of truth may be changed by the garb it wears; softened to the admonition of friendship, or soured into the severity of reproof; yet this severity may be useful to some tempers; it somewhat resembles a file; disagreeable in its operation, but hard metals may be the brighter for it.

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CHAPTER XXV.

His Skill in Phisiognomy.

THE company at the baronet's removed to the play-house accordingly, and Harley took his usual route into the Park. He observed, as he entered, a fresh-looking elderly gentleman in conversation with a beggar, who, leaning on his crutch, was recounting the hardships he had undergone, and explaining the wretchedness of his present condition. This was a very interesting dialogue to Harley; he was rude enough therefore to slacken his pace as he approached, and at last to make a full stop at the gentleman's back, who was just then expressing his compassion for the beggar, and regretting that he had not a farthing of change about him. At saying this he looked piteously on the fellow; there was something in his phisiognomy which caught Harley's notice; indeed phisiognomy was one of Harley's foibles, for which he had been often rebuked by his aunt in the country; who used to tell him, that when he was come to her years and experience, he would know that all's not gold that glitters; and it must be owned, that his aunt was a very sensible, harsh-looking, maiden lady of threescore and upwards. But he was too apt to forget this caution; and now, it seems, it had not occurred to him: stepping up, therefore, to the gentleman, who was lamenting the want of silver, Your intentions, sir, said he, are so good that I cannot help lending you my assistance to carry them into exe-

cution,—and gave the beggar a shilling. The other returned a suitable compliment, and extolled the benevolence of Harley. They kept walking together, and benevolence grew the topic of discourse.

The stranger was fluent on the subject. There is no use of money, said he, equal to that of beneficence : with the profuse, it is lost, and even with those who lay it out according to the prudence of the world, the objects acquired by it pall on the sense, and have scarce become our own till they lose their value with the power of pleasing : but here the enjoyment grows on reflection, and our money is most truly ours when it ceases to be in our possession.

Yet I agree in some measure, answered Harley, with those who think, that charity to our common beggars is often misplaced ; there are objects less obtrusive whose title is a better one.

We cannot easily distinguish, said the stranger ; and even of the worthless, are there not many whose imprudence, or whose vice, may have been one dreadful consequence of misfortune ?

Harley looked again in his face, and blessed himself for his skill in phisiognomy.

By this time they had reached the end of the walk, the old gentleman leaned on the rails to take breath, and in the meantime they were joined by a younger man, whose figure was much above the appearance of his dress, which was poor and shabby : Harley's former companion addressed him as an acquaintance, and they turned on the walk together.

The elder of the strangers complained of the

closeness of the evening, and asked the other, If he would go with him into the house hard by, and take one draught of excellent cider. The man who keeps this house, said he to Harley, was once a servant of mine : I could not think of turning loose upon the world a faithful old fellow, for no other reason but that his age had incapacitated him : so I gave him an annuity of ten pounds, with the help of which he has set up this little place here, and his daughter goes and sells milk in the city, while her father manages his tap-room, as he calls it, at home. I can't well ask a gentleman of your appearance to accompany me to so paltry a place. —Sir, replied Harley interrupting him, I would much rather enter it than the most celebrated tavern in town : to give to the necessitous may sometimes be a weakness in the man ; to encourage indsutry is a duty in the citizen. They entered the house accordingly.

On a table at the corner of the room lay a pack of cards, loosely thrown together. The old gentleman reproved the man of the house for encouraging so idle an amusement. Harley attempted to defend him, from the necessity of accommodating himself to the humour of his guests, and, taking up the cards, began to shuffle them backwards and forwards in his hand. Nay, I don't think cards so unpardonable an amusement as some do, replied the other ; and now and then, about this time of the evening, when my eyes begin to fail me for my book, I divert myself with a game at piquet, without finding my morals a bit relaxed by it. Do you play piquet, sir ? (to Harley.) Harley answered in

the affirmative ; upon which the other proposed playing a pool at a shilling a game, doubling the stakes ; adding, that he never played higher with any body.

Harley's good-nature could not refuse the benevolent old man ; and the younger stranger, though he at first pleaded prior engagements, yet, being earnestly solicited by his friend, at last yieided to solicitation.

When they began to play, the old gentleman, somewhat to the surprise of Harley, produced ten shillings to serve for markers of his score. He had no change for the beggar, said Harley to himself ; but I can easily account for it : it is curious to observe the affection that inanimate things will create in us by a long acquaintance : if I may judge from my own feelings, the old man would not part with one of these counters for ten times its intrinsic value ; it even got the better of his benevolence ! I myself have a pair of old brass sleeve-buttons— Here he was interrupted by being told that the old gentleman had beat the younger, and that it was his turn to take up the conqueror. Your game has been short, said Harley. I repiqued him, answered the old man, with joy sparkling in his countenance. Harley wished to be repiqued too, but he was disappointed ; for he had the same good fortune against his opponent. Indeed, never did fortune, mutable as she is, delight in mutability so much as at that moment : the victory was so quick, and so constantly alternate, that the stakes in a short time amounted to no less a sum than £10, Harley's proportion of which was within half a

guinea of the money he had in his pocket. He had before proposed a division, but the old gentleman opposed it with such a pleasant warmth in his manner, that it was always overruled. Now, however, he told them that he had an appointment with some gentlemen, and it was within a few minutes of his hour. The younger stranger had gained one game, and was engaged in the second with the other ; they agreed, therefore, that the stake should be divided, if the old gentleman won that ; which was more than probable, as his score was 90 to 35, and he was elder hand : but a momentous repique decided it in favour of his adversary, who seemed to enjoy his victory mingled with regret for having won too much ; while his friend, with great ebullience of paision, many praises of his own good play, and many maledictions on the power of chance, took up the cards and threw them into the fire.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Man of Feeling in a Brothel.

The company he was engaged to meet were assembled in Fleet Street. He had walked some time along the Strand, amidst a crowd of those wretches who wait the uncertain wages of prostitution, with ideas of pity suitable to the scene around him, and the feelings he possessed, and had got as far as Somerset House when one of them laid hold of his

arm, and, with a voice tremulous and faint, asked him for a pint of wine, in a manner more supplicatory than is usual with those whom the infamy of their profession has deprived of shame: he turned round at the demand, and looked steadfastly on the person who made it.

She was above the common size, and elegantly formed; her face was thin and hollow, and showed the remains of tarnished beauty. Her eyes were black, but had little of their lustre left: her cheeks had some paint laid on without art, and productive of no advantage to her complexion, which exhibited a deadly paleness on the other parts of her face.

Harley stood in the attitude of hesitation; which she interpreting to her advantage, repeated her request, and endeavoured to force a leer of invitation into her countenance. He took her arm, and they walked on to one of those obsequious taverns in the neighbourhood, where the dearness of the wine is a discharge in full for the character of the house. From what impulse he did this we do not mean to inquire; has it has ever been against our nature to search for motives where bad ones are to be found.——They entered, and a waiter showed them a room, and placed a bottle of claret on the table.

Harley filled the lady's glass; which she had no sooner tasted than, dropping it on the floor, and eagerly catching his arm, her eye grew fixed, her lip assumed a clayey whiteness, and she fell back lifeless in her chair.

Harley started from his seat, and, catching her in his arms, supported her from falling to the

ground, looking wildly at the door, as if he wanted to run for assistance, but durst not leave the miserable creature. It was not till some minutes after that it occurred to him to ring the bell, which at last however he thought of, and rang with repeated violence even after the waiter appeared. Luckily the waiter had his senses somewhat more about him; and snatching up a bottle of water, which stood on a beaufet at the end of the room, he sprinkled it over the hands and face of the dying figure before him. She began to revive, and with the assistance of some hartshorn drops, which Harley now for the first time drew from his pocket, was able to desire the waiter to bring her a crust of bread, of which she swallowed some mouthfuls with the appearance of the keenest hunger. The waiter withdrew; when, turning to Harley, sobbing at the same time, and shedding tears, I am sorry, sir, that I should have given you so much trouble; but you will pity me when I tell you that till now I have not tasted a morsel these two days past.—He fixed his eyes on hers—every circumstance but the last was forgotten; and he took her hand with as much respect as if she was a duchess. It was ever the privilege of misfortune to be revered by him.—Two days!—said he; and I have fared sumptuously every day! —He was reaching to the bell; she understood his meaning, and prevented him. I beg, sir, said she, that you would give yourself no more trouble about a wretch who does not wish to live; but, at present, I could not eat a bit; my stomach even rose at the last mouthful of that crust.—He offered to call a chair, saying that he hoped a little rest would relieve

her.—He had one half guinea left: I am sorry, he said, that at present I should be able to make you an offer of no more than this paltry sum.—She burst into tears. Your generosity, sir, is abused; to bestow it on me is to take it from the virtuous: I have no title but misery to plead; misery of my own procuring. No more of that, answered Harley, there is virtue in those tears; let the fruit of them be virtue.—He rang, and ordered a chair.—Though I am the vilest of beings, said she, I have not forgotten every virtue; gratitude, I hope, I shall still have left, did I but know who is my benefactor. —My name is Harley—Could I ever have an opportunity—You shall, and a glorious one too! your future conduct—but I do not mean to reproach you—if I say it will be the noblest reward —I will do myself the pleasure of seeing you again. —Here the waiter entered, and told them the chair was at the door. The lady informed Harley of her lodgings, and he promised to wait on her at ten next morning.

He led her to the chair, and returned to clear with the waiter, without ever once reflecting that he had no money in his pocket. He was ashamed to make an excuse; yet an excuse must be made: he was beginning to frame one, when the waiter cut him short, by telling him that he could not run scores; but that, if he would leave his watch, or any other pledge, it would be as safe as if it lay in his pocket. Harley jumped at the proposal, and, pulling out his watch delivered it into his hands immediately; and having, for once, had the precaution to take a note of the lodging he intended to

visit next morning, sallied forth with a blush of triumph on his face, without taking notice of the sneer of the waiter, who twirling the watch in his hand, made him a profound bow at the door, and whispered to a girl, who stood in the passage, something, in which the word CULLY was honoured with a particular emphasis.

CHAPTER XXVII.

His Skill in Phisiognomy is doubted.

AFTER he had been sometime with the company he had appointed to meet, and the last bottle was called for, he first recollected, that he would be again at a loss how to discharge his share of the reckoning. He applied therefore to one of them, with whom he was most intimate, acknowledging that he had not a farthing of money about him ; and, upon being jocularly asked the reason, acquainted them with the two adventures we have just now related. One of the company asked him, If the old man in Hyde Park did not wear a brownish coat, with a narrow gold edging, and his companion an old green frock, with a buff-coloured waistcoat. Upon Harley's recollecting that they did, Then, said he, you may be thankful you have come off so well ; they are two as noted sharpers, in their way, as any in town, and but t'other night took me in for a much larger sum : I had some thoughts of applying to a justice, but one does not like to be seen in those matters.

Harley answered, That he could not but fancy the gentleman was mistaken, as he never saw a face promise more honestly than that of the old man he had met with.—His face! said a grave-looking man, who sat opposite to him, squirting the juice of his tobacco obliquely into the grate. There was something very emphatical in the action: for it was followed by a burst of laughter round the table. Gentlemen, said Harley, you are disposed to be merry; it may be as you imagine, for I confess myself ignorant of the town; but there is one thing which makes me bear the loss of my money with temper; the young fellow who won it must have been miserably poor: I observed him borrow money for the stake from his friend: he had distress and hunger in his countenance: be his character what it may, his necessities at least plead for him. —At this there was a louder laugh than before. Gentlemen, said the lawyer, one of whose conversations with Harley we have already recorded, here's a very pretty fellow for you; to have heard him talk some nights ago, as I did, you might have sworn he was a saint; yet now he games with sharpers, and loses his money; and is bubbled by a fine story invented by a whore, and pawns his watch:—here are sanctified doings with a witness!

Young gentleman, said his friend on the other side of the table, let me advise you to be a little more cautious for the future; and as for faces—you may look into them to know whether a man's nose be a long or a short one.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

He keeps his Appointment.

The last night's raillery of his companions was recalled to his remembrance when he awoke, and the colder homilies of prudence began to suggest some things which were nowise favourable for a performance of his promise to the unfortunate female he had met with before. He rose uncertain of his purpose ; but the torpor of such considerations was seldom prevalent over the warmth of his nature. He walked some turns backwards and forwards in his room ; he recalled the languid form of the fainting wretch to his mind : he wept at the recollection of her tears. "Though I am the vilest of beings, I have not forgotten every virtue ; gratitude, I hope, I shall still have left."—He took a larger stride—Powers of mercy that surround me ! cried he, do ye not smile upon deeds like these ? to calculate the chances of deception is too tedious a business for the life of man !—the clock struck ten ! ——When he was got down stairs, he found that he had forgot the note of her lodgings ; he gnawed his lips at the delay : he was fairly on the pavement, when he recollected having left his purse ! he did but just prevent himself from articulating an imprecation. He rushed a second time up into his chamber. What a wretch I am ! said he : ere this time, perhaps—'Twas a perhaps not to be borne ; —two vibrations of a pendulum would have served

him to lock his bureau ;—but they could not be spared.

When he reached the house, and inquired for Miss Atkins (for that was the lady's name), he was shown up three pair of stairs into a small room lighted by one narrow lattice, and patched round with shreds of different-coloured paper. In the darkest corner stood something like a bed, before which a tattered coverlet hung by way of curtain. He had not waited long when she appeared. Her face had the glister of new washed tears on it. I am ashamed, sir, said she, that you should have taken this fresh piece of trouble about one so little worthy of it : but, to the humane, I know there is a pleasure in goodness for its own sake ; if you have patience for the recital of my story, it may palliate, though it cannot excuse my faults. Harley bowed, as a sign of assent ; and she began as follows :

I am the daughter of an officer, whom a service of forty years had advanced no higher than the rank of captain. I have had hints from himself, and been informed by others, that it was in some measure owing to those principles of rigid honour which it was his boast to possess, and which he early inculcated on me, that he had been able to arrive at no better station. My mother died when I was a child ; old enough to grieve for her death, but incapable of remembering her precepts. Though my father was dotingly fond of her, yet there were some sentiments in which they materially differed; she had been bred from her infancy in the strictest principles of religion, and took the morality of her conduct from the motives which an adherence to

those principles suggested. My father, who had been in the army from his youth, affixed an idea of pusillanimity to that virtue which was formed by the doctrines, excited by the rewards, or guarded by the terrors of revelation ; his darling idol was the honour of a soldier ; a term which he held in such reverence that he used it for his most sacred asseveration. When my mother died, I was suffered to continue in those sentiments which her instructions had produced ; but soon after, though from respect to her memory, my father did not absolutely ridicule them, yet he showed, in his discourse to others, so little regard to them, and at times suggested to me motives of action so different, that I was soon weaned from opinions, which I began to consider as the dreams of superstition, or the artful inventions of designing hypocrisy. My mother's books were left behind at the different quarters we removed to, and my reading was principally confined to plays, novels, and those poetical descriptions of the beauty of virtue and honour which the circulating libraries easily afforded.

As I was generally reckoned handsome, and the quickness of my parts extolled by all our visitors, my father had a pride in showing me to the world. I was young, giddy, open to adulation, and vain of those talents which acquired it.

After the last war, my father was reduced to half-pay ; with which we retired to a village in the country, which the acquaintance of some genteel families who resided in it, and the cheapness of living, particularly recommended. My father rented a small house, a piece of ground sufficient to

keep a horse for him, and a cow for the benefit of his family. An old man-servant managed his ground; while a maid who had formerly been my mother's, and had since been mine, undertook the care of our little dairy: they were assisted in each of their provinces by my father and me; and we passed our time in a state of tranquillity, which he had always talked of with delight, and my train of reading had taught me to admire.

Though I had never seen the polite circles of the metropolis, the company my father had introduced me into had given me a degree of good-breeding which soon discovered a superiority over the young ladies of our village. I was quoted as an example of politeness, and my company courted by most of the considerable families in the neighbourhood.

Amongst the houses to which I was frequently invited, was Sir George Winbrooke's. He had two daughters nearly of my age, with whom, though they had been bred up in those maxims of vulgar doctrine which my superior understanding could not but despise, yet as their good-nature led them to an imitation of my manners in every thing else, I cultivated a particuiar friendship.

Some months after our first acquaintance, Sir George's eldest son came home from his travels. His figure, his address, and conversation, were not unlike those warm ideas of an accomplished man which my favourite novels had taught me to form; and his sentiments on the article of religion were as liberal as my own; when any of these happened to be the topic of our discourse, I, who had before been silent, from a fear of being single in opposi-

tion, now kindled at the fire he raised, and defended our mutual opinions with all the eloquence I was mistress of. He would be respectfully attentive all the while, and when I had ended, would raise his eyes from the ground, look at me with a gaze of admiration, and express his applause in the highest strain of encomium. This was an incense the more pleasing, as I seldom or never had met with it before: for the young gentlemen who visited Sir George were for the most part of that common race of country 'squires, the pleasure of whose lives is derived from fox-hunting: these are seldom solicitous to please the women at all; or, if they were, would never think of applying their flattery to the mind.

Mr. Winbrooke observed the weakness of my soul, and took every occasion of improving the esteem he had gained. He asked my opinion of every author, of every sentiment, with that submissive diffidence which showed an unlimited confidence in my understanding. I saw myself revered, as a superior being, by one whose judgment my vanity told me was not likely to err: preferred by him to all other visitors of my sex, whose fortunes and rank should have entitled them to a much higher degree of notice; I saw their little jealousies at the distinguished attention he paid me; it was gratitude, it was pride, it was love! love which had made too fatal a progress in my heart, before any declaration on his part should have warranted a return: but I interpreted every look of attention, every expression of compliment, to the passion I imagined him inspired with, and imputed to his

sensibility that silence which was the effect of art and design. At length, however, he took an opportunity of declaring his love: he now expressed himself in such ardent terms that prudence might have suspected their sincerity: but prudence is rarely found in the situation I had been unguardedly led into; besides that the course of reading to which I had been accustomed did not lead me to conclude, that his expressions could be too warm to be sincere: nor was I even alarmed at the manner in which he talked of marriage, a subjection, he often hinted, to which genuine love should scorn to be confined. The woman, he would often say, who had merit like mine to fix his affection could easily command it for ever. That honour too which I revered was often called in to enforce his sentiments. I did not, however, absolutely assent to them: but I found my regard for their opposites diminish by degrees. If it is dangerous to be convinced, it is dangerous to listen; for our reason is so much of a machine, that it will not always be able to resist when the ear is perpetually assailed.

In short, Mr. Harley (for I tire you with a relation, the catastrophe of which you will have already imagined), I fell a prey to his artifices. He had not been able so thoroughly to convert me that my conscience was silent on the subject; but he was so assiduous to give repeated proofs of unabated affection, that I hushed its suggestions as they rose. The world, however, I knew was not to be silenced; and therefore I took occasion to express my uneasiness to my seducer, and entreat him, as he valued the peace of one to whom he professed such attach-

ment, to remove it by a marriage. He made excuses from his dependence on the will of his father, but quieted my fears by the promise of endeavouring to win his assent.

My father had been some days absent on a visit to a dying relation, from whom he had considerable expectations. I was left at home, with no other company than my books : my books I found were not now such companions as they used to be : I was restless, melancholy, unsatisfied with myself. But judge my situation when I received a billet from Mr. Winbrooke, informing me, that he had sounded Sir George on the subject we had talked of, and found him so averse to any match so unequal to his own rank and fortune that he was obliged with whatever reluctance, to bid adieu to a place, the remembrance of which should ever be dear to him.

I read this letter a hundred times over. Alone, helpless, conscious of guilt, and abandoned by every better thought, my mind was one motley scene of terror, confusion, and remorse. A thousand expedients suggested themselves, and a thousand fears told me they would be in vain ; at last, in an agony of despair, I packed up a few clothes, took what money and trinkets were in the house, and set out for London, whither I understood he was gone, pretending to my maid, that I had received letters from my father requiring my immediate attendance. I had no other companion than a boy, a servant to the man from whom I hired my horses. I arrived in London within an hour of Mr. Win-

brooke, and accidentally alighted at the very inn where he was.

He started and turned pale when he saw me; but recovered himself time enough to make many new protestations of regard, and begged me to make myself easy under a disappointment which was equally afflicting to him. He procured me lodgings, where, I slept, or rather endeavoured to sleep, for that night. Next morning I saw him again: he then mildly observed on the imprudence of my precipitate flight from the country, and proposed my removing to lodgings at another end of the town, to elude the search of my father, till he should fall upon some method of excusing my conduct to him, and reconciling him to my return. We took a hackney coach, and drove to the house he mentioned.

It was situated in a dirty lane, furnished with a tawdry affectation of finery, with some old family pictures hanging on walls which their own cobwebs would better have suited. I was struck with a secret dread at entering; nor was it lessened by the appearance of the landlady, who had that look of selfish shrewdness, which of all others, is the most hateful to those whose feelings are untinctured with the world. A girl, who she told us was her niece, sat by her, playing on a guitar, while herself was at work, with the assistance of spectacles, and had a prayer book, with the leaves folded down in several places, lying on the table before her. Perhaps, sir, I tire you with my minuteness; but the place, and every circumstance about it, is so impressed on my mind, that I shall never forget it.

I dined that day with Mr. Winbrooke alone. He lost by degrees that restraint which I perceived too well to hang about him before, and with his former gaiety and good humour, repeated the flattering things which, though they had once been fatal, I durst not now distrust. At last, taking my hand and kissing it, it is thus, said he, that love will last, while freedom is preserved; thus let us ever be blessed, without the galling thought that we are tied to a condition where we may cease to be so. I answered, that the world thought otherwise; that it had certain ideas of good fame, which it was impossible not to wish to maintain. The world, said he, is a tyrant; they are slaves who obey it: let us be happy without the pale of the world. To-morrow I shall leave this quarter of it for one where the talkers of the world shall be foiled, and lose us. Could not my Emily accompany me; my friend, my companion, and the mistress of my soul! Nay, do not look so, Emily! your father may grieve for a while, but your father shall be taken care of; this bank bill I intend as the comfort for his daughter.

I could contain myself no longer: Wretch! I exclaimed, dost thou imagine that my father's heart could brook dependence on the destroyer of his child, and tamely accept of a base equivalent for her honour and his own? Honour, my Emily, said he, is the word of fools, or of those wiser men who cheat them. 'Tis a fantastic bauble that does not suit the gravity of your father's age; but, whatever it is, I am afraid it can never be perfectly restored to you: exchange the word then, and let pleasure

be your object now. At these words he clasped me in his arms, and pressed his lips rudely to my bosom. I started from my seat. Perfidious villian! said I, who darest insult the weakness thou hast undone; were that father here, thy coward soul would shrink from the vengeance of his honour! Cursed be that wretch who has deprived him of it! oh! doubly cursed, who has dragged on his hoary head the infamy which should have crushed her own! I snatched a knife which lay beside me, and would have plundged it in my breast; but the monster prevented my purpose, and smiling with a grin of barbarous insult, Madam, said he, I confess, you are rather too much in heroics for me: I am sorry we should differ about trifles; but as I seem somehow to have offended you, I would willingly remedy it by taking my leave. You have been put to some foolish expense in this journey on my account; allow me to reimburse you. So saying, he laid a bank bill, of what amount I had no patience to see, upon the table. Shame, grief, and indignation choked my utterance; unable to speak my wrongs, and unable to hear them in silence, I fell in a swoon at his feet.

What happened in the interval I cannot tell; but when I came to myself, I was in the arms of the landlady, with her niece chafing my temples, and doing all in her power for my recovery. She had much compassion in her countenance: the old woman assumed the softest look she was capable of, and both endeavoured to bring me comfort. They contined to show me many civilities, and even the aunt began to be less disagreeable in my

sight. To the wretched, to the forlorn, as I was, small offices of kindness are endearing.

Meantime my money was far spent, nor did I attempt to conceal my wants from their knowledge. I had frequent thoughts of returning to my father; but the dread of a life of scorn is insurmountable. I avoided therefore going abroad when I had a chance of being seen by any former acquaintance, nor indeed did my health for a great while permit it; and suffered the old women, at her own suggestion, to call me niece at home, where we now and then saw (when they could prevail on me to leave my room) one or two other elderly women, and sometimes a grave businesslike man, who shewed great compassion for my indisposition, and made me very obligingly an offer of a room at his country house, for the recovery of my health. This offer I did not choose to accept; but told my landlady, that I should be glad to be employed in any way of business which my skill in needlework could recommend to; confessing, at the same time, that I was afraid I should scarce be able to pay her what I already owed for board and lodging; and that for her other good offices I had nothing but thanks to give her.

My dear child, said she, do not talk of paying; since I lost my own sweet girl (here she wept), your very picture she was, Miss Emily, I have nobody except my niece, to whom I should leave any little thing I have been able to save: you shall live with me, my dear; and I have sometimes a little millinery work, in which, when you are inclined to it, you may assist us. By the way, here are a pair

of ruffles we have just finished for that gentleman you saw here at tea; a distant relation of mine, and a worthy man he is. 'Twas pity you refused the offer of an apartment at his country house; my niece, you know, was to have accompanied you, and you might have fancied yourself at home: a most sweet place it is, and but a short mile beyond Hampstead. Who knows, Miss Emily, what effect such a visit might have had! if I had half your beauty, I should not waste it pining after e'er a worthless fellow of them all. I felt my heart swell at her words; I would have been angry if I could; but I was in that stupid state which is not easily awakened to anger: when I would have chid her, the reproof stuck in my throat; I could only weep!

Her want of respect increased as I had not spirit to assert it: my work was now rather imposed than offered, and I became a drudge for the bread I ate: but my dependence and servility grew in proportion, and I was now in a situation which could not make any extraordinary exertions to disengage itself from either;—I found myself with child.

At last the wretch, who had thus trained me to destruction, hinted the purpose for which those means had been used. I discovered her to be an artful procuress for the pleasures of those, who are men of decency to the world in the midst of debauchery.

I roused every spark of courage within me at the horrid proposal. She treated my passion at first somewhat mildly; but when I continued to exert it, she resented it with insult, and told me

plainly, that if I did not soon comply with her desires, I should pay her every farthing I owed, or rot in a jail for life. I trembled at the thought; still however, I resisted her importunities, and she put her threats in execution. I was conveyed to prison, weak from my condition, weaker from that struggle of grief and misery which for some time I had suffered. A miscarriage was the consequence.

Amidst all the horrors of such a state, surrounded with wretches totally callous, lost alike to humanity and to shame, think, Mr. Harley, think what I endured; nor wonder that I at last yielded to the solicitations of that miscreant I had seen at her house, and sunk to the prostitution which he tempted. But that was happiness compared to what I have suffered since. He soon abandoned me to the common use of the town, and I was cast among those miserable beings in whose society I have since remained.

Oh! did the daughters of virtue know our sufferings; did they see our hearts torn with anguish amidst the affectation of gaiety which your faces are obliged to assume! our bodies tortured by disease, our minds with that consciousness which they cannot lose! Did they know, did they think of this, Mr. Harley!—their censures are just; but their pity perhaps might spare the wretches whom their justice should condemn!

Last night, but for an exertion of benevolence which the infection of our infamy prevents even in the humane, I had been thrust out from this miserable place which misfortune has yet left me;

exposed to the brutal insults of drunkenness, or dragged by that justice which I could not bribe, to the punishment which may correct, but alas! can never amend the abandoned objects of its terrors. From that, Mr. Harley, your goodness has relieved me.

He beckoned with his hand: he would have stopped the mention of his favours; but he could not speak, had it been to beg a diadem.

She saw his tears; her fortitude begain to fail at the sight, when the voice of some stranger on the stairs awakened her attention. She listened for a moment; then starting up, exclaimed, Merciful God! my father's voice!

She had scarce uttered the word, when the door burst open, and a man entered in the garb of an officer. When he discovered his daughter and Harley, he started back a few paces; his look assumed a furious wildness, he laid his hand on his sword. The two objects of his wrath did not utter a syllable. Villain, he cried, thou seest a father who had once a daughter's honour to preserve; blasted as it now is, behold him ready to avenge his loss!

Harley had by this time some power of utterance. Sir, said he, if you will be a moment calm—Infamous coward! interrupted the other, dost thou preach calmness to wrongs like mine? He drew his sword. Sir, said Harley, let me tell you—the blood ran quicker to his cheek—his pulse beat one—no more—and regained the temperament of humanity!—You are deceived, sir, said he, you are much deceived; but I forgive suspicions which

your misfortunes have justified: I would not wrong you, upon my soul I would not for the dearest gratification of a thousand worlds; my heart bleeds for you!

His daughter was now prostrate at his feet. Strike, said she, strike here a wretch, whose misery cannot end but with that death she deserves. Her hair had fallen on her shoulders; her look had the horrid calmness of out-breathed despair. Her father would have spoken; his lips quivered, his cheek grew pale? his eyes lost the lightning of their fury: there was a reproach in them, but with a mingling of pity. He turned them up to Heaven—then on his daughter.—He laid his left hand on his heart—the sword dropped from his right—he burst into tears.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The distresses of a Father.

Harley kneeled also at the side of the unfortunate daughter: Allow me, sir, said he, to entreat your pardon for one whose offences have been already so signally punished. I know, I feel, that those tears, wrung from the heart of a father, are more dreadful to her than all the punishments your sword could have inflicted: accept the contrition of a child whom heaven has restored to you. Is she not lost, answered he, irrecoverably lost? Damnation? a common prostitute to the meanest ruffian!—Calmly, my dear sir, said Harley, did you know by what complicated misfortunes she had fallen to

that miserable state in which you now behold her, I should have no need of words to excite your compassion. Think, sir, of what once she was! Would you abandon her to the insults of an unfeeling world, deny her opportunity of penitence, and cut off the little comfort that still remains for your afflictions and her own! Speak, said he, addressing himself to his daughter; speak, I will hear thee.—The desperation that supported her was lost: she fell to the ground, and bathed his feet with her tears.

Harley undertook her cause: he related the treacheries to which she had fallen a sacrifice, and again solicited the forgiveness of her father. He looked on her for some time in silence: the pride of a soldier's honour checked for a while the yearnings of his heart; but nature at last prevailed, he fell on her neck, and mingled his tears with hers.

Harley, who discovered from the dress of the stranger that he was just arrived from a journey, begged that they would both remove to his lodgings, till he could procure others for them. Atkins looked at him with some marks of surprise. His daughter now first recovered the power of speech: Wretch as I am, said she, yet there is some gratitude due to the preserver of your child. See him now before you. To him I owe my life, or at least the comfort of imploring your forgiveness before I die. Pardon me, young gentleman, said Atkins, I fear my passion wronged you.

Never, never, sir! said Harley; if it had, your reconciliation to your daughter were an atonement a thousand fold. He then repeated his request that

that he might be allowed to conduct them to his lodgings; to which Mr. Atkins at last consented. He took his daughter's arm. Come, my Emily, said he, we can never, never recover that happiness we have lost ; but time may teach us to remember our misfortunes with patience.

When they arrived at the house where Harley lodged, he was informed the first floor was then vacant, and that the gentleman and his daughter might be accommodated there. While he was upon this inquiry, Miss Atkins informed her father more particularly what she owed to his benevolence. When he turned into the room where they were, Atkins ran and embraced him ; begged him again to forgive the offence he had given him, and made the warmest protestations of gratitude for his favours. We would attempt to describe the joy which Harley felt on this occasion, did it not occur to us, that one half of the world could not understand it though we did ; and the other half will, by this time, have understood it without any description at all.

Miss Atkins now retired to her chamber, to take some rest from the violence of the emotions she had suffered. When she was gone, her father, addressing himself to Harley, said, You have a right, sir, to be informed of the present situation of one who owes so much to your compassion for his misfortunes. My daughter I find has informed you what that was at the fatal juncture when they began. Her distresses you have heard, you have pitied then as they deserved ; with mine, perhaps, I cannot so easily make you acquainted. You have

a feeling heart, Mr. Harley ; I bless it that it has saved my child ; but you never were a father, a father torn by that most dreadful of calamities, the dishonour of a child he doted on ! You have been already informed of some of the circumstances of her elopement. I was then from home, called by the death of a relation, who, though he would never advance me a shilling on the utmost exigency in his lifetime, left me all the gleanings of his frugality at his death. I would not write this intelligence to my daughter, because I intended to be the bearer myself ; and as soon as my business would allow me, I set out on my return, winged with all the haste of paternal affection. I fondly built those schemes of future happiness, which present prosperity is ever busy to suggest : my Emily was concerned in them all. As I approached our little dwelling, my heart throbbed with the anticipation of joy and welcome. I imagined the cheering fire, the blissful contentment of a frugal meal, made luxurious by a daughter's smile : I painted to myself her surprise at the tidings of our new-acquired riches, our fond disputes about the disposal of them.

The road was shortened by the dreams of happiness I enjoyed, and it began to be dark as I reached the house : I alighted from my horse, and walked softly up stairs to the room we commonly sat in. I was somewhat disappointed at not finding my daughter there. I rang the bell, her maid appeared, and showed no small signs of wonder at the summons. She blessed herself as she entered the room : I smiled at her surprise. Where is Miss Emily, sir ? said she.—Emily !—Yes, sir; she

has been gone hence some days, upon receipt of those letters you sent her. Letters! said I. Yes, sir; so she told me, and went off in all haste that very night.

I stood aghast as she spoke; but was able so far to recollect myself as to put on the affectation of calmness; and telling her there was certainly some mistake in the affair, desired her to leave me.

When she was gone I threw myself into a chair, in that state of uncertainty which is of all others the most dreadful. The gay visions with which I had delighted myself vanished in an instant: I was tortured with tracing back the same circle of doubt and disappointment. My head grew dizzy as I thought: I called the servant again, and asked her a hundred questions to no purpose; there was not room even for conjecture.

Something at last arose in my mind, which we call hope, without knowing what it is. I wished myself deluded by it, but it could not prevail over my returning fears. I rose and walked through the room. My Emily's spinet stood at the end of it, open, with a book of music folded down at some of my favourite lessons. I touched the keys; there was a vibration in the sound that froze my blood: I looked around, and methought the family pictures on the walls gazed on me with compassion in their faces. I sat down again with an attempt at more composure; I started at every creaking of the door, and my ears rang with imaginary noises!

I had not remained long in this situation, when the arrival of a friend, who had accidentally heard of my return, put an end to my doubts, by the

recital of my daughter's dishonour. He told me he had his information from a young gentleman, to whom Winbrooke had boasted of having seduced her.

I started from my seat, with broken curses on my lips, and without knowing whither I should pursue them, ordered my servant to load my pistols and saddle my horses. My friend, however, with much difficulty, persuaded me to compose myself for that night, promising to accompany me, on the morrow, to Sir George Winbrooke's in quest of his son.

The morrow came, after a night spent in a state little distant from madness. We went as early as decency would allow to Sir George's : he received me with politeness, and indeed compassion ; protested his abhorrence of his son's conduct, and told me that he had set out some days before for London, on which place he had procured a draft for a large sum, on pretence of finishing his travels ; but that he had not heard from him since his departure.

I did not wait for any more either of information or comfort, but, against the united remonstrances of Sir George and my friend, set out instantly for London with a frantic uncertainty of purpose : but there all manner of search was in vain. I could trace neither of them any further than the inn where they first put up on their arrival ; and, after some days fruitless inquiry, returned home destitute of every little hope that had hitherto supported me. The journeys I had made, the restless nights I had spent, above all, the perturbation of my mind, had

the effect which naturally might be expected; a very dangerous fever was the consequence. From this, however, contrary to the expectations of my physicians, I recovered. It was now that I first felt something like calmness of mind; probably from being reduced to a state which could not produce the exertions of anguish or despair. A stupid melancholy settled on my soul; I could endure to live with an apathy of life; at times I forgot my resentment, and wept at the remembrace of my child.

Such has been the tenor of my days since that fatal moment when these misfortunes began, till yesterday, that I received a letter from a friend in town, acquainting me of her present situation. Could such tales as mine, Mr. Harley, be sometimes suggested to the daughters of levity, did they but know with what anxiety the heart of a parent flutters round the child he loves, they would be less apt to construe into harshness that delicate concern for their conduct, which they often complain of as laying restraint upon things, to the young, the gay, and the thoughtless, seemingly harmless and indifferent. Alas! I fondly imagined that I needed not even these common cautions! my Emily was the joy of my age, and the pride of my soul!—Those things are now no more! they are lost for ever! Her death I could have borne! but the death of her honour has added obloquy and shame to that sorrow which bends my gray hairs to the dust!

As he spoke these last words, his voice trembled in his throat; it was now lost in his tears. He sat

with his face half turned from Harley, as if he would have hid the sorrow which he felt. Harley was in the same attitude himself; he durst not meet his eye with a tear; but gathering his stifled breath, Let me entreat you, sir, said he, to hope better things. The world is ever tyrannical; it warps our sorrows to edge them with keener affliction: let us not be slaves to the names it affixes to motive or to action. I know an ingenuous mind cannot help feeling when they sting: but there are considerations by which it may be overcome: its fantastic ideas vanish as they rise: they teach us —to look beyond it.

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A FRAGMENT.

Showing his Success with the Baronet.

* * * The card he received was in the politest style in which disappointment could be communicated: the baronet was under a necessity of giving up his application for Mr. Harley as he was informed that the lease was engaged for a gentleman who had long served his majesty in another capacity, and whose merit had entitled him to the first lucrative thing that should be vacant. Even Harley could not murmur at such a disposal. Perhaps, said he to himself, some wayworn officer, who, like poor Atkins, had been neglected from reasons which merited the highest advancement; whose

honour could not stoop to solicit the preferment he deserved : perhaps, with a family, taught the principles of delicacy, without the means of supporting it ; a wife and children————gracious heaven ! whom my wishes would have deprived of bread !—

He was interrupted in his reverie by some one tapping him on the shoulder ; and, on turning round, he discovered it to be the very man who had explained to him the condition of his gay companion at Hyde Park corner. I am glad to see you, sir, said he ; I believe we are fellows in disappointment. Harley started, and said that he was at a loss to understand him. Poh ! you need not be so shy, answered the other ; every one for himself is but fair, and I had much rather you had got it than the rascally gauger. Harley still protested his ignorance of what he meant. Why, the lease of Bancroft manor ; had not you been applying for it ?—I confess I was, replied Harley ; but I cannot conceive how you should be interested in the matter.—Why, I was making interest for it myself, said he, and I think I had some title : I voted for this same baronet at the last election, and made some of my friends do so too ; though I would not have you imagine that I sold my vote ; no, I scorn it, let me tell you I scorn it ; but I thought as how this man was staunch and true, and I find he's but a doubled-faced fellow after all, and speechifies in the house for any side he hopes to make most by. Oh ! how many fine speeches and squeezings by the hand we had of him on the canvass ! And if ever I shall be so happy as to have an opportunity of serving you—a murrain on the smooth

tongued knave ! and after all to get it for this pimp of a gauger.—The gauger! there must be some mistake, said Harley : he writes me, that it was engaged for one whose long services—Services ! interrupted the other, you shall hear : Services ! Yes, his sister arrived in town a few days ago, and is now a sempstress to the baronet. A plague on all rogues ! says honest Sam Wrightson ; I shall but just drink damnation to them to-night, in a crown's worth of Ashley's, and leave London to-morrow by sunrise.—I shall leave it too, said Harley ; and so he accordingly did.

In passing through Piccadilly, he had observed on the window of an inn a notification of the departure of a stage coach for a place in his road homewards ; in the way back to his lodgings, he took a seat in it for his return.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

He leaves London.—Characters in a Stage Coach.

The company in the stage coach consisted of a grocer and his wife, who were going to pay a visit to some of their country friends ; a young officer, who took this way of marching to quarters ; a middle aged gentlewoman, who had been hired as housekeeper to some family in the country ; and an elderly well-looking man with a remarkable old-fashioned perriwig.

Harley, upon entering, discovered but one vacant

seat, next the grocer's wife, which, from his natural shyness of temper, he made no scruple to occupy, however aware that riding backwards always disagreed with him.

Though his inclination to physiognomy had met with some rubs in the metropolis, he had not yet lost his attachment to that science: he set himself therefore to examine, as usual, the countenances of his companions. Here indeed he was not long in doubt as to the preference; for besides that the elderly gentleman, who sat opposite to him, had features by nature more expressive of good dispositions, there was something in that perriwig we mentioned, peculiarly attractive of Harley's regard.

He had not been long employed in these speculations, when he found himself attacked with that faintish sickness which was the natural consequence of his situation in the coach. The paleness of his countenance was first observed by the housekeeper, who immediately made offer of her smelling bottle, which Harley however declined, telling at the same time the cause of his uneasiness.

The gentleman on the opposite side of the coach now first turned his eye from the side-direction in which it had been fixed, and begged Harley to exchange places with him, expressing his regret that he had not made the proposal before. Harley thanked him, and, upon being assured that both seats were alike to him, was about to accept of his offer, when the young gentleman of the sword, putting on an arch look, laid hold of the other's arm. So, my old boy, said he, I find you have still

some youthful blood about you, but with your leave, I will do myself the honour of sitting by this lady; and took his place accordingly. The grocer stared him as full in the face as his own short neck would allow; and his wife, who was a little round-faced woman, with a great deal of colour in her cheeks, drew up at the compliment that was paid to her, looking first at the officer, and then at the housekeeper.

This incident was productive of some discourse; for before, though there was sometimes a cough or a hem from the grocer, and the officer now and then humm'd a few notes of a song, there had not a single word passed the lips of any of the company.

Mrs. Grocer observed, how ill-convenient it was for people who could not be drove backwards to travel in a stage. This brought on a dissertation on stage-coaches in general, and the pleasure of keeping a chay of one's own; which led to another on the great riches of Mr. Deputy Bearskin, who, according to her, had once been of that industrious order of youths who sweep the crossings of the streets for the conveniency of passengers, but, by various fortunate accidents, had now acquired an immense fortune, and kept his coach and a dozen livery servants. All this afforded ample fund for conversation, if conversation it might be called, that was carried on solely by the before-mentioned lady, nobody offering to interrupt her, except that the officer sometimes signified his approbation by a variety of oaths, a sort of praseology in which he seemed extremely versant. She appealed indeed

frequently to her husband for the authenticity of certain facts, of which the good man as often protested his total ignorance; but as he was always called fool, or something very like it, for his pains, he at last contrived to support the credit of his wife without prejudice to his conscience, and signified his assent by a noise not unlike the grunting of that animal which in shape and fatness he somewhat resembled.

The housekeer, and the old gentleman who sat next to Harley, were now observed to be fast asleep; at which the lady, who had been at such pains to entertain them, muttered some words of displeasure, and, upon the officer's whispering to smoke the old put, both she and her husband pursed up their mouths into a contemptuous smile. Harley looked sternly on the grocer: You are come, sir, said he, to those years when you might have learned some reverence for age: as for this young man, who has so lately escaped from the nursery, he may be allowed to divert himself. Dam'me, sir, said the officer, do you call me young? striking up the front of his hat, and stretching forward on his seat, till his face almost touched Harley's. It is probable, however, that he discovered something there which tended to pacify him; for, on the lady's entreating them not to quarrel, he very soon resumed his posture and calmness together, and was rather less profuse of his oaths during the rest of the journey.

It is possible the old gentleman had waked time enough to hear the last part of this discourse; at least (whether from that cause, or that he too was a

physiognomist), he wore a look remarkably complacent to Harley, who, on his part, showed a particular observance of him : indeed they had soon a better opportunity of making their acquaintance, as the coach arrived that night at the town where the officer's regiment lay, and the places of destination of their other fellow travellers, it seems, were at no great distance ; for next morning the old gentleman and Harley were the only passengers remaining.

When they left the inn in the morning, Harley, pulling out a little pocket-book, began to examine the contents, and make some corrections with a pencil. This, said he, turning to his companion, is an amusement with which I sometimes pass idle hours at an inn : these are quotations from those humble poets who trust their fame to the brittle tenure of windows and drinking-glasses. From our inns, returned the gentleman, a stranger might imagine that we were a nation of poets : machines at least containing poetry, which the motion of a journey emptied of their contents : Is it from the vanity of being thought geniuses, or a mere mechanical imitation of the custom of others, that we are tempted to scrawl rhyme upon such places ?

Whether vanity is the cause of our becoming rhymesters or not, answered Harley, it is a pretty certain effect of it. An old man of my acquaintance, who deals in apophthegms, used to say, That he had known few men without envy, few wits without ill nature, and no poet without vanity ; and I believe his remark is a pretty just one : vanity has been immemorially the charter of poets.

In this the ancients were more honest than we are: the old poets frequently made boastful predictions of the immortality their works will obtain for them; ours, in their dedications and prefatory discourses employ much eloquence to praise their patrons, and much seeming modesty to condemn themselves, or at least to apologize for their productions to the world: but this, in my opinion, is the more assuming manner of the two; for, of all the garbs I ever saw Pride put on, that of her humility is to me the most disgusting.

It is natural enough for a poet to be vain, said the stranger: the little worlds which he raises, the inspiration which he claims, may easily be productive of self-importance; though that inspiration is fabulous, it brings on egotism, which is always the parent of vanity.

It may be supposed, answered Harley, that inspiration of old was an article of religious faith; in modern times it may be translated a propensity to compose; and I believe it is not always most readily found where the poets have fixed its residence, amidst groves and plains, and the scenes of pastoral retirement. The mind may be there unbent from the cares of the world; but it will frequently, at the same time, be unnerved from any great exertion; it will feel imperfection, and wander without effort over the regions of reflection.

There is at least, said the stranger, one advantage in the poetical inclination, that it is an incentive to philanthropy. There is a certain poetic ground, on which a man cannot tread without feelings that enlarge the heart; the causes of human depravity

vanish before the romantic enthusiasm he professes, and many, who are not able to reach the Parnassian heights, may yet approach so near as to be bettered by the air of the climate.

I have always thought so, replied Harley, but this is an argument with the prudent against it: they urge the danger of unfitness for the world.

I allow it, returned the other; but I believe it is not always rightfully imputed to the bent for poetry: that is only one effect of the common cause.—Jack, says his father, is indeed no scholar; nor could all the drubbings from his master ever bring him one step forward in his accidence or syntax; but I intend him for a merchant.—Allow the same indulgence to Tom—Tom reads Virgil and Horace when he should be casting accounts; and but t'other day he pawned his great coat for an edition of Shakspeare.—But Tom would have been as he is, though Virgil and Horace had never been born, though Shakspeare had died a linkboy; for his nurse will tell you, that when he was a child, he broke his rattle, to discover what it was that sounded within it; and burned the sticks of his go-cart, because he liked to see the sparkling of timber in the fire.—'Tis a sad case; but what is to be done?—Why, Jack shall make a fortune, dine on venison, and drink claret.—Ay, but Tom—Tom shall dine with his brother, when his pride will let him; at other times, he shall bless God over a half-pint of ale and a Welsh-rabbit; and both shall go to heaven as they may.—That's a poor prospect for Tom, says the father.—To go to heaven! I cannot agree with him.

Perhaps, said Harley, we now a-days discourage the romantic turn a little too much. Our boys are prudent too soon. Mistake me not, I do not mean to blame them for want of levity or dissipation; but their pleasures are those of hacknied vice, blunted to every finer emotion by the repetition of debauch; and their desire of pleasure is warped to the desire of wealth, as the means of procuring it. The immense riches acquired by individuals have erected a standard of ambition, destructive of private morals and of public virtue. The weaknesses of vice are left us; but the most allowable of our failings we are taught to despise. Love, the passion most natural to the sensibility of youth, has lost the plaintive dignity he once possessed, for the unmeaning simper of a dangling coxcomb; and the only serious concern, that of a dowry, is settled, even amongst the beardless leaders of the dancing-school. The Frivolous and the Interested (might a satirist say) are the characteristical features of the age; they are visible even in the essays of our philosophers. They laugh at the pedantry of our fathers, who complained of the times in which they lived; they are at pains to persuade us how much those were deceived, they pride themselves in defending things as they find them, and in exploding the barren sounds which had been reared into motives for action. To this their style is suited; and the manly tone of reason is exchanged for the perpetual efforts at sneer and ridicule. This I hold to be an alarming crisis in the corruption of a state; when not only is virtue declined and vice prevailing, but when the praises of virtue are forgotten, and the infamy of vice unfelt.

They soon after arrived at the next inn upon the route of the stage coach, when the stranger told Harley, that his brother's house, to which he was returning, lay at no great distance, and he must therefore unwillingly bid him adieu.

I should like, said Harley, taking his hand, to have some word to remember so much seeming worth by : My name is Harley.—I shall remember it, answered the old gentleman, in my prayers ; mine is Silton.

And Silton indeed it was ! Ben Silton himself ! Once more my honoured friend, farewell !——Born to be happy without the world, to that peaceful happiness which the world has not to bestow ! Envy never scowled on thy life, nor hatred smiled on thy grave.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

He meets an old acquaintance.

When the stage coach arrived at the place of its destination, Harley began to consider how he should proceed the remaining part of his journey. He was very civilly accosted by the master of the inn, who offered to accommodate him either with a post-chaise or horses, to any distance he had a mind ; but as he did things frequently in a way different from what other people call natural, he refused these offers, and set out immediately a-foot, having first put a spare shirt in his pocket, and

given directions for the forwarding of his portmanteau. This was a method of travelling which he was accustomed to take; it saved the trouble of provision for any animal but himself, and left him at liberty to choose his quarters either at an inn or at the first cottage in which he saw a face he liked: nay, when he was not peculiarly attracted by the reasonable creation, he would sometimes consort with a species of inferior rank, and lay himself down to sleep by the side of a rock, or on the banks of a rivulet. He did few things without a motive, but his motives were rather eccentric; and the useful and expedient were terms which he held to be very indefinite, and which therefore he did not always apply to the sense in which they are commonly understood.

The sun was now in his decline, and the evening remarkably serene, when he entered a hollow part of the road, which winded between the surrounding banks, and seamed the sward in different lines as the choice of travellers had directed them to tread it. It seemed to be little frequented now, for some of those had partly recovered their former verdure. The scene was such as induced Harley to stand and enjoy it; when, turning round, his notice was attracted by an object, which the fixture of his eye on the spot he walked had before prevented him from observing.

An old man, who from his dress seemed to have been a soldier, lay fast asleep on the ground; a knapsack rested on a stone at his right hand, while his staff and brass-hilted sword were crossed at his left.

Harley looked on him with the most earnest attention. He was one of those figures which Salvator would have drawn; nor was the surrounding scenery unlike the wilderness of that painter's back-grounds. The banks on each side were covered with fantastic shrub-wood, and at a little distance, on the top of one of them, stood a finger-post to mark the directions of two roads which diverged from the point where it was placed. A rock, with some dangling wild-flowers, jutted out above where the soldier lay; on which grew the stump of a large tree, white with age, and a single twisted branch shaded his face as he slept. His face had the marks of manly comeliness impaired by time ; his forehead was not altogether bald, but his hairs might have been numbered; while a few white locks behind crossed the brown of his neck with a contrast the most venerable to a mind like Harley's. Thou art old, said he to himself; but age has not brought thee rest for its infirmities ; I fear those silver hairs have not found shelter from thy country, though that neck has been bronzed in its service. The stranger waked. He looked at Harley with the appearance of some confusion : it was a pain the latter knew too well to think of causing in another; he turned and went on. The old man re-adjusted his knapsack, and followed in one of the tracks on the opposite side of the road.

When Harley heard the tread of his feet behind him, he could not help stealing back a glance at his fellow traveller. He seemed to bend under the weight of his knapsack ; halted on his walk, and one of his arms was supported by a sling, and lay

motionless across his breast. He had that steady look of sorrow, which indicates that its owner has gazed upon his griefs till he has forgotten to lament them; yet not without those streaks of complacency, which a good mind will sometimes throw into the countenance, through all the iucumbent load of its depression.

He had now advanced nearer to Harley, and, with an uncertain sort of voice, begged to know what it was o'clock; I fear, said he, sleep has beguiled me of my time, and I shall hardly have light enough left to carry me to the end of my journey. Father! said Harley (who by this time found the romantic enthusiasm rising within him), how far do you mean to go? But a little way, sir, returned the other; and indeed it is but a little way I can manage now; 'tis just four miles from the height to the village, whither I am going. I am going thither too, said Harley; we may make the road shorter to each other. You seem to have served your country, sir; to have served it hardly too; 'tis a character I have the highest esteem for. I would not be impertinently inquisitive; but there is that in your appearance which excites my curiosity to know something more of you: in the mean time, suffer me to carry that knapsack.

The old man gazed on him: a tear stood in his eye. Young gentleman, said he, you are too good; may Heaven bless you for an old man's sake, who has nothing but his blessing to give! but my knapsack is so familiar to my shoulders that I should walk the worse for wanting it; and it would be troublesome to you, who have not been used to its weight.

Far from it, answered Harley, I should tread the lighter; it would be the most honourable badge I ever wore.

Sir, said the stranger, who had looked earnestly in Harley's face during the last part of his discourse, is not your name Harley? It is, replied he; I am ashamed to say I have forgotten yours. You may well have forgotten my face, said the stranger:—'tis a long time since you saw it; but possibly you may remember something of old Edwards.——Edwards! cried Harley, oh! heavens! and sprung to embrace him; let me clasp those knees on which I have sat so often: Edwards! —I shall never forget the fire-sid, round which I have been so happy! But where, where have you been? where is Jack? where is your daughter? How far has it fared with them, when fortune, I fear, has been so unkind to you?—'Tis a long tale, replied Edwards; but I will try to tell it you as we walk.

When you were at school in the neighbourhood, you remember me at South-hill: that farm had been possessed by my father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, which last was a younger brother of that very man's ancestor who is now lord of the manor. I thought I managed it, as they had done, with prudence; I paid my rent regularly as it became due, and had always as much behind as gave bread to me and my children. But my last lease was out soon after you left that part of the country; and the 'squire, who had lately got a London attorney for his steward, would not renew it, because, he said, he did not choose to have any

farm under £300 a-year value on his estate ; but offered to give me the preference on the same terms with another, if I chose to take the one he had marked out, of which mine was a part.

What could I do, Mr. Harley ? I feared the undertaking was too great for me ; yet to leave, at my age, the house I had lived in from my cradle ! I could not, Mr. Harley, I could not ; there was not a tree about it that I did not look on as my father, my brother, or my child : so I even ran the risk, and took the squire's offer of the whole. But I had soon reason to repent of my bargain ; the steward had taken care that my former farm should be the best land of the division ; I was obliged to hire more servants, and I could not have my eye over them all ; some unfavourable seasons followed one another, and I found my affairs entangling on my hands. To add to my distress, a considerable corn-factor turned bankrupt with a sum of mine in his possession : I failed paying my rent so punctually as I was wont to do, and the same steward had my stock taken in execution in a few days after. So, Mr. Harley, there was an end to my prosperity. However, there was as much produced from the sale of my effects as paid my debts and saved me from a jail : I thank God I wronged no man, and the world could never charge me with dishonesty.

Had you seen us, Mr. Harley, when we were turned out of South-hill, I am sure you would have wept at the sight. You remember old Trusty, my shag house-dog ; I shall never forget it while I live ; the poor creature was blind with age, and

could scarce crawl after us to the door; he went however as far as the gooseberry-bush, which you may remember stood on the left side of the yard: he was wont to bask in the sun there; when he had reached that spot, he stopped; we went on: I called him; he wagged his tail, but did not stir: I called again; he lay down: I whistled, and cried Trusty; he gave a short howl, and died! I could have laid down and died too; but God gave me strength to live for my children.

The old man now paused a moment to take breath. He eyed Harley's face; it was bathed with tears: the story was grown familiar to himself; he dropped one tear, and no more.

Though I was poor, continued he, I was not altogether without credit. A gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had a small farm unoccupied at the time, offered to let me have it, on giving security for the rent; which I made shift to procure.

It was a piece of ground which required management to make any thing of; but it was nearly within the compass of my son's labour and my own. We exerted all our industry to bring it into some heart. We began to succeed tolerably, and lived contented on its produce, when an unlucky accident brought us under the displeasure of a neighbouring justice of the peace, and broke all our family happiness again.

My son was a remarkably good shooter; he had always kept a pointer on our former farm, and thought no harm in doing so now; when one day, having sprung a covey in our own ground, the dog, of his own accord, followed them into the justice's.

My son laid down his gun, and went after his dog to bring him back: the game-keeper, who had marked the birds, came up, and, seeing the pointer, shot him just as my son approached. The creature fell; my son ran up to him: he died with a sort of complaining cry at his master's feet. Jack could bear it no longer; but, flying at the game-keeper, wrenched his gun out of his hand, and with the but end of it felled him to the ground.

He had scarce got home, when a constable came with a warrant, and dragged him to prison; there he lay, for the justices would not take bail, till he was tried at the quarter-sessions for the assault and battery. His fine was hard upon us to pay; we contrived, however, to live the worse for it, and make up the loss by our frugality; but the justice was not content with that punishment, and soon after had an opportunity of punishing us indeed.

An officer with press-orders came down to our country, and, having met with the justices, agreed they should pitch on a certain number, who could more easily be spared from the county, of whom he would take care to clear it; my son's name was in the justices' list.

'Twas on a Christmas-eve, and the birth-day too of my son's little boy. The night was piercing cold, and it blew a storm, with showers of hail and snow. We had made up a cheering fire in an inner room; I sat before it in my wicker chair, blessing Providence, that had still left a shelter for me and my children. My son's two little ones were holding their gambols around us; my heart warmed at the sight; I brought a bottle of my best ale, and all our misfortunes were forgotten.

It had long been our custom to play a game at blind-man's buff on that night, and it was not omitted now; so to it we fell, I and my son, and his wife, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, who happened to be with us at the time, the two children, and an old maid servant who had lived with me from a child.

The lot fell on my son to be blindfolded: we had continued some time in our game, when he groped his way into an outer room in pursuit of some of us, who, he imagined, had taken shelter there; we kept snug in our places, and enjoyed his mistake. He had not been long there, when he was suddenly seized from behind; I shall have you now, said he, and turned about. Shall you so, master? answered the ruffian who had laid hold of him; we shall make you play at another sort of game by-and-by. —At these words Harley started with a convulsive sort of motion, and grasping Edwards' sword drew it out of the scabbard, with a look of the most frantic wildness. Edwards gently replaced it in its sheath, and went on with his relation.

On hearing these words in a strange voice, we all rushed out to discover the cause: the room by this time was almost full of the gang. My daughter-in-law fainted at the sight; the maid and I ran to assist her, while my poor son remained motionless, gazing by turns on his children and their mother. We soon recovered her to life, and begged her to retire and wait the issue of the affair; but she flew to her husband, and clung round him in an agony of terror and grief.

In the gang was one of a smoother aspect, whom,

by his dress, we discovered to be a serjeant of foot; he came up to me, and told me that my son had his choice of the sea or land service, whispering at the same time, that if he chose the land, he might get off on procuring him another man, and paying a certain sum for his freedom. The money we could just muster up in the house, by the assistance of the maid, who produced, in a green bag, all the little saving of her service; but the man he could not expect to find. My daughter-in-law gazed upon her children with a look of the wildest despair: My poor infants! said she, your father is forced from you; who shall now labour for your bread? or must your mother beg for herself and you? I prayed her to be patient; but comfort I had none to give her. At last, calling the serjeant aside, I asked him if I was too old to be accepted in place of my son? Why, I don't know, said he; you are rather old, to be sure, but yet the money may do much. I put the money in his hand; and coming back to my children, Jack, said I, you are free; live to give your wife and these little ones bread; I will go, my child, in your stead: I have but little life to lose, and if I staid I should add one to the wretches you left behind. No, replied my son, I am not that coward you imagine me; heaven forbid that my father's gray hairs should be thus exposed, while I sat idle at home! I am young, and able to endure much, and God will take care of you and my family. Jack, said I, I will put an end to this matter; you have never hitherto disobeyed me; I will not be contradicted in this; stay at home, I charge you, for my sake, be kind to my children.

Our parting, Mr. Harley, I cannot describe to you; it was the first time we ever had parted; the very press-gang could scarce keep from tears; but the serjeant, who had seemed the softest before, was now the least moved of them all. He conducted me to a party of new raised recruits, who lay at a village in the neighbourhood; and we soon after joined the regiment. I had not been long with it, when we were ordered to the East Indies, where I was soon made a serjeant, and might have picked up some money, if my heart had been as hard as some others were; but my nature was never of that kind, that could think of getting rich at the expense of my conscience.

Amongst our prisoners was an old Indian, whom some of our officers supposed to have a treasure hidden somewhere; which is no uncommon practice in that country. They pressed him to discover it. He declared he had none; but that would not satisfy them: so they ordered him to be tied to a stake, and suffer fifty lashes every morning till he should learn to speak out, as they said. Oh! Mr. Harley, had you seen him, as I did, with his hands bound behind him, suffering in silence, while the big drops trickled down his shrivelled cheeks, and wet his gray beard; which some of the inhuman soldiers plucked in scorn! I could not bear it, I could not for my soul; and one morning, when the rest of the guard were out of the way, I found means to let him escape. I was tried by a court-martial for negligence of my post, and ordered, in compassion of my age, and having got this wound in my arm, and, that in my leg, in the service, only

to suffer 300 lashes, and be turned out of the regiment; but my sentence was mitigated as to the lashes, and I had only 200. When I had suffered these, I was turned out of the camp, and had betwixt three and four hundred miles to travel before I could reach a seaport, without a guide to conduct me, or money to buy me provisions by the way. I set out, however, resolved to walk as far as I could, and then to lay myself down and die. But I had scarce gone a mile, when I was met by the Indian whom I had delivered. He pressed me in his arms, and kissed the marks of the lashes on my back a thousand times; he led me to a little hut, where some friend of his dwelt; and after I was recovered of my wounds, conducted me far on my journey himself, and sent another Indian to guide me through the rest. When we parted, he pulled out a purse with two hundred pieces of gold in it: Take this, said he, my dear preserver, it is all I have been able to procure. I begged him not to bring himself to poverty for my sake, who should probably have no need of it long; but he insisted on my accepting it. He embraced me:—You are an Englishman, said he, but the Great Spirit has given you an Indian heart; may he bear up the weight of your old age, and blunt the arrow that brings it rest! We parted: and not long after I made shift to get my passage to England. 'Tis but about a week since I landed, and I am going to end my days in the arms of my son. This sum may be of use to him and his children; 'tis all the value I put upon it. I thank heaven I never was covetous of wealth, I never had much, but was always so happy as to be content with my little

When Edwards had ended his relation, Harley stood awhile looking at him in silence; at last he pressed him in his arms; and when he had given vent to the fulness of his heart by a shower of tears, Edwards, said he, let me hold thee to my bosom; let me imprint the virtue of thy sufferings on my soul. Come, my honoured veteran! let me endeavour to soften the last days of a life worn out in the service of humanity: call me also thy son, and let me cherish thee as a father. Edwards, from whom the recollection of his own sufferings had scarce forced a tear, now blubbered like a boy; he could not speak his gratitude, but by some short exclamations of blessings upon Harley.

CHAPTER XXXV.

He misses an old acquaintance.—An adventure consequent upon it.

When they had arrived within a little way of the village they journeyed to, Harley stopped short, and looked steadfastly on the mouldering walls of a ruined house that stood on the road side. Oh, heaven! he cried, what do I see? silent, unroofed, and desolate! Are all thy gay tenants gone? Do I hear their hum no more? Edwards, look there, look there! the scene of my infant joys, my earliest friendships, laid waste and ruinous! That was the very school where I was boarded when you were at South-hill; 'tis but a twelvemonth

since I saw it standing, and its benches filled with cherubs; the opposite side of the road was the green on which they sported; see it now ploughed up! I would have given fifty times its value to have saved it from the sacrilege of that plough.

Dear sir, replied Edwards, perhaps they have left it from choice, and may have got another spot as good. They cannot, said Harley, they cannot; I shall never see the sward covered with its daisies, nor pressed by the dance of the dear innocents: I shall never see that stump decked with the garlands which their little hands had gathered. These two long stones which now lie at the foot of it were once the supports of a hut I myself assisted to rear: I have sat on the sods within it, when we had spread our banquet of apples before us, and been more blessed——oh! Edwards! infinitely more blessed than ever I shall be again.

Just then a woman passed them on the road, and discovered some signs of wonder at the attitude of Harley, who stood, with his hands folded together, looking with a moistened eye on the fallen pillars of the hut. He was too much entranced in thought to observe her at all; but Edwards civilly accosted her, desired to know, if that had not been the school-house, and how it came into that condition in which they now saw it? Alack-a-day! said she, it was the school-house indeed; but to be sure, sir, the 'squire has pulled it down, because it stood in the way of his prospects.—What! how! prospects! pulled down! cried Harley. Yes, to be sure, sir; and the green, where the children used to play, he has ploughed up, because, he said, they

hurt his fence on the other side of it.——Curses on his narrow heart, cried Harley, that could violate a right so sacred! Heaven blast the wretch!

> "And from his derogate body never spring
> A babe to honour him!"

But I need not, Edwards, I need not (recovering himself a little), he is cursed enough already: to him the noblest source of happiness is denied; and the cares of his sordid soul shall gnaw it, while thou sittest over a brown crust, smiling on those mangled limbs that have saved thy son and his children! If you want any thing with the schoolmistress, sir, said the woman, I can show you the way to her house. He followed her, without knowing whither he went.

They stopped at the door of a snug habitation; where sat an elderly woman with a boy and girl before her, each of whom held a supper of bread and milk in their hands. There, sir, is the schoolmistress.——Madam, said Harley, was not an old venerable man schoolmaster here some time ago? Yes, sir, he was; poor man! the loss of his former school-house, I believe, broke his heart, for he died soon after it was taken down; and as another has not yet been found, I have that charge in the meantime.—And this boy and girl, I presume, are your pupils?—Ay, sir, they are poor orphans, put under my care by the parish; and more promising children I never saw. Orphans! said Harley. Yes, sir, of honest creditable parents as any in the parish: and it is a shame for some folks to forget their relations, at a time when they have most need

to remember them.——Madam, said Harley, let us never forget that we are all relations. He kissed the children.

Their father, sir, continued she, was a farmer here in the neighbourhood, and a sober industrious man he was; but nobody can help misfortunes: what with bad crops, and bad debts, which are worse, his affairs went to wreck; and both he and his wife died of broken hearts. And a sweet couple they were, sir; there was not a properer man to look on in the county than John Edwards, and so indeed were all the Edwardses. What Edwardses? cried the old soldier hastily. The Edwardses of South-hill; and a worthy family they were.—South-hill! said he in a languid voice, and fell back into the arms of the astonished Harley. The schoolmistress ran for some water and a smelling bottle, with the assistance of which they soon recovered the unfortunate Edwards. He stared wildly for some time, then folding his orphan grandchildren in his arms, Oh! my children, my children! he cried, have I found you thus? My poor Jack! art thou gone; I thought thou shouldst have carried thy father's gray hairs to the grave! and these little ones—his tears choked his utterance, and he fell again on the necks of the children.

My dear old man! said Harley, Providence has sent you to relieve them; it will bless me, if I can be the means of assisting you.—Yes, indeed, sir, answered the boy; father, when he was a dying, bade God bless us; and prayed, that if grandfather lived, he might send him to support us.——Where did they lay my boy? said Edwards. In the old

churchyard, replied the woman, hard by his mother.—I will show it you, answered the boy: for I have wept over it many a time, when first I came amongst strange folks. He took the old man's hand: Harley laid hold of his sister's, and they walked in silence to the churchyard.

There was an old stone, with the corner broken off, and some letters, half covered with moss, to denote the names of the dead: there was a ciphered R. E. plainer than the rest; it was the tomb they sought. Here it is, grandfather, said the boy. Edwards gazed upon it without uttering a word: the girl, who had only sighed before, now wept outright: her brother sobbed, but he stifled his sobbing. I have told sister, said he, that she should not take it to heart: she can knit already, and I shall soon be able to dig: we shall not starve, sister, indeed we shall not, nor shall grandfather neither.—The girl cried afresh; Harley kissed off her tears as they flowed, and wept between every kiss.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

He returns home.—A description of his return.

It was with some difficulty that Harley prevailed on the old man to leave the spot where the remains of his son were laid. At last, with the assistance of the schoolmistress, he prevailed; and she accommodated Edwards and him with beds in

her house, there being nothing like an inn nearer than the distance of some miles.

In the morning, Harley persuaded Edwards to come with the children to his house, which was distant but a short day's journey. The boy walked in his grandfather's hand: and the name of Edwards procured him a neighbouring farmer's horse, on which a servant mounted, with the girl on a pillion before him.

With this train, Harley returned to the abode of his fathers: and we cannot but think that his enjoyment was as great as if he had arrived from the tour of Europe, with a Swiss valet for his companion, and half a dozen snuff boxes with invisible hinges in his pocket. But we take our ideas from sounds which folly has invented; Fashion, Bon Ton, and Virtù, are the names of certain idols, to which we sacrifice the genuine pleasures of the soul: in this world of semblance, we are contented with personating happiness; to feel it is an art beyond us.

It was otherwise with Harley; he ran up stairs to his aunt, with the history of his fellow travellers glowing on his lips. His aunt was an economist; but she knew the pleasure of doing charitable things, and withal was fond of her nephew, and solicitous to oblige him. She received old Edwards, therefore, with a look of more complacency than is perhaps natural to maiden ladies of threescore, and was remarkably attentive to his grandchildren: she roasted apples with her own hands for their supper, and made up a little bed beside her own for the girl. Edwards made some attempts towards an ac-

knowledgment for these favours; but his young friend stopped them in their beginnings. 'Whosoever receiveth any of these children'———said his aunt; for her acquaintance with her bible was habitual.

Early next morning, Harley stole into the room where Edwards lay; he expected to have found him abed; but in this he was mistaken: the old man had risen, and was leaning over his sleeping grandson, with the tears flowing down his cheeks. At first he did not perceive Harley; when he did, he endeavoured to hide his grief, and, crossing his eyes with his hand, expressed his surprise at seeing him so early astir. I was thinking of you, said Harley, and your children: I learned last night that a small farm of mine in the neighbourhood is now vacant: if you will occupy it, I shall gain a good neighbour, and be able, in some measure, to repay the notice you took of me when a boy; and as the furniture of the house is mine, it will be so much trouble saved. Edwards's tears gushed afresh, and Harley led him to see the place he intended for him.

The house upon this farm was indeed little better than a hut; its situation, however, was pleasant; and Edwards, assisted by the beneficence of Harley, set about improving its neatness and convenience. He staked out a piece of the green before for a garden, and Peter, who acted in Harley's family as valet, butler, and gardener, had orders to furnish him with parcels of the different seeds he choose to sow in it. I have seen his master at work in this little spot, with his coat off, and his dibble in his

hand: it was a scene of tranquil virtue to have stopped an angel on his errands of mercy! Harley had contrived to lead a little bubbling brook through a green walk in the middle of the ground, upon which he had erected a mill in miniature for the diversion of Edwards's infant grandson, and made shift in its construction to introduce a pliant bit of wood, that answered with its fairy clack to the murmuring of the rill that turned it. I have seen him stand, listening to these mingled sounds, with his eye fixed on the boy, and the smile of conscious satisfaction on his cheek; while the old man, with a look half turned to Harley and half to heaven, breathed an ejaculation of gratitude and piety.

Father of mercies! I also would thank thee! that not only hast thou assigned eternal rewards to virtue, but that, even in this bad world, the lines of our duty and our happiness are so frequently woven together.

A FRAGMENT.

The Man of Feeling talks of what he does not understand.—An incident.

* * * * Edwards, said he, I have a proper regard for the prosperity of my country; every native of it appropriates to himself some share of the power, or the fame, which, as a nation, it acquires; but I cannot throw off the man so much as to rejoice at

our conquests in India. You tell me of immense territories subject to the English; I cannot think of their possessions, without being led to inquire, by what right they possess them. They came there as traders, bartering the commodities they brought for others which their purchasers could spare; and however great their profits were, they were then equitable. But what title have the subjects of another kingdom to establish an empire in India? to give laws to a country where the inhabitants received them on the terms of friendly commerce? You say they are happier under our regulations than the tyranny of their own petty princes. I must doubt it, from the conduct of those by whom these regulations have been made. They have drained the treasuries of nabobs, who must fill them by oppressing the industry of their subjects. Nor is this to be wondered at, when we consider the motive upon which those gentlemen do not deny their going to India. The fame of conquest, barbarous as that motive is, is but a secondary consideration: there are certain stations in wealth to which the warriors of the East aspire. It is there indeed where the wishes of their friends assign their eminence, where the question of their country is pointed at their return. When shall I see a commander return from India in the pride of honourable poverty?—You describe the victories they have gained; they are sullied by the cause in which they fought; you enumerate the spoils of those victories; they are covered with the blood of the vanquished!

Could you tell me of some conqueror giving peace

and happiness to the conquered; did he accept the gifts of their princes to use them for the comfort of those whose fathers, sons, or husbands, fell in battle; did he use his power to gain security and freedom to the regions of oppression and slavery; did he endear the British name by examples of generosity, which the most barbarous or most depraved are rarely able to resist; did he return with the consciousness of duty discharged to his country, and humanity to his fellow-creatures; did he return with no lace on his coat, no slaves in his retinue, no chariot at his door, and no burgundy at his table;—these were laurels which princes might envy—which an honest man would not condemn!

Your maxims, Mr. Harley, are certainly right, said Edwards. I am not capable of arguing with you; but I imagine there are great temptations in a great degree of riches, which it is no easy matter to resist: those a poor man like me cannot describe, because he never knew them; and perhaps I have reason to bless God that I never did; for then it is likely I should have withstood them no better than my neighbours. For you know, sir, that it is not the fashion now, as it was in former times, that I have read of in books, when your great generals died so poor that they did not leave wherewithal to buy them a coffin; and people thought the better of their memories for it: if they did so now-a-days, I question if anybody except yourself, and some few like you, would thank them.

I am sorry, replied Harley, that there is so much truth in what you say; but however the general

current of opinion may point, the feelings are not yet lost that applaud benevolence, and censure inhumanity. Let us endeavour to strengthen them in ourselves ; and we, who live sequestered from the noise of the multitude, have better opportunities of listening undisturbed to their voice.

They now approached the little dwelling of Edwards. A maid servant, whom he had hired to assist him in the care of his grandchildren, met them a little way from the house: There is a young lady within with the children, said she. Edwards expressed his surprise at the visit: it was, however, not the less true; and we mean to account for it.

This young lady then was no other than Miss Walton. She had heard the old man's history from Harley, as we have already related it. Curiosity, or some other motive, made her desirous to see his grandchildren; this she had an opportunity of gratifying soon, the children in some of their walks, having strolled as far as her father's avenue. She put several questions to both; she was delighted with the simplicity of their answers, and promised, that if they continued to be good children, and do as their grandfather bid them, she would soon see them again, and bring some present or other for their reward. This promise she had performed now: she came attended only by a maid, and brought with her a complete suit of green for the boy, and a chintz gown, a cap, and a suit of ribands, for his sister. She had time enough, with her maid's assistance, to equip them in their new habiliments before Harley and Edwards returned.

The boy heard his grandfather's voice, and with that silent joy which his present finery inspired, ran to the door to meet him: putting one hand in his, with the other pointed to his sister, See, said he, what Miss Walton has brought us!—Edwards gaxed on them. Harley fixed his eyes on Miss Walton; hers were turned to the ground;—in Edwards's was a beamy moisture.—He folded his hands together—I cannot speak, young lady, said he to thank you. Neither could Harley. There were a thousand sentiments; but they gushed so impetuously on his heart, that he could not utter a syllable. * * * *

CHAPTER XL.

The Man of Feeling jealous.

The desire of communicating knowledge or intelligence is an argument with those who hold that man is naturally a social animal. It is indeed one of the earliest propensities we discover; but it may be doubted whether the pleasure (for pleasure there certainly is) arising from it be not often more selfish than social: for we frequently observe the tidings of ill communicated as eagerly as the annunciation of good. Is it that we delight in observing the effects of the stronger passions? for we are all philosophers in this respect; and it is perhaps amongst the spectators at Tyburn that the most genuine are to be found.

Was it from this motive that Peter came one morning into his master's room with a meaning face of recital? His master indeed did not at first observe it; for he was sitting with one shoe buckled, delineating portraits in the fire. I have brushed those clothes, sir, as you ordered me.—Harley nodded his head; but Peter observed that his hat wanted brushing too; his master nodded again. At last Peter bethought him, that the fire needed stirring; and, taking up the poker, demolished the turban'd head of a Saracen, while his master was seeking out a body for it. The morning is main cold, sir, said Peter. Is it? said Harley. Yes, sir; I have been as far as Tom Dawson's, to fetch some barberries he had picked for Mrs. Margery. There was a rare junketing last night at Thomas's among Sir Harry Benson's servants; he lay at Squire Walton's, but he would not suffer his servants to trouble the family: so, to be sure, they were all at Tom's, and had a fiddle and a hot supper in the big room where the justices meet about the destroying of hares and partridges, and them things; and Tom's eyes looked so red and so bleared when I called him to get the barberries!—And I hear as how Sir Harry is going to be married to Miss Walton.———How, Miss Walton married! said Harley. Why it mayn't be true, sir, for all that; but Tom's wife told it me, and to be sure the servants told her, and their master told them, as I guess, sir; but it mayn't be true for all that as I said before.—Have done with your idle information, said Harley; is my aunt come down

into the parlour to breakfast?—Yes, sir. Tell her I'll be with her immediately.

When Peter was gone, he stood with his eyes fixed on the ground, and the last words of his intelligence vibrating in his ears. Miss Walton married! he sighed—and walked down stairs, with his shoe as it was, and the buckle in his hand. His aunt, however, was pretty well accustomed to those appearances of absence; besides that the natural gravity of her temper, which was commonly called into exertion by the care of her household concerns, was such as not easily to be discomposed by any circumstances of accidental impropriety. She too had been informed of the intended match between Sir Harry Benson and Miss Walton. I have been thinking, said she, that they are disiant relations; for the great grandfather of this Sir Harry Benson, who was knight of the shire in the reign of Charles the First, and one of the cavaliers of those times, was married to a daughter of the Walton family. Harley answered dryly, that it might be so; but that he never troubled himself about those matters. Indeed, said she, you are to blame, nephew, for not knowing a little more of them: before I was near your age, I had sewed the pedigree of our family in a a set of chair-bottoms, that were made a present of to my grandmother, who was a very notable woman, and had a proper regard for gentility, I'll assure you; but now-a-days it is money, not birth, that makes people respected; the more shame for the times!

Harley was in no very good humour for entering into a discussion of this question; but he always

entertained so much filial respect for his aunt as to attend to her discourse.

We blame the pride of the rich, said he; but are not we ashamed of our poverty?

Why, one would not choose, replied his aunt to make a much worse figure than one's neighbours; but, as I was saying before, the times (as my friend Mrs. Dorothy Walton observes) are shamefully degenerated in this respect. There was but t'other day, at Mr. Walton's, that fat fellow's daughter, the London merchant, as he calls himself, though I have heard he was little better than the keeper of a chandler's shop:—we were leaving the gentlemen to go to tea. She had a hoop forsooth, as large and as stiff—and it showed a pair of bandy legs, as thick as two—I was nearer the door by an apron's length, and the pert hussy brushed by me, as who should say, Make way for your betters, and with one of her London bobs—but Mrs. Dorothy did not let her pass with it; for all the time of drinking tea, she spoke of the precedency of family, and the disparity there is between people who are come of something, and your mushroom-gentry who wear their coats of arms in their purses.

Her indignation was interrupted by the arrival of her maid with a damask table-cloth, and a set of napkins, from the loom, which had been spun by her mistress's own hand. There was the family crest in each corner, and in the middle a view of the battle of Worcester, where one of her ancestors had been a captain in the king's forces; and with a sort of poetical license in perspective, there was

seen the Royal Oak, with more wig than leaves upon it.

On all this the good lady was very copious, and took up the remaining intervals of filling tea, to describe its excellences to Harley ; adding, that she intended this as a present for his wife when he should get one. He sighed and looked foolish, and commending the serenity of the day, walked out into the garden.

He sat down on a little seat which commanded an extensive prospect round the house. He leaned on his hand, and scored the ground with his stick : Miss Walton married ! said he ; but what is that to me ? May she be happy ! her virtues deserve it ; to me her marriage is otherwise indifferent : I had romantic dreams ! they are fled !——it is perfectly indifferent.

Just at that moment he saw a servant, with a knot of ribands in his hat, go into the house. His cheeks grew flushed at the sight. He kept his eye fixed for some time on the door by which he had entered ; then starting to his feet hastily followed him.

When he approached the door of the kitchen, where he supposed the man had entered, his heart throbbed so violently that when he would have called Peter his voice failed in the attempt. He stood a moment listening in this breathless state of palpitation : Peter came out by chance. Did your honour want any thing ?—Where is the servant that came just now from Mr. Walton's——From Mr. Walton's, sir ! there is none of his servants here, that I know of.—Nor of Sir Harry

Benson's ?—He did not wait for an answer; but having by this time observed the hat with its party-coloured ornament hanging on a peg near the door, he pressed forwards into the kitchen, and, addressing himself to a stranger whom he saw there, asked him, with no small tremor in his voice, if he had any commands for him ? The man looked silly, and said that he had nothing to trouble his honour with.—Are not you a servant of Sir Harry Benson's ?—No, sir.—You'll pardon me, young man ; I judged by the favour in your hat.—Sir, I'm his majesty's servant, God bless him ! and these favours we always wear when we are recruiting.——Recruiting ! his eyes glistened at the word : he seized the soldier's hand, and, shaking it violently, ordered Peter to fetch a bottle of his aunt's best dram. The bottle was brought: You shall drink the king's health, said Harley, in a bumper ——The king and your honour.—Nay, you shall drink the king's health by itself ; you may drink mine in another. Peter looked in his master's face, and filled with some little reluctance. Now to your mistress, said Harley : every soldier has a mistress. The man excused himself—To your mistress ! you cannot refuse it. 'Twas Mrs. Margery's best dram ! Peter stood with the bottle a little inclined, but not so as to discharge a drop of its contents : Fill it, Peter, said his master, fill it to the brim. Peter filled it ; and the soldier, having named Suky Simpson, dispatched it in a twinkling. Thou art an honest fellow, said Harley, and I love thee ; and, shaking his hand again, desired Peter to make him his guest at dinner, and walked up

into his room with a pace much quicker and more springy than usual.

This agreeable disappointment however he was not long suffered to enjoy. The curate happened that day to dine with him : his visits indeed were more properly to the aunt than the nephew ; and many of the intelligent ladies in the parish, who, like some very great philosophers, have the happy knack at accounting for every thing, gave out, that there was a particular attachment between them, which wanted only to be matured by some more years of courtship to end in the tenderest connexion. In this conclusion indeed, supposing the premises to have been true, they were somewhat justified by the known opinion of the lady, who frequently declared herself a friend to the ceremonial of former times, when a lover might have sighed seven years at his mistress's feet before he was allowed the liberty of kissing her hand. 'Tis true, Mrs. Margery was now about her grand climactric : no matter, that is just the age when we expect to grow younger. But I verily believe there was nothing in the report : the curate's connexion was only that of a genealogist, for in that character he was no way inferior to Mrs. Margery herself. He dealt also in the present times, for he was a politician and a newsmonger.

He had hardly said grace after dinner, when he told Mrs. Margery that she might soon expect a pair of white gloves, as Sir Harry Benson, he was very well informed, was just going to be married to Miss Walton. Harley spilt the wine he was carrying to his mouth : he had time, however, to

recollect himself before the curate had finished the different particulars of his intelligence : and summing up all the heroism he was master of, filled a bumper, and drank to Miss Walton. With all my heart, said the curate, the bride that is to be. Harley would have said Bride too, but the word Bride stuck in his throat. His confusion indeed was manifest : but the curate began to enter on some point of descent with Mrs. Margery, and Harley had very soon after an opportunity of leaving them, while they were deeply engaged in a question, whether the name of some great man in the time of Henry the Seventh was Richard or Humphrey.

He did not see his aunt again till supper : the time in between he spent in walking, like some troubled ghost, round the place where his treasure lay. He went as far as a little gate, that led into a copse near Mr. Walton's house, to which that gentleman had been so obliging as to let him have a key. He had just begun to open it, when he saw, on a terrace below, Miss Walton walking with a gentleman in a riding-dress, whom he immediately guessed to be Sir Harry Benson. He stopped of a sudden : his hand shook so much that he could hardly turn the key ; he opened the gate, however, and advanced a few paces. The lady's lap-dog pricked up his ears and barked ; he stopped again—

> ——— " the little dogs and all,
> Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see they bark at me."

His resolution failed ; he slunk back, and locking the gate as softly as he could, stood on the tiptoe

looking over the wall till they were gone. At that instant a shepherd blew his horn: the romantic melancholy of the sound quite overcame him:—it was the very note that wanted to be touched—he sighed!—he dropped a tear!—and returned.

At supper his aunt observed that he was graver than usual, but she did not suspect the cause; indeed, it may seem odd that she was the only person in the family who had no suspicion of his attachment to Miss Walton. It was frequently matter of discourse among the servants: perhaps her maiden-coldness—but for these things we need not account.

In a day or two he was so much master of himself as to be able to rhyme on the subject. The following pastoral he left, some time after, on the handle of a tea-kettle, at a neighbouring house where we were visiting; and as I filled the tea-pot after him, I happened to put it in my pocket by a similar act of forgetfulness. It is such as might be expected from a man who makes verses for amusement. I am pleased with somewhat of good nature that runs though it, because I have commonly observed the writers of those complaints to bestow epithets on their lost mistresses rather too harsh for the mere liberty of choice, which led them to prefer another to the poet himself: I do not doubt the vehemence of their passion; but, alas! the sensations of love are something more than the returns of gratitude.

LAVINIA.

A PASTORAL.

WHY steals from my bosom a sigh?
  Why fix'd is my gaze on the ground?
Come, give me my pipe, and I'll try
  To banish my cares with the sound.

Erewhile were its notes of accord
  With the smile of the flower-footed Muse;
Ah! why, by its master implored,
  Should it now the gay carol refuse?

'Twas taught by Lavinia's sweet smile
  In the mirth-loving chorus to join?
Ah, me! how unwilling the while!
  Lavinia—can never be mine!

Another, more happy, the maid
  By fortune is destined to bliss——
Though the hope has forsook that betray'd,
  Yet why should I love her the less?

Her beauties are bright as the morn,
  With rapture I counted them o'er;
Such virtues these beauties adorn,
  I knew her, and praised them no more.

I term'd her no goddess of love,
  I call'd her not beauty divine:
These far other passions may prove,
  But they could not be figures of mine.

It ne'er was appparel'd with art,
  On words it would never rely;
It reign'd in the throb of my heart,
  It gleamed in the glance of my eye.

Oh fool! in the circle to shine
  That Fashion's gay daughters approve,
You must speak as the fashions incline;—
  Alas! are there fashions in love?

Yet sure they are simple who prize
  The tongue that is smoth to deceive;
Yet sure she had sense to despise
  The tinsel that folly may weave.

When I talk'd, I have seen her recline
With an aspect so pensively sweet,
Though I spoke what the shepherds opine,
A fop were ashamed to repeat.

She is soft as the dew-drops that fall
From the lip of the sweet-scented pea;
Perhaps when she smiled upon all,
I have thought that she smiled upon me.

But why of her charms should I tell?
Ah me! whom her charms have undone;
Yet I love the reflection too well
The painful reflection to shun.

Ye souls of more delicate kind,
Who feast not on pleasure alone,
Who wear the soft sense of the mind,
To the sons of the world still unknown;

Ye know, though I cannot express,
Why I foolishly dote on my pain;
Nor will ye believe it the less,
That I have not the skill to complain.

I lean on my hand with a sigh,
My friends the soft sadness condemn;
Yet, methinks, though I cannot tell why,
I should hate to be merry like them.

When I walk'd in the pride of the dawn,
Methought all the region look'd bright;
Has sweetness forsaken the lawn?
For, methinks I grow sad at the sight.

When I stood by the stream, I have thought
There was mirth in the gurgling soft sound;
But now 'tis a sorrowful note,
And the banks are all gloomy around!

I have laugh'd at the jest of a friend;
Now they laugh and I know not the cause,
Though I seem with my looks to attend,
How silly! I ask what it was!

They sing the sweet song of the May,
They sing it with mirth and with glee;
Sure I once thought the sonnet was gay,
But now 'tis all sadness to me.

Oh! give me the dubious light
That gleams through the quivering shade;
Oh! give me the horrors of night,
By gloom and by silence array'd!

Let me walk where the soft rising wave
Has pictured the moon on its breast:
Let me walk where the new-cover'd grave
Allows the pale lover to rest!

When shall I in its peaceable womb
Be laid with my sorrows asleep!
Should Lavinia chance on my tomb—
I could die if I thought she would weep.

Perhaps, if the souls of the just
Revisit these mansions of care,
It may be my favourite trust
To watch o'er the fate of the fair.

Perhaps the soft thought of her breast
With rapture more favour'd to warm;
Perhaps, if with sorrow oppress'd
Her sorrow with patience to arm.

Then! then! in the tenderest part
May I whisper, poor Colin was true;
And mark if a heave of her heart
The thought of her Colin pursue.

THE PUPIL.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * But as to the higher part of education, Mr. Harley, the culture of the mind;—let the feelings be awakened, let the heart be brought forth to its object, placed in the light in which nature would have it stand, and its decisions will ever be just. The world

"Will smile, and smile, and be a villain;"

and the youth who does not support its deceit will be content to smile with it. His teachers will put on the most forbidding aspect in nature, and tell him of the beauty of virtue.

I have not, under these gray hairs, forgotten that I was once a young man warm in the pursuit of pleasure, but meaning to be honest as well as happy. I had ideas of virtue, of honour, of benevolence, which I had never been at the pains to define ; but I felt my bosom heave at the thoughts of them, and I made the most delightful soliloquies.——It is impossible, said I, that there can be half so many rogues as are imagined.

I travelled, because it is the fashion for young men of my fortune to travel : I had a travelling tutor, which is the fashion too : but my tutor was a gentleman, which it is not always the fashion for tutors to be. His gentility indeed was all he had from his father, whose prodigality had not left him a shilling to support it.

I have a favour to ask of you, my dear Mountford, said my father, which I will not be refused : You have travelled as became a man ; neither France nor Italy have made any thing of Mountford which Mountford before he left England would have been ashamed of : My son Edward goes abroad, would you take him under your protection ? —He blushed—my father's face was scarlet—he pressed his hand to his bosom, as if he had said,—my heart does not mean to offend you. Mountford sighed twice——I am a proud fool, said he, and you will pardon it ;—there ! (he sighed again) I can hear of dependence, since it is dependence on

my Sedley.——Dependence ! answered my father ; there can be no such word between us : what is there in £9,000 a-year that should make me unworthy of Mountford's friendship ?—They embraced ; and soon after I set out on my travels with Mountford for my guardian.

We were at Milan, where my father happened to have an Italian friend, to whom he had been of some service in England. The count, for he was of quality, was solicitous to return the obligation by a particular attention to his son : we lived in his palace, visited with his family, were caressed by his friends ; and I began to be so well pleased with my entertainment that I thought of England as of some foreign country.

The count had a son not much older than myself. At that age a friend is an easy acquisition : we were friends the first night of our acquaintance.

He introduced me into the company of a set of young gentlemen, whose fortunes gave them the command of pleasure, and whose inclinations incited them to the purchase. After having spent some joyous evenings in their society, it became a sort of habit which I could not miss without uneasiness ; and our meetings, which before were frequent, were now stated and regular.

Sometimes, in the pauses of our mirth, gaming was introduced as an amusement : it was an art in which I was a novice : I received instruction, as other novices do, by loosing pretty largely to my teachers. Nor was this the only evil which Mountford foresaw would arise from the connexion I had formed ; but a lecture of sour injunctions was not

his method of reclaiming. He sometimes asked me questions about the company: but they were such as the curiosity of any indifferent man might have prompted: I told him of their wit, their eloquence, their warmth of friendship, and their sensibility of heart: And their honour, said I, laying my hand on my breast, is unquestionable. Mountford seemed to rejoice at my good fortune, and begged that I would introduce him to their acquaintance. At the next meeting I introduced him accordingly.

The conversation was as animated as usual; they displayed all that sprightliness and good humour which my praises had led Mountford to expect; subjects too of sentiment occurred, and their speeches, particularly those of our friend the son of Count Respino, glowed with the warmth of honour, and softened into the tenderness of feeling. Mountford was charmed with his companions: when we parted he made the highest eulogiums upon them: When shall we see them again? said he. I was delighted with the demand, and promised to reconduct him on the morrow.

In going to their place of rendezvous, he took me a little out of the road, to see, as he told me, the performances of a young statuary. When we were near the house in which Mountford said he lived, a boy of about seven years old crossed us in the street. At sight of Mountford he stopped, and grasping his hand, My dearest sir, said he, my father is likely to do well: he will live to pray for you, and to bless you: yes, he will bless you, though you are an Englishman, and some other hard word that the

monk talked of this morning, which I have forgot, but it meant that you should not go to heaven : But he shall go to heaven, said I, for he has saved my father : come and see him, sir, that we may be happy.—My dear, I am engaged at present with this gentleman.—But he shall come along with you ; he is an Englishman too, I fancy ; he shall come and learn how an Englishman may go to heaven.—Mountford smiled, and we followed the boy together.

After crossing the next street, we arrived at the gate of a prison. I seemed surprised at the sight ; our little conductor observed it. Are you afraid, sir ? said he. I was afraid once too, but my father and mother are here, and I am never afraid when I am with them. He took my hand, and led me through a dark passage that fronted the gate. When we came to a little door at the end, he tapped ; a boy still younger than himself opened it to receive us. Mountford entered with a look in which was pictured the benign assurance of a superior being. I followed in silence and amazement.

On something like a bed lay a man, with a face seemingly emaciated with sickness, and a look of patent dejection ; a bundle of dirty shreds served him for a pillow ; but he had a better support—the arm of a female who kneeled beside him, beautiful as an angel, but with a fading languor in her countenance, the still-life of melancholy, that seemed to borrow its shade from the object on which she gazed. There was a tear in her eye !—the sick man kissed it off in its bud, smiling through the dimness of his own !—When she saw Mountford she crawled forward on the ground, and clasped his knees ; he

raised her from the floor; she threw her arms round his neck, and sobbed out a speech of thankfulness, eloquent beyond the power of language.

Compose yourself, my love, said the man on the bed; but he whose goodness has caused that emotion will pardon its effects.—How is this, Mountford? said I; what do I see; what must I do?—You see, replied the stranger, a wretch sunk in poverty, starving in prison, stretched on a sick bed! but that is little:—there are his wife and children, wanting the bread which he has not to give them! Yet you cannot easily imagine the conscious serenity of his mind; in the gripe of affliction, his heart swells with the pride of virtue! it can even look down with pity on the man whose cruelty has wrung it almost to bursting. You are, I fancy, a friend of Mr. Mountford's: come nearer, and I'll tell you: for, short as my story is, I can hardly command breath enough for a recital. The son of Count Respino (I started as if I had trod on a viper) has long had a criminal passion for my wife; this her prudence had concealed from me; but he had lately the boldness to declare it to myself. He promised me affluence in exchange for honour, and threatened misery, as its attendant, if I kept it. I treated him with the contempt he deserved: the consequence was, that he hired a couple of bravos (for I am pursuaded they acted under his direction) who attempted to assassinate me in the street; but I made such a defence as obliged them to fly, after having given me two or three stabs, none of which were mortal. But his revenge was not to be thus disappointed; in the little dealings in my trade I

had contracted some debts, of which he had made himself master for my ruin: I was confined here at his suit, when not yet recovered from the wounds I had received: the dear woman and these two boys followed me, that we might starve together; but Providence interposed, and sent Mr. Mountford to our support: he has relieved my family from the gnawings of hunger, and rescued me from death, to which a fever consequent on my wounds, and increased by the want of every necessary, had almost reduced me.

Inhuman villain! I exclaimed, lifting up my eyes to Heaven. Inhuman indeed! said the lovely woman who stood at my side: Alas, sir, what had we done to offend him? what had these little ones done, that they should perish in the toils of his vengeance?—I reached the pen which stood in the inkstand at the bedside—May I ask what is the amount of the sum for which you are imprisoned?—I was able, he replied, to pay all but 500 crowns. I wrote a draft on the banker with whom I had a credit for my father for 2500 crowns, and presenting it to the stranger's wife—You will receive, madam, on presenting this note, a sum more than sufficient for your husband's discharge; the remainder I leave for his industry to improve. I would have left the room; each of them laid hold of one my hands: the children clung to my coat:—Oh! Mr. Harley, methinks I feel their gentle violence at this moment: it beats here with delight inexpressible!—Stay, sir, said he, I do not mean attempting to thank you (he took a pocket book from under his pillow); let me but know what name

I shall place here next to Mr. Mountford?—Sedley —He writ it down—An Englishman too I presume. —He shall go to heaven, notwithstanding, said the boy who had been our guide. It began to be too much for me; I squeezed his hand that was clasped in mine; his wife's I pressed to my lips, and burst from the place, to give vent to the feelings that laboured within me. Oh! Mountford! said I, when he had overtaken me at the door. It is time, replied he, that we should think of our appointment; young Respino and his friends are waiting us.—Damn him, damn him! said I; let us leave Milan instantly.—But soft—I will be calm; Mountford, your pencil. I wrote on a slip of paper

"TO SIGNOR RESPINO,

"When you receive this, I am at a distance from Milan. Accept of my thanks for the civilities I have received from you and your family. As to the friendship with which you were pleased to honour me, the prison which I have just left, has exhibited a scene to cancel it for ever. You may possibly be merry with your companions at my weakness, as I suppose you will term it. I give you leave for derision: you may affect a triumph; I shall feel it.

"EDWARD SEDLEY."

You may send this if you will, said Mountford coolly; but still Respino is *a man of honour!* the world will continue to call him so.—It is probable, I answered, they may; I envy not the appellation.

If this if the world's honour, if these men are the guides of its manners——Tut! said Mountford, do you eat macaroni?——

* * * * * * * *

[At this place had the greatest depredations of the curate begun. There are so few connected passages of the subsequent chapters remaining that even the partiality of an Editor could not offer them to the Public. I discovered from some scattered sentences, that they were of much the same tenor with the preceding; recitals of little adventures, in which the dispositions of a man, sensible to judge, and still more warm to feel, had room to unfold themselves. Some instruction, and some example, I make no doubt they contained; but it is likely that many of those whom chance has led to a perusal of what I have already presented may have read it with little pleasure, and will feel no disappointment from the want of those parts which I have been unable to procure: to such as may have expected the intricacies of a novel, a few incidents in a life undistinguished, except by some features of the heart, cannot have afforded much entertainment.

Harley's own story, from the mutilated passages I have mentioned, as well as from some inquiries I was at the trouble of making in the country, I found to have been simple to excess. His mistress, I could perceive, was not married to Sir Harry Benson: but it would seem by one of the following chapters, which is still entire, that Harley had not profited on the occasion, by making any declaration

of his own passion, after those of the other had been unsuccessful. The state of his health, for some part of this period, appears to have been such as to forbid any thoughts of that kind: he had been seized with a very dangerous fever, caught by attending old Edwards in one of an infectious kind. From this he had recovered but imperfectly: and though he had no formed complaint, his health was manifestly on the decline.

It appears that the sagacity of some friend had at length pointed ont to his aunt a cause from which this might be supposed to proceed, to wit, his hopeless love for Miss Walton; for, according to the conceptions of the world, the love of a man of Harley's fortune for the heiress of £4000 a year is indeed desperate. Whether it was so in this case may be gathered from the next chapter, which, with the two subsequent, concluding the performance, have escaped those accidents that proved fatal to the rest.

CHAPTER LV.

He sees Miss Walton, and is happy.

Harley was one of those few friends whom the malevolence of fortune had yet left me; I could not therefore but be sensibly concerned for his present indisposition; there seldom passed a day on which I did not make inquiry about him.

The physician who attended him had informed

me the evening before, that he thought him considerably better than he had been for some time past. I called next morning to be confirmed in a piece of intelligence so welcome to me.

When I entered his apartment, I found him sitting on a couch, leaning on his hand, with his eye turned upwards in the attitude of thoughtful inspiration. His look had always an open benignity which commanded esteem; there was now something more——a gentle triumph in it.

He rose, and met me with his usual kindness. When I gave him the good accounts I had had from his physician,—I am foolish enough, said he, to rely but little, in this instance, upon physic: my presentiment may be false; but I think I feel myself approaching to my end by steps so easy that they woo me to approach it.

There is a certain dignity in retiring from life at a time when the infirmities of age have not sapped our faculties. This world, my dear Charles, was a scene in which I never much delighted. I was not formed for the bustle of the busy nor the dissipation of the gay; a thousand things occurred, where I blushed for the impropriety of my conduct when I thought on the world, though my reason told me I should have blushed to have done otherwise. It was a scene of dissimulation, of restraint, of disappointment. I leave it to enter on that state which I have learned to believe is replete with the genuine happiness attendant upon virtue. I look back on the tenor of my life with the consciousness of few great offences, to account for. There are blemishes, I confess, which deform in some degree the picture;

but I know the benignity of the Supreme Being, and rejoice at the thoughts of its exertion in my favour. My mind expands at the thought I shall enter into the society of the blessed, wise as angels, with the simplicity of children. He had by this time clasped my hand, and found it wet by a tear which had just fallen upon it.—His eye began to moisten too—we sat for some time silent. At last, with an attempt to a look of more composure—There are some remembrances, said Harley, which rise involuntarily on my heart, and make me almost wish to live. I have been blessed with a few friends, who redeem my opinion of mankind. I recollect, with the tenderest emotion, the scenes of pleasure I have passed among them ; but we shall meet again, my friend, never to be separated. There are some feelings which perhaps are too tender to be suffered by the world. The world is in general selfish, interested, and unthinking, and throws the imputation of romance or melancholy on every temper more susceptible than its own. I cannot think but in those regions which I comtemplate, if there is any thing of mortality left about us, that these feelings will subsist ; they are called —perhaps they are—weaknesses here ; but there may be some better modifications of them in heaven, which may deserve the name of virtues. He sighed as he spoke these last words. He had scarcely finished them when the door opened, and his aunt appeared leading in Miss Walton. My dear, says she, here is Miss Walton, who has been so kind as to come and inquire for you herself. I could observe a transient glow upon his face. He

rose from his seat. If to know Miss Walton's goodness, said he, be a title to deserve it, I have some claim. She begged him to resume his seat, and placed herself on the sofa beside him. I took my leave. Mrs. Margery accompanied me to the door. He was left with Miss Walton alone. She inquired anxiously about his health. I believe, said he, from the accounts which my physicians unwillingly give me, that they have no great hopes of my recovery. She started as he spoke ; but, recollecting herself immediately, endeavoured to flatter him into a belief that his apprehensions were groundless. I know, said he, that it is usual with persons at my time of life to have these hopes, which your kindness suggests : but I would not wish to be deceived. To meet death as becomes a man is a privilege bestowed on few.—I would endeavour to make it mine ; nor do I think that I can ever be better prepared for it than now : it is that chiefly which determines the fitness of its approach.

Those sentiments, answered Miss Walton, are just ; but your good sense, Mr. Harley, will own, that life has its proper value. As the province of virtue, life is ennobled ; as such, it is to be desired. To virtue has the Supreme Director of all things assigned rewards enough even here to fix its attachment.

The subject began to overpower her.—Harley lifted his eyes from the ground.—There are, said he in a very low voice, there are attachments, Miss Walton—His glance met hers.—They both betrayed a confusion, and were both instantly withdrawn. He paused some moments.—I am in such a state

as calls for sincerity, let that also excuse it.—It is perhaps the last time we shall ever meet. I feel something particularly solemn in the acknowledgment ; yet my heart swells to make it, awed as it is by a sense of my presumption, by a sense of your perfections.—He paused again.—Let it not offend you, to know their power over one so unworthy.—It will, I believe, soon cease to beat, even with that feeling which it shall loose the latest.—To love Miss Walton could not be a crime ;—if to declare it is one, the expiation will be made.—Her tears were now flowing without control.—Let me entreat you, said she, to have better hopes—Let not life be so indifferent to you ; if my wishes can put any value on it—I will not pretend to misunderstand you—I know your worth—I have known it long—I have esteemed it—What would you have me say ?—I have loved it as it deserved.—He seized her hand —a languid colour reddened his cheek—a smile brightened faintly in his eye. As he gazed on her it grew dim, it fixed, it closed—He sighed, and fell back on his seat—Miss Walton screamed at the sight—His aunt and the servants rushed into the room—they found them lying motionless together. —His physician happened to call at that instant. Every art was tried to recover them—With Miss Walton they succeeded—but Harley was gone for ever !

CHAPTER LVI.

The Emotions of the Heart.

I ENTERED the room where his body lay; I approached it with reverence, not fear: I looked; the recollection of the past crowded upon me. I saw that form which, but a little before, was animated with a soul which did honour to humanity, stretched without sense or feeling before me. 'Tis a connexion we cannot easily forget: I took his hand in mine; I repeated his name involuntarily; I felt a pulse in every vein at the sound. I looked earnestly in his face; his eye was closed, his lip pale and motionless. There is an enthusiam in sorrow that forgets impossibility; I wondered that it was so. The sight drew a prayer from my heart: it was the voice of frailty and of man! the confusion of my mind began to subside into thought; I had time to weep!

I turned with the last farewell upon my lips, when I observed old Edwards standing behind me. I looked him full in the face, but his eye was fixed on another object. He pressed between me and the bed, and stood gazing on the breathless remains of his benefactor. I spoke to him, I know not what; but he took no notice of what I said, and remained in the same attitude as before. He stood some minutes in that posture, then turned and walked towards the door. He paused as he went; he returned a second time; I could observe his lips move as he looked: but the voice they would have uttered was lost. He attempted going again: and a third time he returned as before. I saw him wipe

his cheek; then, covering his face with his hands, his breast heaving with the most convulsive throbs, he flung out of the room.

THE CONCLUSION.

He had hinted that he should like to be buried in a certain spot near the grave of his mother. This is a weakness; but it is universally incident to humanity; it is at least a memorial for those who survive: for some, indeed, a slender memorial will serve; and the soft affections, when they are busy that way, will build their structures, were it but on the paring of a nail.

He was buried in the place he had desired. It was shaded by an old tree, the only one in the churchyard, in which was a cavity worn by time. I have sat with him in it, and counted the tombs. The last time we passed there, methought he looked wistfully on the tree: there was a branch of it that bent towards us, waving in the wind; he waved his hand, as if he mimicked its motion. There was something predictive in his look? perhaps it is foolish to remark it, but there are times and places when I am a child at those things.

I sometimes visit his grave; I sit in the hollow of the tree. It is worth a thousand homilies; every noble feeling rises within me! every beat of my heart awakens a virtue!—but it will make you hate the world—No: there is such an air of gentleness around, that I can hate nothing; but, as to the world—I pity the men of it.

END OF THE MAN OF FEELING.

THE

MAN OF THE WORLD,

IN TWO PARTS.

BY HENRY MACKENZIE, ESQ.

HALIFAX:
JOSEPH HARTLEY, OLD MARKET PLACE.

MDCCCXL.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

PART I.

INTRODUCTION.

THOUGH the world is but little concerned to know, in what situation the author of any performance that is offered to its perusal may be ; yet, I believe, it is generally solicitous to learn some circumstances relating to him : for my own part, I have always experienced this desire in myself ; and read the advertisement at the beginning, and the postscript at the end, of a book, if they contain any information of that sort, with a kind of melancholy inquietude about the fate of him, in whose company, as it were, I have passed some harmless hours, and whose sentiments have been unbosomed to me with the openness of a friend.

The life of him who has had an opportunity of presenting to the eye of the public the following tale, though sufficiently chequered with vicissitude, has been spent in a state of obscurity, the recital of which could but little excite admiration, or gratify

curiosity : the manner of his procuring the story contained in the following sheets, is all he thinks himself entitled to relate.

After some wanderings, at that time of life which is most subject to wandering, I had found an opportunity of revisiting the scenes of my earlier attachments ; and returned to my native spot with that tender emotion, which the heart, that can be moved at all, will naturally feel, on approaching it. The remembrance of my infant days, like the fancied vibration of pleasant sounds in the ear, was still alive in my mind ; and I flew to find out the marks, by which even inanimate things were to be known : as the friends of my youth, not forgotten, though long unseen ; nor lessened, in my estimation, from the pride of refinement, or the comparison of experience.

In the shade of an ancient tree, that centered a circle of elms, at the end of the village where I was born, I found my old acquaintance, Jack Ryland He was gathering moss, with one hand ; while the other held a flannel bag, containing earthworms, to be used as bait in angling. On seeing me, Ryland dropped his moss on the ground ; and ran with all the warmth of friendship, to embrace me. My dear Tom, said he, how happy I am to see you ! you have travelled, no doubt, a woundy long way, since we parted—You find me in the old way here ! —I believe, they have but a sorry notion of sport in Italy—While I think on it, look on this menow ; I'll be hanged if the sharpest-eyed trout in the river can know it from the natural. It was but yesterday, now—You remember the cross-tree

pool, just below the parsonage—there I hooked him ; played him half an hour by the clock ; and landed him. at last, as far down as the churchway ford. As for the size—Lord ! how unlucky it is that I have not my landing-net here ; for, now, I recollect that I marked his length on the outside of the pole : but, you shall see it some other time.

Let not my reader be impatient at my friend Ryland's harangue. I give it him, because I would have characters develope themselves. To throw, however, some light upon Ryland's—

He was first-cousin to a gentleman who possessed a considerable estate in our county ; born to no fortune, and not much formed by nature for acquiring one. He found, pretty early, that he should never be rich ; but that he might, possibly, be happy : and happiness, to him, was obtained without effort, because it was drawn from sources which it required little exertion to supply. Trifles were the boundaries of his desire ; and their attainment, the goal of his felicity. A certain neatness of all those little arts in which the soul has no share ; an immoderate love of sport, and a still more immoderate love of reciting its progress ; with the addition of one faculty, which has some small connection with letters—to wit, a remakable memory for puzzles and enigmas ; made up his character : and he enjoyed a privilege, uncommon to the happy ; that no one envied the means, by which he attained what every one pursues.

I interrupted his narrative, by some inquiries about my former acquaintance in the village : for, Ryland was the recorder of the place ; and could

have told the names, families, relations, and intermarriages, of the parish, with much more accuracy than the register.

Alack-a-day! said Jack, there have been many changes among us, since you left this. Here has died the old gauger, Wilson; as good a cricket-player as ever handled a bat. Rooke, at the Salutation, is gone, too: and his wife has left the parish, and settled in London; where, I am told, she keeps a gin-shop, in some street they call Southwark. And the poor parson, whom you were so intimate with, the worthy old Annesly!———He looked piteously towards the church-yard: and a tear trickled down his cheek. I understand you, said I; the good man is dead! Ah! there is more than you think, about his death, answered Jack: he died of a broken heart! I could make no reply, but by an ejaculation! and Ryland accompanied it with another tear: for, though he commonly looked but on the surface of things, yet Ryland had a heart to feel.

In the middle of yon clump of alders, said he, you may remember a small house, that was once farmer Higgins's: it is now occupied by a gentlewoman of the name of Wistanly; who was, formerly, a sort of servant-companion to Sir Thomas Sindall's mother, the widow of Sir William. Her mistress, who died some years ago, left her an annuity and that house for life, where she has lived ever since. I am told, that she knows more of Annesly's affairs than any other body; but she is so silent and shy, that I could never get a word form her on the subject. She is reckoned a wonderful

scholar, by the folks of the village ; and you, who are a man of reading, might perhaps be a greater favourite with her : if you choose it, I shall introduce you to her immediately. I accepted his offer ; and we went to her house together.

We found her sitting in a little parlour, fitted up in a taste much superior to what might have been expected, from the appearance of the house ; with some shelves, on which I observed several of the most classical English and French authors. She rose to receive us, with something in her manner greatly above her seeming rank. Jack introduced me, as an acquaintance of her deceased friend, Mr. Annesly. Then, sir, said she, you knew a man who had few fellows ! lifting her eyes gently upwards. The tender solemnity of her look answered the very movement which the remembrance had awaked in my soul ; and I made no other reply, than by a tear. She seemed to take it in good part ; and we met, on the ground, like old friends, who had much to ask, and much to be answered.

When we were going away, she begged to have a moment's conversation with me alone. Ryland left us together.

If I am not deceived, sir, said she, in the opinion I have formed of you, your feelings are very different from those of Mr. Ryland : and, indeed, of most of my neighbours in the village : you seem to have had a peculiar interest in the fate of that worthiest of men, Mr. Annesly. The history of that life of purity, which he led ; of that calamity, by which it was shortened ; might not be an unpleasing, though a melancholy, recital to you :

but, in this box, which stands on the table by me, is contained a series of letters, and papers ; which, if you will take the trouble of reading them, will save me the task of recounting his sufferings. You will find many passages, which do not indeed relate to it ; but, as they are often the entertainment of my leisure hours, I have marked the most interesting parts on the margin. This deposit, sir, though its general importance be small, my affection for my departed friend makes me consider as a compliment ; and I commit it to you, as to one in whose favour I have conceived a prepossession, from that very cause.

Those letters, and papers, were the basis of what I now offer to the public. Had it been my intention *to make a Book*, I might have published them entire ; and, I am persuaded, notwithstanding Mrs. Wistanly's remark, that no part of them would have been found more foreign to the general drift of these volumes, than many that have got admittance into similar collections : but I have chosen, rather, to throw them into the form of a narrative ; and contented myself with transcribing such reflections as naturally arise from the events, and such sentiments as the situations alone appear to have excited. There are, indeed, many suppletory facts, which could not have been found in this collection of Mrs. Wistanly's : these I was at some pains to procure, through other channels. How I was enabled to procure them the reader may conceive, if his patience can hold out to the end of the story : to account for that, now, would delay its commencement, and anticipate its conclusion ; for both which

effects, this introductory chapter may have already been subject to reprehension.

CHAPTER I.

In which are some Particulars previous to the Commencement of the main Story.

Richard Annesly was the only child of a wealthy tradesman, in London ; who, from the experience of that profit which his business afforded himself, was anxious it should descend to his son. Unfortunately, the young man had acquired a certain train of ideas, which were totally averse to that line of life his father had marked out for him. There is a degree of sentiment, which, in the bosom of a man destined to the drudgery of the world, is the source of endless disgust ; of this, young Annesly was unluckily possessed : and, as he foresaw, or thought he foresaw, that it would not only endanger his success, but take from the enjoyment of prosperity, supposing it attained, he declined following that road which his father had smoothed for his progress ; and, at the risk of those temporal advantages which the old gentleman's displeasure, on this occasion, might deny him, entered into the service of the church, and retired to the country, on one of the smallest endowments she has to bestow.

That feeling which prevents the acquisition of wealth is formed for the support of poverty : the contentment of the poor—I had almost said, their

pride—buoys up the spirit, against the depression of adversity ; and gives, to our very wants, the appearance of enjoyment.

Annesly looked on happiness as confined to the sphere of sequestered life. The pomp of greatness, the pleasures of the affluent, he considered, as only productive of turbulence, disquiet, and remorse : and thanked Heaven for having placed him in his own little shed ; which, in his opinion, was the residence of pure and lasting felicity.

With this view of things, his father's ideas did by by no means coincide. His anger against his son continued till his death : and, when that event happened, with the preposterous revenge of many a parent, he consigned him to misery, as he thought, because he would not be unhappy in that way which he had insisted on his following ; and cut him off from the inheritance of his birth, because he had chosen a profession which kept him in poverty without it.

Though Annesly could support the fear of poverty, he could not easily bear the thought of a dying father's displeasure. On receiving intelligence of his being in a dangerous situation, he hasted to London ; with the purpose of wringing from him his forgiveness, for the only offence with which his son had ever been chargeable : but he arrived too late ! His father had breathed his last, on the evening of the day preceding that on which he reached the metropolis ; and his house was already in the possession of a nephew, to whom his son understood he had left every shilling of his fortune. This man had been bred a haberdasher, at the ex-

press desire of old Annesly : and had all that patient dulness, which qualifies for getting rich ; which, therefore, in the eyes of his uncle, was the most estimable of all qualities. He had seldom seen Richard Annesly before ; for, indeed, this last was not very solicitous of acquaintance : he recollected his face, however : and, desiring him to sit down, informed him particularly of the settlement which his relentless father had made. It was unlucky, said the haberdasher, that you should have made choice of such a profession ; but a parson, of all trades in the world, he could never endure. It is possible you may be low in cash, at this time ; if you want a small matter to buy mournings, or so, I shall not scruple to advance you the needful : and I wish you would take them of neighbour Bullock, the woollen draper ; who is as honest a man as any of the trade, and would not impose on a child. Annesly's eyes had been, hitherto, fixed on the ground : nor was there wanting a tear in each, for his unnatural father ; he turned them on this cousin, with as contemptuous a look as his nature allowed them to assume ; and walked out of the house, without uttering a word.

He was now thrown upon the world, with the sentence of perpetual poverty for his inheritance. He found himself in the middle of a crowded street in London, surrounded by the buzzing sons of industry ; and shrunk back, at the sense of his own insignificance. In the faces of those he met, he saw no acknowledgment of connection ; and felt himself, like Cain after his brother's murder, an unsheltered, unfriended outcast ! He looked back

to his father's door : but his spirit was too mild for reproach—a tear dropped from his eyes, as he looked !

There was, in London, one person ; whose gentle nature, he knew, would feel for his misfortunes : yet, to that one, of all others, his pride forbade him to resort.

Harriet Wilkins was the daughter of a neighbour of his father's : who had, for some time, given up business, and lived on the interest of four thousand pounds, which he had saved in the course of it. From this circumstance, his acquaintance, old Annesly, entertained no very high opinion of his understanding ; and did not cultivate much friendship with a man whom he considered as a drone in the hive of society : but in this opinion as in many others, his son had the misfortune to differ from him. He used, frequently, to steal into Wilkins' house, of an evening : to enjoy the conversation of one who had passed through life with observation ; and had known the labour of business, without the contraction of soul which it often occasions. Harriet was, commonly, of the party : listening with Annesly, to her father's discourse ; and, with Annesly, offering her remarks on it. She was not handsome enough to attract notice ; but her look was of that complacent sort, which gains on the beholder ; and pleases from the acknowledment that it is beneath admiration.

Nor was her mind ill suited to this "index of the soul." Without that brilliancy, which excites the general applause ; it possessed those inferior sweetnesses, which acquire the general esteem : sincere,

inoffensive, and unassuming. Nobody talked of the sayings of Miss Wilkins; but, every one heard her with pleasure; and her smile was the signal of universal complacency.

Annesly found himself insensibly attached to her, by a chain which had been imposed without art, and suffered without consciousness. During his acquaintance with Harriet, he had come to that period of life, when men are most apt to be impressed with appearances: in fact, he had looked on many a beauty, with a rapture which he thought sincere; till it was interrupted by the reflection, that she was not Harriet Wilkins. There was a certain indefinable attraction, which linked him every day closer to her; and artlessness of manner had the effect—which I presume, from their practice, few young ladies believe it to have—of securing the conquest she had gained.

From the wealth which old Annesly was known to possess: his son was, doubtless, in the phrase of the world, a very advantageous match for Miss Wilkins: but when her father discovered the young man to be serious in his attachment to her, he frequently took occasion to suggest, how unequal the small fortune he could leave his daughter was, to the expectations of the son of a man worth thirty thousand pounds; and with a frankness peculiar to himself, gave the father to understand, that his son's visits were rather more frequent than was consistent with the track of prudence which the old gentleman would probably mark out for him. The father, however, took little notice of this intelligence. The truth was; that, judging by himself,

he gave very little credit to it: because it came from one, who, according to his conception of things, should, of all others, have concealed it from his knowledge.

But though his son had the most sincere attachment to Miss Wilkins, his present circumstances rendered it, in the language of prudence, impossible for them to marry. They contented themselves, therefore, with the assurance of each other's constancy, and waited for some favourable change of condition which might allow them to be happy.

The first idea which struck Annesly's mind on the disappointment he suffered from his father's settlement, was the effect it would have on his situation with regard to Harriet. There is perhaps nothing more bitter in the lot of poverty, than the distance to which it throws a man from the woman he loves; that pride I have before taken notice of which in every other circumstance tends to support, serves but to wound him the deeper in this. That feeling now turned Annesly's feet from his Harriet's door; yet it was now that his Harriet seemed the more worthy of his love, in proportion as his circumstances rendered it hopeless. A train of soft reflections at length banished this rugged guest from his heart—'Tis but making a last farewell! said he to himself, and trod back the steps which he had made.

He entered the room where Harriet was sitting by her father, with a sort of diffidence of his reception that he was not able to hide; but Wilkins welcomed him in such a manner as soon dissipated the restraint under which the thoughts of his poverty

had laid him. This visit, my dear Annesly, said he, flatters me, because it shews you leaning on my friendship. I am not ignorant of your present situation, and I know the effect which prudent men will say it should have on myself; that I differ from them, may be the consequence of spleen, perhaps, rather than generosity; for I have been at war with the world from a boy. Come hither, Harriet! This is Richard Annesly. His father, it is true, has left him thirty thousand pounds poorer than it was once expected he would: but, he is Richard Annesly still! you will, therefore, look upon him as you did before. I am not stoic enough to deny, that riches afford numberless comforts and conveniences which are denied to the poor; but, that riches are not essential to happiness, I know, because I have never yet found myself unhappy: nor shall I now sleep unsound, from the consciousness of having added to the pressure of affliction; or wounded merit afresh, because fortune had already wounded it.

Liberal minds will delight in extending the empire of virtue: for my own part, I am happy to believe, that it is possible for an attorney to be honest, and a tradesman to think like Wilkins.

CHAPTER II.

More Introductory Matter.

Wilkins having thus overlooked the want of fortune in his young friend, the lovers found but little

hinderance to the completion of their wishes. Harriet became the wife of a poor man : who returned the obligation he owed to her and her father's generosity, by a tenderness and affection rarely found in wedlock ; because there are few minds from whom, in reason, they can be expected.

His father-in-law, to whom, indeed, the sacrifice was but trifling, could not resist the joint request of his daughter and her husband to leave the town, and make one of their family in the country. In somewhat less than a year, he was the granfather of a boy ; and nearly at the same distance of time after, of a girl ; both of whom, in his opinion, were cherubs ; but even the gossips around them, owned they had never seen more promising children. The felicity of their little circle was now, perhaps, as perfect as the lot of humanity admits; nor would it have been easy to have found a group, whose minds were better formed to deserve or attain it. Health, innocence, and good-humour, were of their household : and many an honest neighbour, who never troubled himself to account for it, talked of the goodness of Annesly's ale, and the cheerfulness of his fireside. I have been often admitted of the party; though I was too young for a companion to the seniors, and too old for a playfellow to the children : but no age—and often, indeed, no condition—excluded from a participation of their happiness ; and I have seen little Billy, before he could speak to be well understood, lead in a long-bearded beggar, to sing his song in his turn, and be rewarded with a cup of that excellent liquor I mentioned.

Their felicity was too perfect to be lasting !—such

is the proverbial opinion of mankind. The days of joy, however, are not more winged, in their course, than the days of sorrow; but, we count not the moments of their duration with so scrupulous an exactness.

Three years after the birth of her first daughter, Mrs. Annesly was delivered of another; but the birth of the last was fatal to her mother, who did not many days survive it. Annesly's grief on this occasion, was immoderate; nor could all the endeavours of his father-in-law, whose mind was able to preserve more composure, prevail upon him, for some days to remember the common offices of life, or leave the room in which his Harriet had expired. Wilkin's grief, however, though of a more silent sort, was not less deep in its effects: and, when the turbulence of the other's sorrow had yielded to the soothings of time, the old man retained all that tender regret so due to the death of a child, an only child; whose filial duty had led him down the slope of life, without suffering him to perceive the descent. The infant she had left behind her was now doubly endeared to its father and him, from being considered as the last memorial of its dying mother; but of this melancholy kind of comfort they were also deprived, in a few months, by the smallpox. Wilkins seemed by this second blow to be loosened from the little hold he had struggled to keep of the world; and his resignation was now built upon the hopes, not of overcoming his affliction, but of escaping from its pressure. The serenity which such an idea confers possesses, of all others, the greatest dignity: because it

possesses, of all others, the best assured confidence, leaning on a basis that is fixed above the rotation of sublunary things. An old man, who has lived in the exercise of virtue, looking back without a blush on the tenor of his past days, and pointing to that better state where alone he can be perfectly rewarded, is a figure the most venerable that can well be imagined: such did Wilkins now exhibit.

My son, said he to Annesly, I feel that I shall not be with you long; yet I leave not the world with that peevish disgust, which is sometimes mistaken for the courge that overcomes the dread of death: I lay down my being, with gratitude for having so long possessed it, without having disgraced it by any great violation of the laws of Him by whom it was bestowed. There is something we cannot help feeling, on the fall of those hopes we had been vainly diligent to rear. I had looked forward to some happy days, amidst a race of my Harriet and your's: but, to the good, there can be no reasonable regret, from the disappointment of such expectations; because, the futurity they trust in, after death, must far exceed any enjoyment which a longer life here could have afforded. It is otherwise with the prospect of duty to be done: these two little ones I leave to your tenderness and care; you will value life, as it gives you an opportunity of forming them to virtue.——Lay me beside my Harriet!

The old man's prediction was but too well verified: he did not long survive this pathetic declaration. His son-in-law was now exposed, alone and unassisted, to the cares of the world, increased by

the charge of his boy and girl; but the mind will support much, when called into exertion by the necessity of things. His sorrow yielded, by degrees, to the thoughts of that active duty he owed his children; in time, his fireside was again cheered by their sports around it: and, though he sometimes looked upon them with a tear, at the recollection of the past, yet would he as often wipe it from his eye, in silent gratitude to Heaven, for the enjoyment of the present, and the anticipation of the future.

CHAPTER III.

The Openings of Two Characters, with which the Reader may afterwards be better acquainted.

His son had a warmth of temper, which the father often observed with mingled pleasure and regret: with pleasure, from considering the generosity and nobleness of sentiment it bespoke; with regret, from a foreboding of the many inconveniences to which its youthful possessor might naturally be exposed.

But Harriet was softness itself. The sprightliness of her gayest moments would be checked by the recital of the distress of a fellow-creature; and she would often weep all night, from some tale which her maid had told of fictitious disaster. Her brother felt the representation of worth ill-treated, or virtue oppressed, with indignation against the oppressor;

and wished to be a man, that he might, like Jack the Giant Killer, gird on his sword of sharpness, and revenge the wrongs of the sufferer: while his sister pressed his hand in her's, and trembled for the danger to which she imagined him exposed. Nay, she has been afterwards heard to cry out, in her sleep, in a hurried voice—You shall not go, my Billy; papa and I will die, if you do.

A trifling incident, of which I find an account in one of their father's letters, will discriminate their characters better than a train of the most laboured expression.

At the bottom of his garden ran a little rivulet, which was there dammed up to furnish water for a mill below. On the back was a linnet's nest, which Harriet had discovered in her rambles, and often visited with uncommon anxiety for the callow brood it contained. One day, her brother and she were at play on the green, at a little distance, attended by a servant of their father's, when a favourite terrier of Billy's happened to wander amongst the bushes where this nest was sheltered. Harriet, afraid of the consequences, begged the servant to run, and prevent his doing mischief to the birds. Just as the fellow came up, the dog had lighted on the bush, and surprised the dam; but was prevented from doing her much harm by the servant, who laid hold of him by the neck, and snatched his prey out of his mouth: the dog, resenting this rough usage, bit the man's finger till it bled; who, in return, bestowed a hearty drubbing upon him, without regarding the entreaties or the threats of his little master. Billy enraged at the

sufferings of his favourite, resolved to wreak his vengeance where it was in his power ; and, running up to the nest, threw it down, with all its unfledged inhabitants, to the ground. Cruel Billy, cried his sister, while the tears ran down her cheeks. He turned sullenly from her, and walked up to the house : while she, with the man's assistance, gathered up the little flutterers ; and, having fastened the nest as well as she could, replaced them safely within it.

When she saw her brother again, he pouted, and would not speak to her. She endeavoured to regain his favour by kindness ; but he refused her caresses. She sought out the dog, who had suffered on her linnet's account ; and, stroking him on the head, fed him with some cold meat, from her own hand : when her brother saw it, he called him away. She looked after Billy, till he was gone ; and then burst into tears.

Next day, they were down at the rivulet again. Still was Harriet endeavouring to be reconciled, and still was her brother averse to a reconciliation : he sat biting his thumb, and looking angrily to the spot where his favourite had been punished.

At that instant, the linnet, in whose cause the quarrel had began, was bringing out her younglings to their first imperfect flight ; and two of them unfortunately taking a wrong direction, fell short into the middle of the pool. Billy started from the ground ; and, without considering the depth, rushed into the water, where he was over head and ears the second step that he made. His sister's screams alarmed the servant, who ran to

his assistance : but, before he got to the place, the boy had reached a shallower part of the pool ; and, though staggering from his first plunge, had saved both the linnets, which he held carefully above the water, and landed safely on the opposite bank. He returned to his sister, by a ford below : and presenting her the birds, flung his arms around her neck ; and, blubbering, asked her if she would now forgive his unkindness !

Such were the minds which Annesly's tuition was to form. To repress the warmth of temerity, without extinguishing the generous principles from which it arose, and to give firmness to sensibility where it bordered on weakness, without searing its feelings where they led to virtue, was the task he had marked out for his industry to accomplish. He owned that his plan was frequently interrupted, on both sides, by the tenderness of paternal affection ; but he accustomed himself to remember that, for his children, he was accountable to God and their country. Nor was the situation I have described without difficulties, from the delicacy of preventing inclinations in the extreme, which were laudable in degree. But here, also, said Annesly, it is to be remembered, that no evil is so pernicious as that which grows in the soil from which good should have sprung.

CHAPTER. IV.

A very brief Account of their Education.

ANNESLY was not only the superintendant of his children's manners, but their master in the several branches of education. Reading, writing, arithmetic, the elements of mathematics and geography, with a competent knowledge of the French and Italian languages, they learned together: and, while Billy was employed, with his father, in reading Latin and Greek, his sister received instruction in the female accomplishments, from a better sort of servant, whom Annesly kept for that purpose; whose station had once been superior to servitude, and whom he still treated more as a companion than a domestic. This instructress, indeed, she lost when about ten years old: but the want was more than supplied by the assistance of another; to wit, Mrs. Wistanly; who devoted many of her leisure hours to the daughter of Annesly, whom she had then got acquainted with, and whom reciprocal worth had attached to her with the sincerest friendship and regard. The dancing-master of a neighbouring town paid them a weekly visit, for their instruction in the science he professed; at which time, also, were held their family concerts; where Annesly, who was esteemed in his youth a first-rate player on the violin, used to preside. Billy was an excellent second; Mrs. Wistanly, or her pupil, undertook for the harpsicord; and the dancing-master played bass, as well as he could. He was not a very capital performer, but he was always very willing; and found as much pleasure

in his own performance as the best of them. Jack Ryland, too, would sometimes join in a catch: though, indeed, he had but two, "*Christ Church Bells*" and "*Jack, thou art a toper!*"—and Annesly alleged, that he was often out in the last; but Jack would never allow it.

Besides these, there were certain evenings appropriated to the exercises of the mind. It is not enough, said Annesly, to put weapons into those hands which never have been taught the use of them. The reading we recommend to youth will store their minds with intelligence, if they attend to it properly: but, to go a little farther, we must accustom them to apply it; we must teach them the art of comparing the ideas with which it has furnished them. In this view, it was the practice, at those stated times I have mentioned, for Billy, or his sister, to read a select passage of some classical author; on whose relations they delivered opinions, or on whose sentiments they offered a comment. Never was seen more satisfaction on a countenance, than used to enlighten their father's, at the delivery of those observations which his little philosophers were accustomed to make: indeed, there could scarcely, even to a stranger, be a more pleasing exhibition. Their very errors were delightful; because they were the errors of benevolence, generosity, and virtue.

As punishments are necessary in all societies, Annesly was obliged to invent some for the regulation of disgrace. One of them I shall mention, because it was exactly opposite to the practice of most of our schools. While there, offences are punished

by doubling the task of the scholar; with Annesly, the getting of a lesson, or performance of an exercise, was a privilege, of which a forfeiture was incurred by misbehaviour: to teach his children that he offered them instructions as a favour, instead of pressing it as a hardship.

Billy had a small part of his father's garden allotted him for his peculiar property; in which he wrought himself, being furnished with no other assistance from the gardener than his directions how to manage it, and parcels of the seeds which they enabled him to sow. When he had brought these to maturity, his father purchased the produce. Billy, with part of the purchase-money, was to lay in the stores necessary for his future industry; and the overplus he had the liberty of bestowing on charitable uses in the village. The same institution prevailed as to his sister's needlework or embroidery. For it is necessary, said Annesly, to give an idea of property; but let it not be separated from the idea of beneficence.

Sometimes, when these sums were traced to their disbursements, it was found that Harriet's money did not always reach the village, but was intercepted by the piteous recital of a wandering beggar by the way; and that Billy used to appropriate part of his to purposes not merely eleemosynary; as when he once parted with two thirds of his revenue, to reward a little boy for beating a big one, who had killed his tame sparrow; or, another time, when he went the blameable length of comforting, with a shilling, a lad who had been ducked in a horse-pond for robbing the orchard of a miser.

It was chiefly in this manner of instilling sentiments—as in the case of the charitable establishment I have mentioned—by leading insensibly to the practice of virtue, rather than by downright precept, that Annesly proceeded with his children: for it was his maxim, that the heart must feel, as well as the judgment be convinced, before the principles we mean to teach can be of habitual service; and that the mind will always be more strongly impressed with ideas which it is led to form of itself, than with those which it passively receives from another. When at any time he delivered instructions, they were always clothed in the garb rather of advices from a friend, than lectures from a father; and were listened to with the warmth of friendship, as well as the humility of veneration. It is, in truth, somewhat surprising, how little intimacy subsists between parents and their children, especially of our sex; a circumstance which must operate, in conjunction with their natural partiality, to keep the former in ignorance of the genius and disposition of the latter.

Besides all this, his children had the general advantage of a father's example: they saw the virtues he inculcated attended by all the consequences in himself, which he had promised them as their reward. Piety, in him, was recompensed by peace of mind; benevolence, by self-satisfaction; and integrity, by the blessings of a good conscience.

But the time at last arrived, when his son was to leave those instructions, and that example, for the walks of more public life. As he was intended, or more properly speaking, seemed to have an incli-

nation, for a learned profession, his father sent him in his twentieth year, to receive the finishings of education necessary for that purpose, at one of the universities. Yet he had not, I have heard him say, the most favourable opinion of the general course of education there: but he knew that a young man might there have an opportunity of acquiring much knowledge, if he were inclined to it; and that good principles might preserve him uncorrupted, even amidst the dangers of some surrounding dissipation. Besides, he had an additional inducement to this plan, from the repeated request of a distant relation, who filled an office of some consequence at Oxford, and had expressed a very earnest desire to have his young kinsman sent thither, and placed under his own immediate inspection.

Before he set out from that place, Annesly, though he had a sufficient confidence in his son, yet thought it not improper to mark out to him some of those errors to which the inexperienced are liable. He was not wont, as I have before observed, to press instruction upon his children; but the young man himself seemed to expect it, with the solicitude of one who ventured, not without anxiety, to leave that road, where the hand of a parent and friend had hitherto guided him in happiness and safety. The substance of what he delivered to his son and daughter (for she too was an auditor of his discourses) I have endeavoured to collect from some of the papers Mrs. Wistanly put into my hands, and to arrange as far as it seemed arrangeable, in the two following chapters.

It will not, however, after all, have a perfectly connected appearance, becuse I imagine it was delivered at different times, as occasion invited, or leisure allowed him; but its tendency appeared to be such, that even under these disadvantages, I could not forbear inserting it.

CHAPTER V.

Paternal Instructions—of Suspicion, and Confidence —Ridicule—Religion—True Pleasure—Caution to the Female Sex.

You are now leaving us, my son, said Annesly, to make your entrance into the world: for though, from the pale of a college, the bustle of ambition, the plodding of business, and the tinsel of gaiety, are supposed to be excluded; yet as it is the place where the persons that are to perform in those several characters often put on the dresses of each, there will not be wanting, even there, those qualities that distinguish in all. I will not shock your imagination with the picture which some men, retired from its influence, have drawn of the world: nor warn you against enormities, into which, I should equally affront your understanding and your feelings, did I suppose you capable of falling. Neither would I arm you with that suspicious caution which young men are sometimes advised to put on: they who always suspect will often be mistaken, and never be happy. Yet there is a wide distinction between

the confidence which becomes a man and the simplicity that disgraces a fool. He who never trusts is a niggard of his soul; who starves himself, and by whom no other is enriched; but he who gives every one his confidence, and every one his praise, squanders the the fund that should serve for the encouragement of integrity and the reward of excellence.

In the circles of the world, your notice may be frequently attracted by objects glaring, not nseful ; and your attachment won to characters whose surfaces are showy, without intrinsic value. In such circumstances, be careful not always to impute knowledge to the appearance of acuteness ; or give credit to opinions according to the confidence with which they are urged. In the more important articles of belief or conviction, let not the flow of ridicule be mistaken for the force of argument. Nothing is so easy as to excite a laugh, at that time of life when seriousness is held to be an incapacity of enjoying it ; and no wit so futile or so dangerous as that which is drawn from the perverted attitudes of what is in itself momentous. There are, in most societies, a set of self-important young men, who borrow consequence from singularity, and take precedency in wisdom from the unfeeling use of the ludicrous : this is, at best, a shallow quality; in objects of eternal moment it is poisonous to society. I will not now, nor could you then, stand forth armed at all points to repel the attacks which they may make on the great principles of your belief ; but let one suggestion suffice, exclusive of all internal evidence, or extrinsic proof of

revelation; he who would undermine those foundations, upon which the fabric of our future hope is reared, seeks to beat down that column which supports the feeblenes of humanity!—Let him but think a moment, and his heart will arrest the cruelty of his purpose. Would he pluck its little treasure from the bosom of poverty? Would he wrest its crutch from the hand of age? and remove, from the eye of affliction the only solace of its woe? The way we tread is rugged at best; we tread it, however, lighter by the prospect of that better country to which we trust it will lead; tell us not that it will end in the gulf of eternal dissolution, or break off in some wild, which fancy may fill up as she pleases, but reason is unable to delineate! quench not that beam which, amidst the night of this evil world, has cheered the despondency of ill-requited worth, and illumined the darkness of suffering virtue!

The two great movements of the soul, which the moulder of our frames has placed in them for the incitement of virtue and the prevention of vice, are the desire of honour and the fear of shame; but the perversion of these qualities, which the refinement of society is peculiarly unhappy in making, has drawn their influence from the standard of morality to the banners of its opposite; into the first step on which a young man ventures, in those paths which the cautions of wisdom have warned him to avoid, he is commonly pushed by the fear of that ridicule which he has seen levelled at simplicity, and the desire of that applause which the spirit of the profligate has enabled him to acquire.

Pleasure is, in truth, subservient to virtue. When the first is pursued, without those restraints which the last would impose, every infringement we make on them lessens the enjoyment we mean to attain: and nature is thus wise in our construction, that when we would be blessed beyond the pale of reason, we are blessed imperfectly. It is not by the roar of riot, or the shout of the bacchanal, that we are to measure the degree of pleasure which he feels; the grossness of the sense he gratifies is equally insusceptible of the enjoyment, as it is deaf to the voice of reason; and, obdurate by the repetition of debauch, is incapable of that delight which the finer sensations produce, which thrills in the bosom of delicacy and virtue.

Libertines have said, my Harriet, that the smiles of your sex attend them: and that the pride of conquest, where conquest is difficult, overcomes the fear of disgrace and defeat. I hope there is less truth in this remark than is generally imagained: let it be my Harriet's belief that it cannot be true, for the honour of her sex; let it be her care that for her own honour, it may be false as to her. Look on those men, my child, even in their gayest and most alluring garb, as creatures dangerous to the peace, and destructive of the welfare, of society; look on them as you would on a beautiful serpent, whose mischief we may not forget while we admire the beauties of its skin. I marvel, indeed, how the pride of the fair can allow them to show a partiality to him who regards them as beings merely subservient to his pleasure, in whose opinion they have

lost all that dignity which excites reverence, and that excellence which creates esteem !

Be accustomed, my love, to think respectfully of yourself. It is the error of the gay world, to place your sex in a station somewhat unworthy of a reasonable creature ; and the individuals of ours, who address themselves to you, think it a necessary ingredient in their discourse, that it should want every solid property with which sense and understanding would invest it. The character of a female pedant is undoubtedly disgusting; but, it is much less common than that of a trifling or an ignorant woman. The intercourse of the sex is in this respect advantageous; that each has a desire to please, mingled with a certain deference for the other : let not this purpose be lost, on one side, by its being supposed that, to please yours, we must speak something in which fashion has sanctified folly, and ease lent her garb to insignificance. In general, it should never be forgotten, that though life has its venial trifles, yet they cease to be innocent when they encroach upon its important concerns ; the mind that is often employed about little things will be rendered unfit for any serious exertion; and, though temporary relaxations may recruit its strength, habitual vacancy will destroy it.

CHAPTER VI.

In Continuation of Knowledge—Knowledge of the World—Politeness—Honour—another Rule of Action suggested.

As the mind may be weakened by the pursuit of trivial matters, so its strength may be misled in deeper investigations.

It is a capital error, in the pursuit of knowledge, to suppose that we are never to believe what we cannot account for. There is no reason why we should not attempt to understand every thing; but to own, in some instances, our limited knowledge, is a piece of modesty in which lies the truest wisdom.

Let it be our care that our effort, in its tendency, is *useful*, and our effort need not be repressed; for he who attempts the impossible will often achieve the extremely difficult. But the pride of knowledge often labours to gain what, if gained would be useless, and wastes exertions upon objects that have been left unattained from their futility. Men possessed of this desire, you may perhaps find, my son, in that seat of science whither you are going. But remember, that what claims our wonder does not always merit our regard; and, in knowledge and philosophy, be careful to distinguish that the purpose of research should ever be fixed on making simple what is abstruse not abstruse what is simple; and that difficulty in acquisition will no more sanctify its inexpediency, than the art of tumblers, who have learned to stand

on their heads, will prove that to be the proper posture for man.

There is a pedantry in being master of paradoxes contrary to the common opinions of mankind, which is equally disgusting to the illiterate and the learned. The peasant, who enjoys the beauty of the tulip, is equally delighted with the philosopher, though he knows not the powers of the rays from which its colours are derived; and the boy, who strikes a ball with his racket, is as certain whither it will be driven by the blow, as if he were perfectly versant in the dispute about matter and motion. Vanity of our knowledge is generally found in the first stages of its acquirement, because we are then looking back to that rank we have left, of such as know nothing at all. Greater advantages cure us of this, by pointing our view to those above us; and, when we reach the summit, we begin to discover that human knowledge is so imperfect as not to warrant any vanity upon it. In particular arts, beware of that affectation of speaking technically, by which ignorance is often disguised, and knowledge disgraced. They who are really skilful in the principles of science, will acquire the veneration only of shallow minds by talking sientifically; for to simplify expression is always the effect of the deepest knowledge, and the clearest discernment. On the other hand, there may be many who possess taste, though they have not attained skill; who, if they will be contented with the expression of their own feelings, without labouring to keep up the borrowed phrase of erudition, will have their opinions respected by all whose suffrages are worthy of being gained. The

music, the painting, the poetry, of the passions, is the property of every one who has a heart to be moved : and though there may be particular modes of excellence, which national or temporary fashions create, yet that standard will ever remain which alone is common to all.

The ostentation of learning is, indeed, always disgusting in the intercourse of society : for even the benefit of instruction received cannot allay the consciousness of inferiority; and remarkable parts more frequently attract admiration, than procure esteem. To bring forth knowledge agreeably, as well as usefully, is, perhaps, very difficult, for those who have attained it in the secluded walks of study and speculation, and is an art seldom found, but in men who have likewise acquired some knowledge of the world.

I would, however, distinguish between that knowledge of the world that fits us for intercourse with the better part of mankind, and that which we gain by associating with the worst.

But there is a certain learned rust, which men as well as metals acquire ; it is, simply speaking, a blemish in both : the social feelings grow callous, from disuse ; and we lose that spring of little affections, which sweeten the cup of life as we drink it.

Even the ceremonial of the world, shallow as it may appear, is not without its use : it may, indeed, take from the warmth of friendship, but it covers the coldness of indifference; and, if it has repressed the genuine overflowings of kindness, it has smothered the turbulence of passion and animosity.

Politeness, taught as an art, is ridiculous; as the expression of liberal sentiment, and courteous manners, it is truly valuable. There is a politeness of the heart, which is confined to no rank, and dependent upon no education: the desire of obliging, which a man possessed of this quality will universally show, seldom fails of pleasing, though his style may differ from that of modern refinement. I knew a man, in London, of the gentlest manners, and of the most winning deportment; whose eye was ever brightened with the smiles of good-humour, and whose voice was mellowed with the tones of complacency: and, this man was bred a blacksmith!

The falsehood of politness is often pleaded for, as unavoidable in the commerce of mankind; yet, I would have it as little indulged as possible. There is a frankness without rusticity, an openness of manner, prompted by good-humour, but guided by delicacy, which some are happy enough to possess, that engages every worthy man, and gives not offence even to those whose good opinion, though of little estimation, it is the business of prudence not wantonly to lose.

The circles of the gay, my children, would smile to hear me talk of qualities which my retired manner of life has allowed me so little opportunity of observing; but, true good breeding is not confined within those bounds to which their pedantry (if I may use the expression) would restrict it: true good breeding is the sister of philanthropy; with feelings, perhaps, not so serious or tender, but equally inspired by a fineness of soul, and open to the impressions of social affection.

As politeness is the rule of the world's manners, so has it erected *honour* the standard of its morality: but its dictates too frequently depart from wisdom, with respect to ourselves; from justice and humanity, with respect to others. Genuine honour is undoubtedly the offspring of both: but, there has arisen a counterfeit; who, as he is more boastful and showy, has more attracted the notice of gaiety and grandeur. Generosity and courage are the virtues he boasts of possessing: but his generosity is a fool, and his courage a murderer.

The punctilios, indeed, on which he depends for his own peace, and the peace of society, are so ridiculous in the eye of reason, that it is not a little surprising how so many millions of reasonable beings should have sanctified them with their mutual consent and acquiescence; that they should have agreed to surround the seats of friendship and the table of festivity with so many thorns of inquietude, and snares of destruction.

You will probably hear, my son, very frequent applause bestowed on men of nice and jealous honour; who suffer not the smallest affront to pass unquestioned or unrevenged: but, do not imagine that the character which is most sacredly guarded is always the most unsullied in reality: nor allow yourself to envy a reputation for that sort of valour which supports it. Think how uneasily that man must pass his time, who sits like a spider in the midst of his feeling web, ready to catch the minutest occasion for quarrel and resentment. There is often more real pusillanimity in the mind that starts into opposition where none

is necessary, than in him who overlooks the wanderings of some unguarded act or expression as not of consequence enough to challege indignation or revenge. I am aware that the young and high-spirited will say, that men can only judge of actions, and that they will hold as cowardice the blindness I would recommend to affront or provocation: but there is a steady coolness and possession of one's self, which this principle will commonly bestow, equally remote from the weakness of fear and the discomposure of anger; which gives to its possessor a station that seldom fails of commanding respect, even from the ferocious votaries of sanguinary honour.

But some principle is required to draw a line of action above the mere precepts of moral equity—

"Beyond the fix'd and settled rules;"

and for this purpose is instituted the motive of *honour*:—there is another at hand which the substitution of this phantom too often destroys—it is *conscience!*—Whose voice were it not stifled—sometimes, by this very false and spurious honour—would lead directly to that liberal construction to the rules of morality which is here contended for. Let my children never suffer this monitor to speak unheeded, nor drown its whispers amidst the din of pleasure or the bustle of life. Consider it as the representative of that Power who spake the soul into being, and in whose disposal existence is! To listen therefore to his unwritten law, which he promulgates by its voice, has every sanction which his authority can give. It were enough, to say, that we are mortal;—but the argument is irresistible, when we remember our immortality!

CHAPTER VII.

Introducing a new and capital Character.

It was thus the good man instructed his children.

"But, behold! the enemy came in the night, and sowed tares!"

Such an enemy had the harmless family of which Annesly was the head. It is ever to be regretted, that mischief is seldom so weak but that worth may be stung by it; in the present instance, however, it was supported by talents misapplied, and ingenuity perverted.

Sir Thomas Sindall enjoyed an estate of five thousand pounds a-year, in Annesly's parish. His father left him, when but a child, possessed of an estate to the amount we have just mentioned; and of a very large sum of money besides, which his economy had saved him from its produce. His mother, though a very good woman, was a very bad parent: she loved her son, as too many mothers do, with that instinctive affection which nature has bestowed on the lowest rank of creatures. She loved him as her son, though he inherited none of her virtues: and, because she happened to have no other child, she reared this in such a manner as was most likely to prevent the comfort he might have afforded herself, and the usefulness of which he might have been to society. In short, he did what he liked, at first, because his spirit should not be confined too early; and afterwards he did what he liked, because it was passed being confined at all.

But his temper was not altogether of that fiery kind which some young men so circumstanced, and so educated, are possessed of. There was a degree of prudence, which grew up with him from a boy, that tempered the sallies of passion, to make its object more sure in the acquisition. When at school, he was always the conductor of mischief, though he did not often participate in its execution: and his carriage to his master was such, that he was a favourite, without any abilities as a scholar, and acquired a character for regularity; while his associates were daily flogged for transgressions which he had guided in their progress, and enjoyed the fruits of in their completion. There sometimes arose suspicions of the reality; but even those who discovered them mingled a certain degree of praise with their censure, and prophesied that he would be—"*A Man of the World!*"

As he advanced in life, he fashioned his behaviour to the different humours of the gentlemen in the neighbourhood: he hunted with the fox-hunters through the day, and drank with them in the evening. With these he diverted himself, at the expense of the sober prigs, as he termed them, that looked after the improvement of their estates when it was fair, and read a book within doors when it rained; and to-morrow he talked on farming, with this latter class, and ridiculed the hunting phrases and boisterous mirth of his yesterday's companions. They were very well pleased to laugh at one another, while he laughed in his sleeve at both. This was sometimes discovered, and people were going to be angry—but somebody said, in excuse, that Sindall was—"*A Man of the World!*"

While the Oxford terms lasted—to which place he had gone, in the course of modern education—there were frequent reports in the country, of the dissipated life he led: it was even said, that he had disappeared from college for six weeks together, during which time he was suspected of having taken a trip to London with another man's wife. This was only mentioned in a whisper, it was loudly denied: people doubted, at first; and shortly forgot it. Some little extravagances, they said, he might have been guilty of. It was impossible for a man of two-and-twenty to seclude himself altogether from company; and you could not look for the temperance of a hermit in a young baronet of five thousand pounds a-year. It is indispensable, for such a man to come forth into life a little: with five thousand pounds a-year, one must be—"*A Man of the World!*"

His first tutor whose learning was as extensive as his manners were pure, left him in disgust. Sober people wondered at this: but he was soon provided with another, with whom he had got acquainted at Oxford; one whom every body declared to be much fitter for the tuition of young Sindall, being—like his pupil—"*A Man of the World!*"

But, though his extravagance in squandering money, under the tuition of this gentleman, was frequently complained of; yet, it was found that he was not altogether thoughtless of its acquisition. Upon the sale of an estate, in his neighbourhood, it was discovered, that a very advantageous mortgage which had stood in the name of another, had been really transacted for the benefit of young Sindall

His prudent friends plumed themselves upon this intelligence: and, according to their use of the phrase, began to hope that, after sowing his wild oats, Sir Thomas would turn out—"*A Man of the World!*"

CHAPTER VIII.

The Footing on which he stood with Annesly and his Family.

THOUGH such a man as we have described might be reckoned a valuable acquaintance by many, he was otherwise reckoned by Annesly. He had heard enough, though he had heard but part of his character, to consider him as a dangerous neighbour: but, it was impossible to avoid sometimes seeing him from whose father he had got the living which he now occupied. There is no tax so heavy, on a little man, as an acquaintance with a great one. Annesly had found this, in the lifetime of Sir William Sindall. He was one of those, whom the general voice pronounces to be—a good sort of man; under which denomination I never look for much sense or much delicacy. In fact, the baronet possessed but little of either. He lived hospitably, for his own sake, as well as that of his guests; because he liked a good dinner, and a bottle of wine after it: and, in one part of hospitality, he excelled; which was, the faculty of making every body drunk, that had not uncommon fortitude to withstand his attacks. Annesly's cloth protected him from this

last inconvenience: but it often drew, from Sir William, a set of jests, which his memory had enabled him to retain, and had passed through the heirs of his family, like their estate, down from the days of that monarch of facetious memory, Charles the Second.

Though, to a man of Annesly's delicacy, all this could not but be highly disagreeable, yet gratitude made him Sir William's guest often enough to show that he had not forgot that attention which his past favours demanded: and Sir William recollected them, from another motive; to wit, that they gave a sanction to those liberties he sometimes used with him who had received them. This might have been held sufficient to have cancelled the obligation; but Annesly was not wont to be directed by the easiest rules of virtue: the impression still remained; and it even descended to the son, after the death of the father.

Sindall, therefore, was a frequent guest at his house: and, though it might have been imagined that the dissipated mind of a young man of his fortune would have found but little delight in Annesly's humble shed, yet he seemed to enjoy its simplicity with the highest relish. He possessed, indeed, that pliancy of disposition, that could wonderfully accommodate himself to the humour of every one around him: and he so managed matters in his visits to Annesly, that this last began to imagine the reports he had heard, concerning him, to be either entirely false, or at least, aggravated much beyond truth.

From what motive soever Sindall began these

visits, he soon discovered a very strong inducement to continue them. Harriet Annesly was now arrived at the size, if not the age, of womanhood; and possessed an uncommon degree of beauty, and elegance of form. In her face, joined to the most perfect symetry of features, was a melting expression, suited to that sensibility of soul we have mentioned her to be endowed with. In her person, rather above the common size, she exhibited a degree of ease and gracefulness, which nature alone had given, and art was not allowed to diminish. Upon such a woman, Sindall could not look with indifference: and, according to his principles of libertinism, he had marked her as a prey, which his situation gave him opportunities of pursuing; and which, one day, he could not fail to possess.

In the course of his acquaintance, he began to discover that the softness of her soul was distant from simplicity; and, that much art would be necessary to overcome a virtue which the hand of a parent had carefully fortified. He assumed, therefore, the semblance of those tender feelings which were most likely to gain the esteem of the daughter; while he talked with that appearance of candour and principle, which he thought necessary to procure him the confidence of the father. He would frequently confess, with a sigh, that his youth had been sometimes unwarily drawn into error; then grasp Annesly's hand; and, looking earnestly in his face, beg him to strengthen, by his counsel, the good resolutions which, he thanked Heaven! he had been enabled to make. Upon the whole, he continued to gain such a degree of estimation with the

family, that the young folks spoke of his seeming good qualities with pleasure, and their father mentioned his supposed foibles with regret.

CHAPTER IX.

Young Annesly goes to Oxford—the Friendship of Sindall—its Consequences.

Upon its being determined that young Annesly should go to Oxford, Sir Thomas showed him remarkable kindness and attention. He conducted him thither, in his own carriage; and, as his kinsman, to whose charge he had been committed, happened accidentally to be for some time unable to assign him an apartment in his house, Sindall quitted his own lodging to accommodate him. To a young man newly launched into life; removed from the only society he had ever known, to another composed of strangers; such assiduity of notice, could not be but highly pleasing: and, in his letters to his father, he did not fail to set forth, in the strongest manner, the obligations he had to Sir Thomas. His father, whom years had taught wisdom, but whose warmth of gratitude they had not diminished, felt the favour as acutely as his son; nor did the foresight of meaner souls arise in his breast, to abate its acknowledgment.

The hopes which he had formed of his Billy were not disappointed. He very soon distinguished himself in the university, for learning and genius:

and, in the correspondence of his kinsman, were recited daily instances of the notice which his parts attracted. But his praise was cold, in comparison with Sindall's: he wrote to Annesly, of his young friend's acquirements and abilities, in a strain of enthusiastic enconium; and seemed to speak the language of his own enjoyment, at the applause of others, which he repeated. It was on this side, that Annesly's soul was accessible; for, on this side, lay that pride which is the weakness of all. On this side, did Sindall overcome it.

From those very qualities, also, which he applauded in the son, he derived the temptation with which he meant to seduce him; for such was the plan of exquisite mischief he had formed. Besides the common desire of depravity, to make proselytes from innocence; he considered the virtue of the brother as that structure, on the ruin of which he was to accomplish the conquest of the sister's. He introduced him, therefore, into the company of some of the most artful of his own associates: who loudly echoed the praises he lavished on his friend; and showed, or pretended to show, that value for his acquaintance, which was the strongest recommendation of their own. The diffidence, which Annesly's youth and inexperience had, at first, laid upon his mind, they removed, by the encouragement which their approbation of his opinions bestowed: and he found himself indebted to them, both for an ease of delivering his sentiments, and the reputation which their suffrages conferred upon them.

For all this, however, they expected a return;

and Annesly had not fortitude to deny it—an indulgence for some trivial irregularities, which they now and then permitted to appear in their conversation. At first their new acquaintance took no notice of them at all: he found that he could not approve, and it would have hurt him to condemn. By degrees, he began to allow them his laugh; though his soul was little at ease, under the gaiety which his features assumed: once or twice, when the majority against him appeared to be small, he ventured to argue, though with a caution of giving offence, against some of the sentiments he heard. Upon these occasions, Sindall artfully joined him in the argument: but, they were always overcome. He had to deal with men who were skilled, by a mere act of the memory, in all the sophisms which voluptuaries have framed, to justify the unbounded pursuit of pleasure: and those who had not learning to argue, had assurance to laugh. Yet, Annesly's conviction was not changed; but the edge of his abhorrence to vice was blunted: and, though his virtue kept her post, she found herself galled in maintaining it.

It was not till some time after, that they ventured to solicit his participation of their pleasures; and it was not till after many solicitations, that his innocence was overcome. But the progress of their victories was rapid, after his first defeat: and he shortly attained the station of experienced vice; and began to assume a superiority, from the undauntedness with which he practised it.

But it was necessary, the while, to deceive that relation, under whose inspection the father had

placed him: in truth, it was no very hard matter to deceive him. He was a man of that abstracted disposition, that is seldom conversant with any thing around it. Simplicity of manners was, in him, the effect of an apathy in his constitution, increased by constant study, that was proof against all violence of passion or desire: and he thought, if he thought of the matter at all, that all men were like himself; whose indolence could never be overcome by the pleasure of pursuit, or the joys of attainment. Besides all this, Mr. Lumley, that tutor of Sindall's whom we have formerly mentioned, was a man the best calculated in the world for lulling his suspicions asleep, if his nature had allowed them to arise. This man, whose parts were of that pliable kind that easily acquire a superficial knowledge of every thing, possessed the talent of hypocrisy, as deeply as the desire of pleasure; and while, in reality he was the most profligate of men, he had that command of passion, which never suffered it to intrude where he could wish it concealed: he preserved, in the opinion of Mr. Jephson, the gravity of a studious and contemplative character, which was so congenial to his own; and he would often rise from a metaphysical discussion with the old gentleman, leaving him in admiration of the depth of his reading, and the acuteness of his parts, to join the debauch of Sindall and his dissolute companions.

By his assistance, therefore, Annesly's dissipation was effectually screened from the notice of his kinsman: Jephson was even prevailed on, by false suggestions, to write to the country continued en-

comiums on his sobriety, and applications to study; and the father, who was happy in believing him, inquired no farther.

CHAPTER X.

A very gross Attempt is made on Emily's Honour.

SINDALL, having brought the mind of his proselyte to that conformity of sentiment to which he had thus laboured to reduce it, ventured to discover to him the passion he had conceived for his sister. The occasion, however, on which he discovered it, was such a one as he imagined gave him some title to be listened to.

Annesly had an allowance, settled on him by his father; rather, in truth, above what his circumstances might warrant with propriety: but, as the feeling of the good man's heart were, in every virtuous purpose, somewhat beyond the limitations of his fortune, he inclined rather to pinch himself, than to stop any channel through which advantage might flow to his son; and meant his education and his manners to be in every respect liberal and accomplished.

But this allowance ill sufficed to gratify the extravagance which his late connexion had taught him: he began, very soon, to know a want, which he had never hitherto experienced. At first, this not only limited his pleasures, but began to check the desire of them: and, in some measure, served

to awaken that sense of contrition, which their rotation had before overcome. But Sindall took care that he should not be thus left to reflection; and as soon as he guessed the cause, prevented its continuance, by an immediate supply; offered and indeed urged, with all the open warmth of disinterested friendship. From being accustomed to receive, Annesly at last overcame the shame of asking; and applied, repeatedly, for sums, under the denomination of loans, for the payment of which he could only draw upon contingency. His necessities were the more frequent; as, amongst other arts of pleasure which he had lately acquired, that of gaming had not been omitted.

Having, one night, lost a sum considerably above what he was able to pay, to a member of this society, with whom he was in no degree of intimacy; he gave him his note, payable the next morning—for this was the regulated limitation of their credit—though he knew that to-morrow would find him as poor as to-night. On these particular occasions, when his hours would have been so highly irregular that they could not escape the censure of Mr. Jephson or his family, he used to pretend that for the sake of disentangling some point of study, with Sindall and his tutor, he had passed the night with them, at their lodgings: and, what small portion of it was allowed for sleep, he did actually spend there. After this loss, therefore, he accompanied Sindall home; and could not, it may well be supposed, conceal from him the chagrin it occasioned. His friend as usual, advanced him money for discharging the debt. Annesly, who never had had occasion

to borrow so much from him before, expressed his sorrow at the necessity which his honour laid him under of accepting so large a sum. Poh ! answered Sindall, it is but a trifle; and what a man must now and then lose, to be thought genteely of.—Yes if his fortune can afford it; said the other, gloomily. Ay, there's the rub ! returned his friend: that fortune should have constituted an inequality, where nature made none. How just is the complaint of Jaffier—

> "Tell me why, good Heaven!
> Thou madest me what I am; with all the spirit
> Aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires,
> That fill the happiest man?"

That such should be the lot of my friend, I can regret—thanks to my better stars, I can more than regret it. What is the value of such dross,—holding a handful of gold—but to make the situation of merit level with its deservings ? yet, believe me, there are wants which riches cannot remove ; desires which, sometimes, they cannot satisfy. Even at this moment, your seeming happy Sindall, in whose lap fortune has poured her blessings, has his cares, my Annesly, has his inquietudes, which need the hand of friendship to comfort and to sooth.

Annesly, with all the warmth of his nature, insisted on partaking his uneasiness; that if he could not alleviate, he might at least condole with, his distress.

Sindall embraced him. I know your friendship, said he; and, I will put it to the proof. You have

a sister; the lovely, the adorable Harriet: she has robbed me of that peace, which the smile of fortune cannot restore, as her frown has been unable to take away ! did you know the burnings of this bosom !——but, I speak—unthinkingly—what, perhaps, my delicacy should not have whispered, even in the ear of friendship. Pardon me !—the ardour of a love like mine may be forgiven some extravagance.

Annesly's eyes sufficiently testified his inward satisfaction, at this discovery: but he recollected the dignity which his situation required; and replied, calmly, that he pretended no guidance of his sister's inclinations—that his own gratitude, for Sir Thomas' favours, he had ever loudly declared—and, that he knew his sister felt enough on his account, to make the introduction of her brother's friend a more than usually favourable one.

But my situation, returned Sindall, is extremely particular. You have heard my opinions, on the score of love, often declared; and, trust me, they are the genuine sentiments of my heart. The trammels of form, which the unfeeling custom of the world has thrown upon the freedom of mutual affection, are insupportable to that fineness of soul, to which restraint and happiness are terms of opposition. Let my mistress be my mistress, still—with all the privileges of a wife; without a wife's indifference, or a wife's disquiet !—my fortune, the property of her and her friends !—but that liberty alone reserved, which is the strongest bond of the affection she should wish to possess from me ! He looked steadfastly in Annesly's face; which, by this

time,' began to assume every mark of resentment and indignation. He eyed him ascant, with an affected smile—You smile, sir ! said Annesly; whose breath was stifled, by the swelling of his heart. Sindall laughed aloud. I am a wretched hypocrite, said he, and could contain myself no longer.—So ! you were but in jest, it seems ! replied the other; settling his features into a dry composure. My dear Annesly, returned he, had you but seen the countenance this trial of mine gave you ! it would have made a picture worthy of the gallery of Florence. I wanted to have a perfect idea of surprise, indignation, struggling friendship, and swelling honour; and I think I succeeded. But, I keep you from your rest—good night ! and he walked out of the room.

Annesly had felt too much, to be able to resign himself speedily to rest. He could not but think this joke of his friend rather a serious one; yet he had seen him, sometimes, carry this species of wit to a very extraordinary length: but the indelicacy of the present instance was not to be easily accounted for ! he doubted, believed, was angry, and pacified, by turns. The remembrance of his favours arose: they arose, at first, in a form that added to the malignity of the offence; then, the series in which they had been bestowed seemed to plead on the other side. At last, when worn by the fighting of contrary emotions, he looked forward to the consequences of a rupture with Sindall; the pleasures of that society, of which he was the leader; the habitual tie which it had got on Annesly's soul, prevailed: for he had, by this time, lost that satis-

faction which was wont to flow from himself. He shut his mind against the suggestions of any farther suspicion; and, with that winking cowardice, which many mistake for resolution, was resolved to trust him, for his friend, whom it would have hurt him to consider as an enemy.

Sindall, on the other hand, discovered that the youth was not so entirely at his disposal as he had imagined him; and that, though he was proselyte enough to be wicked, he must be led a little farther to be useful.

CHAPTER XI.

Annesly gives farther Proofs of Depravity of Manners —the Effect it has on his Father; and the Consequences, with regard to his Connexion with Sindall.

To continue that train of dissipation, in which their pupil had been initiated, was the business of Sindall and his associates. Though they contrived, as we have before mentioned, to escape the immediate notice of Mr. Jephson, yet the eyes of others could not be so easily blinded. The behaviour of Annesly began to be talked of, for its irregularity; and the more so, for the change which it had undergone, from that simplicity of manners which he had brought with him to Oxford: and some one, whether from regard to him, or what other motive, I know not, informed his kinsman of what every one but his kinsman suspected.

Upon this information, he gave the young man a lecture, in the usual terms of admonition : but an effort was always painful to him, even where the office was more agreeable than that of reproof. He had recourse, therefore, to the assistance of his fellow-philosopher, Mr. Lumley : whom he informed of the accounts he had received of Annesly's imprudence, and entreated to take the proper measures, from his influence with the young gentleman, to make him sensible of the impropriety of his past conduct, and to prevent its continuance for the future.

Lumley expressed his surprise at this intelligence, with unparalleled command of features : regretted the too prevailing dissipation of youth ; and affected to doubt the truth of the accusation ; but promised, at the same time, to make the proper inquiries into the fact, and take the most prudent method of preventing a consequence so dangerous, as that of drawing from the road of his duty, one whom he believed to be possessed of so many good qualities as Mr. Annesly.

Whether Mr. Lumley employed his talents towards this reformation or degeneracy, it is certain that Annesly's conduct betrayed certain marks of the latter. At last in an hour of intoxication, having engaged in a quarrel with one of his companions; it produced consequences so notorious, that the proctor could not fail to take notice of it: and that officer of the university having interposed his authority, in a manner which the humour of Annesly, inflamable as it then was, could not brook; he broke forth into some extravagancies, so

personally offensive, that when the matter came to be canvassed, nothing short of expulsion was talked of, as a punishment for the offence.

It was then that Mr. Jephson first informed his father of those irregularities which his son had been guilty of. His father, indeed, from the discontinuance of that gentleman's correspondence much beyond the usual time, had begun to make some unfavorable conjectures: but he accounted for this neglect, from many different causes; and when once his ingenuity had taken that side of the argument, it quickly found means to convince him that his kinsman's silence could not be imputed to any fault of his son.

It was on the close of one of their solitary meals that this account of Jephson's happened to reach Annesly and his daughter. Harriet never forgot her Billy's health; and she had now filled her father's glass to the accustomed pledge, when the servant brought them a letter with the Oxford mark on it. Read it, my love ! said Annesly, with a smile ; while he began to blame his suspicions, at the silence of his kinsman. Harriet began reading, accordingly ; but she had scarce got through the first sentence, when the matter it contained rendered her voice inarticulate. Her father took the letter out of her hand: and after perusing it, he put it in his pocket; keeping up a look of composure, amidst the anguish with which his heart was wrung. Alas ! said Harriet, what has my brother done ? He pressed her involuntary to his bosom; and it was then that he could not restrain his tears—Your brother, my

love, has forgotten us: he has forgotten the purity which here is happiness: and, I fear, has ill exchanged it for what the world calls pleasure. But this is the first of his wanderings; and we will endeavour to call him back into the paths he has left. Reach me the pen, ink, and paper, my love. I will go said she, sobbing, and pray for him the while. Annesly sat down to write. My dearest boy !—— 'Twas a movement grown mechanical to his pen—he dashed through the words, and a tear fell on the place. Ye know not—ye who revel in the wantonness of dissipation, and scoff at the solicitude of parental affection—ye know not the agony of such a tear ! Else—ye are men; and it were beyond the depravity of nature !

It was not till after more than one blotted scrawl that he was able to write, what the man might claim, and the parent should approve. The letter which he at last determined to send was of the following tenor:—

"MY SON,

"WITH anguish I write—what I trust will be read with contrition. I am not skilled in the language of rebuke; and it was once my pride to have such a son, that I needed not to acquire it. If he has not lost the feelings by which the silent sorrows of a father's heart are understood, I shall have no need of words to recal him from that conduct by which they are caused. In the midst of what he will now term pleasure, he may have forgotten the father and the friend; let this tear, with which my paper is blotted, awaken his remembrance; it is

not the first I have shed; but it is the first which flowed from my affliction mingled with disgrace. Had I been only weeping for my son, I should have found some melancholy comfort to support me; while I blush for him, I have no consolation.

"But the future is yet left to him and to me: let the reparation be immediate, as the wrong was great; that the tongue which speaks of your shame, may be stopped with the information of your amendment."

He had just finished this letter when Harriet entered the room. Will my dear papa forgive me, said she, if I enclose a few lines under this cover? Forgive you, my dear! it cannot offend me. She laid her hand on his letter, and looked as if she would have said something more. He pressed her hand in his; a tear, which had just budded in her eye, now dropped to the ground. You have not been harsh to my Billy? She blushed as she spoke; and her father kissed her cheek as it blushed. She enclosed the following note to her brother:—

"Did my dearest Billy but know the sorrow which he has given the most indulgent of fathers, he could not, less than his Harriet, regret the occasion of it.

"But things may be represented worse than they really are—I am busy at framing excuses: but I will say nothing more on a subject which, by this time, my brother must have thought on.

"Alas! that you should leave this seat of innocent delight: but men were made for bustle and society. Yet we might have been happy here together!

There are in other hearts wishes which they call ambition: mine shrinks at the thought, and would shelter for ever amidst the sweets of this humble spot. Would that its partner were here to taste them! The shrub-walk you marked out, through the little grove, I have been careful to trim in your absence—'tis wild, melancholy and thoughtful. It is there that I think most of my Billy.

"But at this time, besides his absence, there is another cause to allay the pleasure which the beauties of nature should bestow. My dear papa is far from being well. He has no fixed complaint; but he looks thin and pale; and his appetite is almost entirely gone. Yet he will not let me say that he ails!—Oh, my brother! I dare not think more that way. Would you were here to comfort me! In the mean time, remember your ever affectionate

HARRIET."

Annesly was just about to dispatch these letters, when he received one, expressed in the most sympathizing terms, from Sir Thomas Sindall. That young gentleman, after touching, in the tenderest manner, on the pain which a father must feel for the errors of his children, administered the only comfort that was left to administer, by representing that young Aannesly's fault had been exaggerated much beyond the truth; and that it was entirely owing to the effects of a warm temper, accidentally inflamed with liquor, and provoked by some degree of insolence in the officer to whom the outrage had been offered. He particularly regretted that his present disposition towards sobriety had

prevented him from being present at that meeting, in which case, he said, he was pretty certain this unlucky affair had never happened; that as it was, the only thing left for his friendship to do, was to amend what it had not lain within his power to prevent; and he begged, as a testimony of the old gentleman's regard, that he might honour him so far as to commit to him the care of setting matters to rights with regard to the character of his son, which he hoped to be soon able effectually to restore.

The earliest consolation which a man receives after any calamity, is hallowed for ever in his regard, as a benighted traveller caresses the dog, whose barking first announced him to be near the habitations of men. It was so with Annesly; his unsuspecting heart overflowed with gratitude towards this friend of his son, and he grew lavish of his confidence towards him, in proportion as he recollected having once (in his present opinion unjustly) denied it.

He returned, therefore, an answer to Sir Thomas, with all those genuine expressions of acknowledgment which the honest emotions of his soul could dictate. He accepted, as the greatest obligation, that concern which he took in the welfare of his son; and cheerfully reposed on his care the trust which his friendship desired: and, as a proof of it, he enclosed to him the letter he had wrote to William, to be delivered at what time, and enforced in what manner, his prudence should suggest.

CHAPTER XII.

The Plan which Sindall forms for obliterating the Stain which the Character of his Friend had suffered.

Sir Thomas did accordingly deliver this letter of Annesly's to his son: and, as the penitence which the young man then felt for his recent offence, made the assumption of a character of sobriety proper, he accompanied this paternal remonstrance with advices of his own, dictated alike by friendship and prudence.

They were at this time, indeed, but little necessary: in the interval between the paroxysms of pleasure and dissipation, the genuine feelings of his nature had time to arise; and, awakened as they now were by the letters of his father and sister, their voice was irresistible. He kissed the signature of their names a thousand times; and weeping on Sindall's neck, imprecated the wrath of Heaven on his own head, that could thus heap affliction on the age of the best of parents.

He expressed at the same time his intention of leaving Oxford, and returning home, as an immediate instance of his desire of reformation. Sir Thomas, though he gave all the praise to this purpose which its filial piety deserved, yet doubted the propriety of putting it in execution. He said that, in the little circles of the country, Annesly's penitence would not so immediately blot out his offence, but that the weak and the illiberal would shun the

contagion, as it were, of his company; and that he would meet every day with affronts and neglects, which the sincerity of his repentance ill deserved, and his consciousness of that sincerity might not easily brook. He told him that a young gentleman, a friend of his, who was just going to set out on a tour abroad, had but a few days before written to him, desiring his recommendation of somebody, with the manners and education of a gentleman, to accompany him on his travels; and that he believed he could easily procure that station for his friend; which would have the double advantage of removing him from the obloquy to which the late accident had subjected him, and of improving him, in every respect, by the opportunity it would give of observing the laws, customs, and polity of our neighbours on the continent.

While the depression produced by Annesly's consciousness of his offences remained strong upon his mind, this proposal met with no very warm reception; but, in proportion as the comfort and encouragement of his friend prevailed, the ambition which a man of his age naturally feels to see something of the world, began to speak in its behalf; he mentioned, however, the consent of his father as an indispensable preliminary. This Sir Thomas allowed to be just; and, showing him that confidential letter which the old gentleman had written him, undertook to mention this scheme, for his approbation, in the answer he intended making to it. In this, too, was enclosed his young friend's return to the letters of his father and sister, which were contained in the preceding chapter, full of that con-

trition which at the time he really felt, and of those good resolutions which at the time he sincerely formed. As to the matter of his going abroad, he only touched on it as a plan of Sir Thomas Sindall's, whose friendship had dictated the proposal, and whose judgment of its expediency his own words were to contain.

His father received it, not without those pangs which the thought of separation from a son, on whom the peace of his soul rested, must cause; but he examined it with that impartiality which his wisdom suggested in every thing that concerned his children. My own satisfaction, he would often say, has for its object only the few years of waning life; the situation of my children, my hopes would extend to the importance of a much longer period. He held the balance, therefore, in an even hand. The arguments of Sindall had much of the specious, as his inducement to use them had much of the friendly. The young gentleman, whom Billy was to accompany, had connections of such weight in the state, that the fairest prospects seemed to open from their patronage: nor could the force of that argument be denied, which supposed conveniency in the change of place to Annesly at the present, and improvement for the future. There were not, however, wanting some considerations of reason, to side with a parent's tears against the journey; but Sindall had answers for them all: and at last he wrung from him his slow leave, on condition that William should return home for a single day, to bid the last farewell to his father and his Harriet.

Meantime, the punishment of Annesly's late

offence in the university was mitigated by the interest of Sindall, and the intercession of Mr. Jephson. Expulsion, which had before been insisted on, was changed into a sentence of less indignity; to wit, that of being publicly reprimanded by the head of the college to which he belonged: after submitting to which, he set out, accompanied by Sir Thomas, to bid adieu to his father's house, preparatory to his going abroad.

His father, at meeting, touched on his late irregularities, with that delicacy of which a good mind cannot divest itself, even amidst the purposed severity of reproof: and, having thus far sacrificed to justice and parental authority, he opened his soul to all that warmth of affection which his Billy had always experienced. Nor was the mind of his son yet so perverted, by his former course of dissipation, as to be insensible to that sympathy of feelings which this indulgence should produce. The tear which he offered to it was the sacrifice of his heart; wrung by the recollection of the past and swelling with the purpose of the future.

When the morning of his departure arrived, he stole softly into his father's chamber; meaning to take leave of him without being seen by his sister, whose tenderness of soul could not easily bear the pangs of a solemn farewell! He found his father on his knees. The good man, rising with that serene dignity of aspect which those sacred duties ever conferred on him, turned to his son. You go, my boy, said he, to a distant land, far from the guidance and protection of your earthly parent; I was re-

commending you to the care of Him who is at all times present with you. Though I am not superstitious, yet, I confess, I feel something about me, as if I should never see you more. If these are my last words, let them be treasured in your remembrance—Live as becomes a man and a Christian; live as becomes him who is to live for ever!

As he spoke his daughter entered the room. Ah! my Billy, said she, could you have been so cruel as to go without seeing your Harriet? It would have broken my heart. Oh! I have much to say, and many farewells to take: yet now, methinks, I can say nothing; and scarce dare bid you farewell! —My children, interrupted her father, in this cabinet is a present I have always intended for each of you; and this, which is perhaps the last time we shall meet together, I think the fittest to bestow them.—Here, my Harriet! is a miniature of that angel, your mother! imitate her virtues, and be happy.—Here, my Billy! is its counterpart, a picture of your father; whatever he is, Heaven knows his affection to you? Let that endear the memorial and recommend that conduct to his son which will make his father's gray hairs go down to the grave in peace! Tears were the only answer that either could give. Annesly embraced his son, and blessed him. Harriet blubbered on his neck. Twice he offered to go, and twice the agony of his sister pulled him back: at last she flung herself into the arms of her father; who beckoning to Sir Thomas Sindall, just then arrived to carry off his companion; that young gentleman, who was himself not

a little affected with the scene, took his friend by the hand, and led him to the carriage that waited them.

CHAPTER XIII.

He reaches London, where he remains longer than was expected.—The Effects of his Stay there.

In a few days Annesly and his friend the baronet arrived in the metropolis. His father had been informed that the gentleman whom he was to accompany in his travels was to meet him in that city, where they proposed to remain only a week or two, for the purpose of seeing any thing curious in town, and of settling some points of accommodation on their route through the countries they meant to visit: an intelligence, he confessed, very agreeable to him; because he knew the temptations to which a young man is exposed, by a life of idleness in London.

But, in truth, the intention of Sir Thomas Sindall never was that his present pupil (if we may so call him) should travel any farther. The young gentleman, for whose companion he had pretended to engage Annesly, was indeed to set out very soon after on the tour of Europe; but he had already been provided with a travelling governor, who was to meet him upon his arrival at Calais—for the air of England agreed so ill with this gentleman's constitution, that he never crossed the channel—and who had made the same journey several times be-

fore, with some English young men of great fortunes, whom he had the honour of returning to their native country, with the same sovereign contempt for it that he himself entertained. The purpose of Sindall was merely to remove the son to a still greater distance from his father, and to a scene where his own plan of entire conversion should meet with every aid which the society of the idle and the profligate could give it.

For some time, however, he found the disposition of Annesly averse to his designs. The figure of his father, venerable in virtue; of his sister, lovely in innocence; were imprinted on his mind: and the variety of public places of entertainment, to which Sir Thomas conducted him, could not immediately efface the impression.

But as their novelty at first delighted, their frequency at last subdued him: his mind began to accustom itself to the hurry of thoughtless amusement; and to feel a painful vacancy when the bustle of the scene was at any time changed for solitude. The unrestrained warmth and energy of his temper yielded up his understanding to the company of fools, and his resolutions of reformation to the society of the dissolute; because it caught the fervour of the present moment, before reason could pause on the disposal of the next: and, by the industry of Sindall, he found every day a set of friends; among whom, the most engaging were always the most licentious, and joined to every thing which the good detest, every thing which the unthinking admire. I have often indeed been tempted to imagine that there is something unfor-

tunate, if not blameable, in that harshness and austerity which virtue too often assumes; and have seen with regret some excellent men, the authority of whose understanding, and the attraction of whose wit might have retained many a deserter under the banners of goodness, loose all that power of service by the unbending distance which they kept from the little pleasantries and sweetness of life. This conduct may be safe, but there is something ungenerous and cowardly in it, to keep their forces, like an over-cautious commander, in fastnesses and fortified towns, while they suffer the enemy to waste and ravage the champaign. Praise is indeed due to him who can any way preserve his integrity; but surely the heart that can retain it, even while it opens to all the warmth of social feeling, will be an offering more acceptable in the eye of Heaven!

Annesly was distant from any counsel or example that might counterbalance the contagious influence of the dissolute society with which his time was now engrossed: but his seduction was not complete, till the better principles, which his soul still retained, were made accessary to its accomplishment.

Sindall procured a woman infamous enough for this purpose, the cast mistress of one of his former companions, whom he tutored to invent a plausible story of distress and misfortune, which he contrived, in a manner seemingly accidental, to have communicated to Annesly. His native compassion, and his native warmth, were interested in her sufferings and her wrongs; and he applauded himself for the protection which he afforded her, while she was the abandoned instrument of his undoing.

After having retained for some time the purity of her guardian and protector, in an hour of intoxication he ventured to approach her on a looser footing : and she had afterwards the address to make him believe that the weakness of her gratitude had granted to him, what to any other her virtue would have refused ; and, during the criminal intercourse in which he lived with her, she continued to maintain a character of affection and tenderness, which might excuse the guilt of her own conduct, and account for the infatuation of his.

In this fatal connexion, every remembrance of that weeping home which he had so lately left, with the resolutions of penitence and reformation, was erased from his mind : or if, at times, it intruded, it came not that gentle guest, at whose approach his bosom used to be thrilled with reverence and love; but approached in the form of some ungracious monitor, whose business was to banish pleasure and awaken remorse ; and, therefore, the next amusement, folly or vice, was called in to his aid, to banish and expel it. As it was sometimes necessary to write to his father, he fell upon an expedient, even to save himself the pain of thinking so long as that purpose required, on a subject now grown so irksome to him; and employed that woman, in whose toils he was thus shamefully entangled, to read the letters he received, and dictate such answers as her cunning could suggest, to mislead the judgment of his unsuspecting parent.

All this while, Sindall artfully kept so muc aloof, as to preserve, even with the son, something of that character which he had acquired with the

father: he was often absent from parties of remarkable irregularity; and sometimes ventured a gentle censure on his friend for having been led into them. But, while he seemed to check their continuance under this cloak of prudence, he encouraged it in the report he made of the voice of others: for, while the scale of character, for temperance, sobriety, and morals, sinks on one side, there is a balance of fame, in the mouths of part of the world, rising on the other—Annesly could bear to be told of his spirit, his generosity, and his honour!

CHAPTER XIV.

He feels the Distresses of Poverty—He is put on a Method of relieving them—An Account of its Success.

The manner of life which Annesly now pursued, without restraint, was necessarily productive of such expense as he could very ill afford. But the craft of his female associate was not much at a loss for pretences to make frequent demands on the generosity of his father. The same excuses which served to account for his stay in London, in some measure apologized for the largeness of the sums he drew for: if it was necessary for him to remain there, expense, if not unavoidable, was at least difficult to be avoided; and, for the causes of his stay in that city, he had only to repeat the accounts

which he daily received from Sindall, of various accidents which obliged his young friend to postpone his intended tour.

Though in the country, there was little opportunity of knowing the town irregularities of Annesly; yet there were not wanting surmises of it among some, of which it is likely his father might have heard enough to alarm him, had he not been at this time in such a state of health as prevented him from much society with his neighbours; a slow aguish disorder, which followed those symptoms his daughter's letter to her brother had described, having confined him to his chamber almost constantly from the time of his son's departure.

Annesly had still some blushes left; and, when he had pushed his father's indulgence, in the article of supply, as far as shame would allow him, he looked round for some other source, whence present relief might be drawn, without daring to consider how the arrearages of the future should be cancelled. Sindall for some time answered his exigencies without reluctance: but at last he informed him, as he said, with regret, that he could not, from particular circumstances, afford him, at that immediate juncture, any farther assistance than a small sum, which he then put into Annesly's hands; and which, the very next day, was squandered by the prodigality of his mistress.

The next morning he rose without knowing how the wants of the day were to be provided for; and, strolling out into one of his accustomed walks, gave himself up to all the pangs which the retrospect of the past and the idea of the present suggested. But

he felt not that contrition which results from ingenuous sorrow for our offences : his soul was ruled by that gloomy demon who looks only to the anguish of their punishment, and accuses the hand of Providence for calamity which himself has occasioned.

In this situation he was met by one of his new acquired friends, who was walking off the oppression of last night's riot. The melancholy of his countenance was so easily observable, that it could not escape the notice of his companion, who rallied him on the seriousness of his aspect in the cant phrase of those brutes of our species who are professed enemies to the faculty of thinking. Though Annesly's pride for a while kept him silent, it was at last overcome by the other's importunity, and he confessed the desperation of his circumstances to be the cause of his present depression. His companion, whose purse, as himself informed Annesly, had been flushed by the success of the preceding night, animated by the liberality which attends sudden good fortune, freely offered him the use of twenty pieces, till better times should enable him to repay them. But, said he, gaily, it is a shame for a fellow of your parts to want money, when fortune has provided so many rich fools for the harvest of the wise and the industrious ! If you will allow me to be your conductor this evening, I will shew you where, by the traffic of your wits, in a very short time you may convert these twenty guineas into fifty.—At play ? replied Annesly, coolly. Ay, at play ; returned the other; and fair play, too. It is the only profession left for a man of spirit and ho-

nour to pursue. To cheat, as a merchant; to quibble, as a lawyer; or to cant as a churchman, is confined to fellows who have no fire in their composition. Give me but a bold set, and a fair throw for it; and then for the life of a lord, or the death of a gentleman !—I have had but little experience in the profession, said Annesly, and should but throw away your money.—Never fear : replied the other : do but mark me, and I will insure you. I will shew you our men : pigeons ! mere pigeons, by Jupiter !

It was not for a man in Annesly's situation to balk the promise of such a golden opportunity. They dined together, and afterwards repaired to a gaming house, where Annesly's companion introduced him as a friend of his just arrived from the country, to several young gentlemen who seemed to be waiting his arrival. I promised you your revenge, said he, my dears, and you shall have it. Some of my friend's Lady-day rents, too, have accompanied him to London : if you win, you shall wear them. To business ! to business !

In the course of their play, Annesly, though but moderately skilled in the game, discovered that the company to whom he had been introduced were in reality such bubbles as his companion had represented them. After being heated by some small success in the beginning, they began to bet extravagantly against every calculation of chances : and in an hour or two, his associate and he had stripped them of a very considerable sum, of which his own share, though much the smaller, was upwards of threescore guineas. When they left the house, he offered his conductor the sum he had lent him,

with a profusion of thanks, both for the use and the improvement of it. No, my boy ! said he, not now : your note is sufficient. I will rather call for it when I am at a pinch. You see now the road to wealth and independence : you will meet me here to-morrow. He promised to meet him accordingly.

They had been but a few minutes in the room, this second night, when a gentleman entered whom the company saluted with the appellation of Squire ! The greater part of them seemed to be charmed with his presence, but the countenance of Annesly's companion fell at his approach. Damn him ! said he, in a whisper to Annesly, he is a knowing one.

In some degree, indeed, he deserved the title : for he had attained, from pretty long experience, assisted by natural quickness of parts, a considerable knowledge in the science ; and in strokes of genius, at games where genius was required, was excelled by few. But, after all, he was far from being successful in the profession; nature intended him for something better : and, as he spoiled a wit, an orator, and perhaps a poet, by turning gambler, so he often spoiled a gambler by the ambition which was not yet entirely quenched, of shining occasionally in all those characters; and as a companion, he was too pleasing and too well pleased to keep that cool indifference which is the characteristic of him who should always be possessed of himself, and consider every othe man only as the sponge from whom he is to squeeze advantage.

To the present party, however, he was unquestionably superior; and of course, in a short time, began to levy large contributions, not only on the

more inexperienced, whom Annesly and his conductor had marked for their own booty, but likewise on these two gentlemen themselves, whose winnings of the former evening were now fast diminishing before the superior skill of this new antagonist.

But in the midst of his success, he was interrupted by the arrival of another gentleman, who seemed also to be a well known character in this temple of Fortune, being saluted by the familiar name of Black-Beard. This man possessed an unmoved equality, both of temper and aspect, and though in reality he was of no very superior abilities, yet had acquired the reputation both of depth and acuteness, from being always accustomed to think on his own interest, and pursuing with the most sedulous attention every object which led to it, unseduced by one single spark of those feelings which the world terms weakness.

In the article of gaming, which he had early pitched on as the means of advancement, he had availed himself of that industry, and saturnine complexion, to acquire the most consummate knowledge of its principles; which, indeed, he had attained to a very remarkable degree of perfection.

Opposed to this man, even the skill of the hitherto successful squire was unavailing; and consequently, he not only stripped that gentleman of the gains he had made, but gleaned whatever he had left in the purses of the inferior members of the party, amongst whom Annesly and his associate were reduced to their last guinea.

This they agreed to spend together at a tavern in

the neighbourhood, where they cursed fortune, their spoiler, and themselves, in all the bitterness of rage and disappointment. Annesly did not seek to account for their losses otherwise than in the real way; to wit, from the superior skill of their adversary: but his companion, who often boasted of his own, threw out some insinuations of foul play and connivance.

If I thought that —, said Annesly, laying his hand on his sword, while his cheeks burned with indignation. Poh! replied the other, 'tis in vain to be angry: here's damnation to him, in a bumper!

The other did not fail his pledge; nnd by a liberal application to the bottle, they so far overcame their losses that Annesly reeled home, singing a catch, forgetful of the past, and regardless of to-morrow.

CHAPTER. XV.

Another Attempt to retrieve his Circumstances, the Consequences of which are still more fatal.

Though the arrival of to-morrow might be overlooked, it could not be prevented. It rose on Annesly, one of the most wretched of mankind. Poverty embittered by disgrace, was now approaching him, who knew of no friend to ward off the blow, and had no consolation in himself by which it might be lightened. If any thing could add to his present distress, it was increased by the ab-

sence of Sindall, who was then in the country, and the upbraidings of his female companion, who now exclaimed against the folly which herself had caused, and the extravagance herself had participated.

About mid-day, his last night's fellow-sufferer paid him a visit; their mutual chagrin at meeting, from the recollection of misfortune which it produced, was evident in their countenances; but it was not a little increased, when the other told Annesly, he came to put him in mind of the sum he had advanced him two days before, for which he had now very particular occasion. Annesly answered, that he had frankly told him the state of his finances at the time of the loan, and accepted it on no condition of speedy payment; that he had, that same evening, offered to repay him when it was in his power, and that he could not but think the demand ungentleman-like, at a time when he must know his utter inability to comply with it.

Ungentleman-like! said the other, I don't understand what you mean, Sir, by such a phrase: will you pay me my money or not?—I cannot.—Then, Sir, you must expect me to employ some gentleman for the recovery of it, who will speak to you, perhaps, in a more ungentleman-like style than I do. And, so saying, he flung out of the room.

Infamous wretch! exclaimed Annesly; and walked about, with a hurried step, gnawing his lip, and muttering curses on him and on himself. There was another gentleman wanted to see him below stairs. It was a mercer, who came to demand payment of some fineries his lady, as he

termed her, had purchased: he was, with difficulty, dismissed. In a quarter of an hour there was another call—it was a dun of a tailor, for clothes to himself. He would take no excuse. Come, said Annesly, with a look of desperation, to-morrow morning, and I will pay you.

But how?—He stared wildly on the ground; then knocked his head against the wall, and acted all the extravagances of a madman. At last, with a more settled horror in his eye, he put on his sword, and, without knowing whither he should go, sallied into the street.

He happened to meet, in his way, some of those boon companions, with whom his nights of jollity had been spent; but their terms of salutation were so cold and forbidding, as obviously to show that the account of his circumstances had already reached them, and, with them, he who had every thing to ask, and nothing to bestow, could possess no quality attractive of regard. After sauntering from street to street, and from square to square, he found himself towards the close of the day, within a very few paces of that very gaming house where he had been so unfortunate the evening before. A sort of malicious curiosity, and some hope of he knew not what, tempted him to re-enter it. He found much the same company he had seen the preceding night: with the exception, however, of his former associate, and one or two of the younger members of their party, whom the same cause prevented from attending.

Strolling into another room, he found an inferior

set of gamesters, whose stakes were lower, though their vociferation was infinitely more loud. In the far corner sat a man who preserved a composure of countenance, undisturbed by the clamour and confusion that surrounded him. After a little observation, Annesly discovered that he was a money lender, who advanced certain sums, at a very exorbitant premium, to the persons engaged in play. Some of those he saw, who could offer no other security satisfying to this usurer, procured a few guineas from him on pawning a watch, a ring, or some other appendage of former finery. Of such he had before divested himself for urgent demands, and had nothing superfluous about him but his sword, which he had kept the latest, and which he now deposited in the hands of the old gentleman in the corner, who furnished him with a couple of pieces upon it, that with them he might once more try his fortune at the table.

The success exceeded his expectation. It was so rapid that, in less than an hour, he had increased his two guineas to forty, with which he determined to retire contented; but, when he would have redeemed his sword, he was informed that the keeper of it had just gone into the other room; where, as he entered to demand it, he unfortunately overheard the same gentleman who had gained his money the former night offering a bet, to the amount of the sum Annesly then possessed, on a cast where he imagined the chance to be much against it. Stimulated with the desire of doubling his gain, and the sudden provocation, as it were, of the offer, he accepted it; and, in one moment, lost all the fruits

of his former good fortune. The transport of his passion could not express itself in words; but, taking up one of the dice, with the seeming coolness of exquisite anguish, he fairly bit it in two; and, casting a look of frenzy on his sword, which he was now unable to ransom, he rushed out of the house, uncovered as he was, his hat hanging on a peg in the other apartment.

The agitation of his mind was such as denied all attention to common things; and, instead of taking the direct road to his lodgings, he wandered off the street into an obscure alley, where he had not advanced far, till he was accosted by a fellow who, in a very peremptory tone, desired him to deliver his money, or he would instantly blow out his brains, presenting a pistol at less than half a yard's distance. I can give you nothing, said Annesly, because I have nothing to give.—Damn you, returned the other, do you think I'll be fobbed off so? Your money, and be damned to you, or I'll send you to hell in a twinkling! advancing his pistol, at the same time, within a hand's breadth of his face. Annesly, at that instant, struck up the muzzle with his arm; and, laying hold of the barrel, by a sudden wrench, forced the weapon out of the hands of the villain; who, not choosing to risk any farther combat, made the best of his way down the alley, and left Annesly master of his arms. He stood for a moment, entranced in thought. Whoever thou art, said he, I thank thee; by Heaven, thou instructest and armest me! This may provide for to-morrow, or make its provision unnecessary. He now returned with a hurried pace, to the mouth

of the alley; where in the shade of a jutting wall, he could mark, unperceived, the objects in the street. He had stood there but a few seconds, and began, already, to waver in his purpose, when he saw coming out of the gaming-house, which he had left, the very man who had plundered him of his all. The richness of the prize, with immediate revenge, awakened together in his mind, and the suspicion of foul play, which his companion had hinted the night before, gave them a sanction of something like justice: he waited till the chair, in which the gamester was conveyed, came opposite to the place where he stood; then, covering his face with one hand, and assuming a tone different from his natural, he pulled out his pistol, and commanded the leading chairman to stop. This effected, he went up to the chair, and, the gentleman within having let down one of the glasses to know the reason of its stop, the stopper clapped the pistol to his breast, and threatened him with instant death if he did not deliver his money. The other, after some little hesitation, during which Annesly repeated his threats with the most horrible oaths, drew a purse of gold from his pocket, which Annesly snatched out of his hand, and, running down the alley, made his escape at the other end, and, after turning through several streets, in different directions, so as to elude pursuit, arrived safely at home with the booty he had taken.

Meantime the gamester returned to the house he had just quitted, with the account of his disaster. The whole fraternity, who could make no allowance for a robber of this sort, were alarmed at the ac-

cident; every one was busied in inquiry, and a thousand questions were asked about his appearance, his behaviour, and the rout he had taken. The chairmen, who had been somewhat more possessed of themselves at the time of the robbery than their master, had remarked the circumstance of the robber's wanting his hat. This was no sooner mentioned than a buz ran through the company, that the young gentleman who had gone off a little while before, had been observed to be uncovered when he left the house; and, upon search made, his hat was actually found, with his name marked on the inside. This was a ground of suspicion too strong to be overlooked. Messengers were dispatched in quest of the friend who had introduced him there the preceding night; upon his being found, and acquainting them of Annesly's lodgings, proper warrants were obtained for a search.

When that unfortunate young man arrived at home, he was met on the stairs by the lady we have formerly mentioned; who, in terms of bitter reproach, interrupted with tears, inveighed against the cruelty of his neglect, in thus leaving her to pine alone, without even the common comforts of a miserable life. Her censure, indeed, was the more violent, as there was little reason for its violence; for she had that moment dismissed, at a back door, a gallant who was more attentive than Annesly. He, who could very well allow the grounds of her complaint, only pleaded necessity for his excuse; he could but mutter this apology in imperfect words, for the perturbation of his mind almost deprived him of the powers of speech. Upon her

taking notice of this, with much seeming concern for his health, he beckoned her into a chamber, and dashing the purse on the floor, pointed to it with a look of horror, as an answer to her upbraidings.

What have you done for this? said she, taking it up. He threw himself into a chair without answering a word.

At that moment the officers of justice, who had lost no time in prosecuting their information, entered the house; and some of them, accompanied by an attorney employed by the gentleman who had been robbed, walked softly up stairs to the room where Annesly was, and, bursting into it before he could prepare for any defence, laid hold of him in rather a violent manner; which the lawyer observing, desired them to use the gentleman civilly, till he should ask him a few questions. I will answer none, said Annesly, do your duty.—Then, sir, replied the other, you must attend us to those who can question you with better authority; and I must make bold to secure this lady, till she answers some questions also. The lady saved him the trouble; for, being now pretty well satisfied that her hero was at the end of his career, she thought it most prudent to break off a connexion where nothing was to be gained, and make a merit of contributing her endeavours to bring the offender to justice. She called, therefore, this leader of the party into another room; and, being informed by him, that the young gentleman was suspected of having committed a robbery, scarce an hour before, she pulled out the purse which she had just

received from him, and asked the lawyer if it was that which had been taken from his client. Aye, that it is, I'll be sworn ! said he: and here, pouring out its contents, is the ring he mentioned at the bottom.—But, said she, pausing a little, it will prove the thing as well without the guineas.—I protest, returned the lawyer, thou art a girl of excellent invention—Hum !—here are fourscore; one half of them might have been spent—or dropped out by the way; or—any thing may be supposed; and so we shall have twenty a-piece. Some folks to be sure, would take more, but I love conscience in those matters !

Having finished this transaction, in such a manner as might give no offence to the conscience of this honest pettifogger; they returned to the prisoner, who contented himself with darting a look of indignation at his female betrayer: and after being some time in the custody of the lawyer and his assistants, he was carried in the morning, along with her, before a magistrate. The several circumstances I have related being sworn to, Annesly was committed to Newgate; and the gamester bound over to prosecute him at the next sessions, which were not then very distant.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Miseries of him whose Punishment is inflicted by Conscience.

Though Annesly must have suffered much, during the agitation of these proceedings; yet that was

little, to what he felt when left to reflection in the solitude of his new abode. Let the virtuous remember, amidst their afflictions, that though the heart of the good man may bleed even to death, it will never feel a torment equal to the rendings of remorse.

For some time the whirling of his brain gave him no leisure to exercise any faculty that could be termed thinking: when that sort of delirium subsided; it left him, only to make room for more exquisite though less turbulent anguish.

After he had visited every corner of resource, and found them all dark and comfortless, he started, at last, from that posture of despair in which he sat; and turning the glare of his eye intently upwards—

Take back, said he, thou Power that gavest me being ! take back that life, which thou didst breathe into me for the best purposes; but which I have profaned, by actions equally mischievous to thy government, and ignominious to myself. The passions which thou didst implant in me, that reason which should balance them is unable to withstand: from one, only, I receive useful admonition; the shame that could not prevent, now punishes my crimes. Her voice, for once, I will obey; and leave a state in which, if I remain, I continue a blot to nature, and an enemy to man !

He drew a penknife, now his only weapon, from its sheath; he bared his bosom for the horrid deed; when the picture of his father, which the good man had bestowed on him at parting, and he had worn ever since in his bosom, struck his eye—[It was

drawn in the mildness of holy meditation, with the handsfolded together, and the eyes lifted to Heaven] —Merciful God ! said Annesly. He would have uttered a prayer; but his soul was wound up to a pitch, that could but one way be let down: he flung himself on the ground, and burst into an agony of tears.

The door of the apartment opening, discovered the goaler, followed by Sir Thomas Sindall. My friend in this place ! said he, to Annesly—who covered his face with his hands, and replied only by a groan.

Sindall made signs for the keeper of the prison to leave them. Come, said he, my dear Annesly, be not so entirely overcome: I flatter myself you know my friendship too well, to suppose that it will desert you even here. I may, perhaps, have opportunity of comforting you in many ways; at least I shall feel and pity your distresses.—Leave me, answered the other, leave me, I deserve no pity, and methinks there is a pride in refusing it. You must not say so, my love has much to plead for you; nor are you without excuse, even to the world.—Oh ! Sindall, said he, I am without excuse to myself ! when I look back to that peace of mind, to that happiness, I have squandered !—I will not curse; but—Oh ! fool, fool, fool !—I would not, said Sir Thomas, increase that anguish which you feel, were I not obliged to mention the name of your father ! My father ! cried Annesly; O hide me from my father !—Alas ! replied Sindall, he must hear of your disaster from other hands; and it were cruel not to acquaint him of it in a way

that should wound him the least.—Annesly gazed with a look of entrancement on his picture. Great God! said he, for what has thou reserved me?—Sindall, do what thou wilt. Think not of such a wretch as I am; but mitigate, if thou canst, the sorrows of a father, the purity of whose bosom must bleed for the vices of mine.—Fear not, returned Sir Thomas; I hope all will be better than you imagine. It grows late, and I must leave you now; but promise me to be more composed for the future. I will see you again early to-morrow, nor will I let a moment escape, that can be improved to your service.—I must think, said Annesly; and therefore I must feel; but I will often remember your friendship, and my gratitude shall be some little merit left in me, to look upon without blushing.

Sindall bade him farewell, and retired: and at this instant, he was less a villain than he used to be. The state of horror to which he saw this young man reduced was beyond the limits of his scheme; and he began to look upon the victim of his designs, with that pity which depravity can feel, and that remorse which it cannot overcome.

CHAPTER XVII.

His Father is acquainted with Annesly's Situation—His Behaviour in consequence of it.

That letter to old Annesly, which Sindall had undertaken to write, he found a more difficult task

than at first he imagined. The solicitude of his friendship might have been easily expressed, on more common occasions; and hypocrisy, to him, was usually no unpleasant garb: but, at this crisis of Annesly's fate, there were feelings he could not suppress; and he blushed to himself, amidst the protestation of concern and regard with which this account of his misfortune, as he termed it, was accompanied.

Palliated as it was, with all the art of Sir Thomas it may be easily conceived, what effect it must have on the mind of a father; a father, at this time, labouring under the pressure of disease, and confined to a sick bed; whose intervals of thought were now to be pointed to the misery, the disgrace, perhaps the disgraceful death of a darling child. His Harriet, after the first shock which the dreadful tidings had given her, sat by him, stifling the terrors of her gentle soul, and speaking comfort, when her tears would let her.

His grief was aggravated from the consideration of being, at present, unable to attend a son, whose calamities, though of his own procuring, called so loudly for support and assistance.

Unworthy as your brother is, my Harriet, said he, he is my son and your brother still: and must he languish amid the horrors of a prison, without a parent or a sister to lessen them? The prayers which I can put up from this sick bed are all the aid I can minister to him; but your presence might sooth his anguish, and alleviate his sufferings: with regard to this life, perhaps——Do not weep, my love—But you might lead him to a reconciliation

with that Being whose sentence governs eternity. Would it frighten my Harriet to visit a dungeon? Could I leave my dearest father, said she, no place could frighten me where my poor Billy is.—Then you shall go, my child; and I shall be the better for thinking that you are with him. Tell him, though he has wrung my heart, it has not forgotten him. That he should have forgotten me is little; let him but now remember, that there is another Father, whose pardon is more momentous?

Harriet having therefore intrusted her father to the friendship of Mrs. Wistanly, set out, accompanied by a niece of that gentlewoman's, who had been on a visit to her aunt, for the metropolis; where she arrived, a few days before that which was appointed for the trial of her unhappy brother.

Though it was late in the evening when they reached London, yet Harriet's patience would not suffer her to sleep till she had seen the poor prisoner; and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of her companion, to whom her aunt had recommended the tenderest concern about her young friend, she called a hackney coach immediately, to convey her to the place in which Annesly was confined; and her fellow traveller, when her dissuasions to going had failed, very obligingly offered to accompany her.

They were conducted by the turnkey, through a gloomy passage, to the wretched apartment which Annesly occupied. They found him sitting at a little table, on which he leaned, with his hands covering his face. When they entered, he did not change his posture; but on the turnkey's speaking, for his

sister was unable to speak, he started up, and exhibited a countenance pale and haggard, his eyes bloodshot, and his hair dishevelled. On discovering his sister a blush crossed his cheek, and the horror of his aspect was lost in something milder and more piteous. Oh ! my Billy ! she cried; and sprung forward to embrace him. This is too much ! said he; leave and forget a wretch unworthy the name of thy brother.—Would my Billy kill me quite ? This frightful place has almost killed me already. Alas ! Billy, my dearest father——Oh ! Harriet; that name, that name ! Speak not of my father. Ah ! said she, if you knew his goodness. He sent me to comfort and support my brother; he sent me from himself, stretched on a sick bed, where his Harriet should have tended him.—Oh ! curses, curses !—Nay, do not curse, my Billy, he sends you none; his prayers, his blessings, rise for you to Heaven: his forgiveness he bade me convey you; and tell you to seek that of the Father of all goodness ! His sister's hands were clasped in his; he lifted both together: If thou canst hear me, said he, I dare not pray for myself ; but spare a father, whom my crimes have made miserable ! Let me abide the wrath I have deserved; but weigh not down his age for my offences; punish it not with the remembrance of me ! He fell on his sister's neck, and they mingled their tears; nor could the young lady who attended Harriet, or the gaoler himself, forbear accompanying them. This last, however, recovered himself rather sooner than the other; and reminded them that it was late, and that he must lock up for the night. Good night

then, my Harriet! said Annesly. And must we separate? answered his sister; could I not sit and support that distracted head, and close those haggard eyes?—Let me entreat you, returned her brother, to leave me, and compose yourself after the fatigues of your journey, and the perturbation of your mind. I feel myself comforted and refreshed by the sight of my Harriet. I will try to sleep myself, which I have not done these four gloomy nights; unless, perhaps, for a few moments, when the torture of my dreams made waking a deliverance. Good night, my dearest Harriet! She could not say, good night! but she wept it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

His Sister pays him another Visit—A Description of what passed in the Prison.

It was late before Harriet could even think of going to bed; and later before her mind could be quieted enough to allow her any sleep. But nature was, at last, worn out; and the fatigue of her journey, together with the conflict of her soul in the visit she had just made, had so exhausted her, that it was towards noon next day before she awaked. After having chid herself for her neglect, she hurried away to her much beloved brother; whom she found attended by that baronet, to whose good offices I have had so frequent occasion to show him indebted, in the course of my story.

At sight of him, her cheek was flushed with the mingled glow of shame for her brother, and gratitude towards her benefactor. He advanced to salute her; when with the tears starting into her eyes, she fell on her knees before him, and poured forth a prayer of blessings on his head. There could not, perhaps, be a figure more lovely, or more striking, than that which she then exhibited. The lustre of her eyes, heightened by those tears with which the overflowing of her heart supplied them! the glow of her complexion, animated with the suffusion of tenderness and gratitude, these, joined to the easy negligence of her dark brown locks, that waved in ringlets on her panting bosom, made, altogether, with such an assemblage, as beauty is a word too weak for. So forcibly, indeed, was Sindall struck with it, that some little time passed before he thought of lifting her from the ground. He looked his very soul at every glance: but it was a soul unworthy of the object on which he gazed, brutal, unfeeling, and inhuman. He considered her, at that moment, as already within the reach of his machinations; and feasted the grossness of his fancy, with the anticipation of her undoing.

And here let me pause a little, to consider that account of pleasure which the votaries of voluptuousness have frequently stated. I allow for all the delight which Sindall could experience for the present, or hope to experience in the future. I consider it abstracted from its consequences: and I will venture to affirm, that there is a truer, a more exquisite voluptuary than he. Had virtue been now looking on the figure of beauty and of inno-

cence I have attempted to draw ! I see the purpose of benevolence beaming in his eye—its throb is swelling in his heart !—He clasps her to his bosom —he kisses the falling drops from her cheek—he weeps with her, and the luxury of his tears baffles description.

But, whatever were Sir Thomas' sensations at the sight of Harriet, they were interrupted by the gaoler; who now entered the room, and informed him that a gentleman without was earnest to speak with him. Who can it be ? said Sir Thomas, somewhat peevishly. If I am not mistaken, replied the gaoler, it is a gentleman of the name of Camplin, a lawyer, whom I have seen here with some of the prisoners before. This is he of whom I talked to you, Annesly, said the baronet; let me introduce him to you. I have taken my resolution, returned Annesly, and shall have no need of lawyers for my defence. It must not be ! rejoined the other: and, going out of the room, he presently returned with Mr. Camplin .All this while Harriet's look betrayed the strongest symptoms of terror and perplexity; and, when the stranger appeared, she drew nearer and nearer to her brother, with an involuntary sort of motion, till she had twined his arms into hers, and placed herself between him and Camplin. This last observed her fears; for, indeed, she bent her eyes most fixedly upon him; and, making her a bow, Be not afraid, Miss, said, he, here are none but friends ! I learn, sir, that your day is now very near; and, that it is time to be thinking of the business of it.—Good Heavens ! cried Harriet, what day ?—Make yourself easy, madam, continued

Camplin: being the first trip, I hope he may fall soft for this time. I believe nobody doubts my abilities. I have saved many a brave man from the gallows, whose case was more desperate than I take this young gentleman's to be. The colour which had been varying on her cheek during this speech, now left it for a dead pale; and, turning her languid eyes upon her brother, she fell motionless into his arms. He supported her to a chair that stood near him; and, darting an indignant look at the lawyer, begged of the gaoler to procure her some immediate assistance. Sindall, who was kneeling on the other side of her, ordered Camplin who was advancing to make offer of his services too, to be gone, and send them the first surgeon he could find. A surgeon, indeed, had been already procured, who officiated in the prison, for the best of all reasons, because he was not at liberty to leave it. The gaoler now made his appearance, with a bottle of wine in one hand and some water in the other, followed by a tall, meagre, ragged figure; who, striding up to Harriet, applied a small phial of volatile salt to her nose, and chafing her temples, soon brought her to sense and life again. Annesly pressing her to his bosom, begged her to recollect herself, and forget her fears. Pardon this weakness, my dear Billy, said she, I will try to overcome it. Is that horrid man gone? Who is this gentleman?—I have the honour to be a doctor of physic, madam, said he; clapping, at the same time, his greasy fingers to her pulse. Here is a fulness that calls for venesection. So without loss of time, he pulled out a case of lancets, covered

with rust, and spotted with the blood of former patients. Oh! for Heaven's sake, no bleeding, cried Harriet; indeed there is no occasion for it. How, no occasion? exclaimed the other; I have heard, indeed, some ignorants condemn phlebotomy in such cases; but it is my practice, and I am very well able to defend it. It will be allowed that, in plethoric habits—Spare your demonstration, interrupted Annesly, and think of your patient.—You shall not blood me, said she; you shall not, indeed, sir!—Nay, madam, said he, as you please; you are to know, that the operation itself is no part of my profession: it is only *propter necessitatem*, for want of chirurgical practitioners, that I sometimes condescend to it in this place. Sir Thomas gave him a hint to leave them; and at the same time, slipped a guinea into his hand. He immediately retired; looking at the unusual appearance of the gold with so much transport, that he might possibly have as much occasion for bleeding, at that moment, as the patient for whom he had just prescribed it.

Annesly assisted by his friend, used every possible argument to comfort and support his sister. His concern for her had indeed banished, for a while, the consideration of his own state; and when he came to think of that solemn day on which the trial for his life was appointed, his concern was more interested for its effect on his Harriet, than for that it should have on himself.

After they had passed great part of the day together, Sir Thomas observed, that Miss Annesly's present lodgings, in the house of her fellow travel-

ler's father, were so distant, as to occasion much inconvenience to her in her visits to her brother; and very kindly made offer of endeavouring to procure her others, but a few streets off, under the roof of a gentlewoman, he said, an officer's widow, of his acquaintance; who, if she had any apartment unoccupied at the time, he knew, would be as attentive to Miss Annesly as if she were a daughter of her own.

This proposal was readily accepted; and Sir Thomas, having gone upon the inquiry, returned in the evening with an account of his having succeeded in procuring the lodgings: that he had taken the liberty to call and fetch Miss Annesly's baggage from those she had formerly occupied; and that every thing was ready at Mrs. Eldridge's, that was the widow's name, for her reception. After supper, he conducted her thither accordingly.

As he was going out, Annesly whispered to him to return for a few minutes, after he had set down his sister, as he had something particular to communicate to him. When he came back—You have heard, I fancy, Sir Thomas, said he, that the next day but one is the day of my trial. As to myself I wait it with resignation; and shall not give any trouble to my country by a false defence; but I tremble for my sister's knowing it. Could we not contrive some method of keeping her in ignorance of its appointment till it be over; and then prepare her for the event, without subjecting her to the tortures of anxiety and suspense? Sindall agreed in the propriety of the latter part of his scheme; and they resolved to keep his sister that day at

home, on pretence of a meeting in the prison between the lawyers of Annesly and those of his prosecutor. But he warmly insisted that Annesly should accept the services of Camplin towards conducting the cause on his part. Endeavour not to persuade me, my friend, said Annesly; for I now rest satisfied with my determination. I thank Heaven, which has enabled me to rely on its goodness; and meet my fate with the full possession of myself. I will not disdain the mercy which my country may think I merit; but I will not entangle myself in chicane and insincerity, to avoid her justice.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Fate of Annesly determined—Sindall's Friendship, and the gratitude of Harriet.

NOTHING remarkable happened till that day when the fate of Annesly was to be determined by the laws of his country. The project formed by Sindall and himself, for keeping his sister ignorant of its importance, succeeded to their wish. She spent it at home; comforting herself with the hope, that the meeting she understood to be held on it, might turn out advantageously for her brother, and soothed by the kindness of her landlady, who had, indeed, fully answered Sir Thomas's expectations, in the attention she had shown her.

Meanwhile, her unfortunate brother was brought

to the bar, indicted for the robbery committed on the gamester. When he was asked in the customary manner, to plead, he stood up; and addressing himself to the judge—

I am now, my lord, said he, in a situation of all others, the most solemn. I stand in the presence of God and my country; and I am called to confess, or deny, that crime, for which I have incurred the judgment of both. If I have offended, my lord, I am not yet an obdurate offender: I fly not to the subterfuge of villany, though I have fallen from the dignity of innocence; and I will not screen a life which my crimes have disgraced, by a coward lie to prevent their detection. I plead guilty, my lord; and await the judgment of that law which, though I have violated, I have not forgotten to revere.

When he ended, a confused murmur ran through the court, and for some time stopped the judge in his reply. Silence obtained, that upright magistrate, worthy the tribunal of England, spoke to this effect:—

I am sincerely sorry, young gentleman, to see one of your figure at this bar, charged with a crime for which the public safety has been obliged to award an examplary punishment. Much as I admire the heroism of your confession, I will not suffer advantage to be taken of it, to your prejudice: reflect on the consequences of a plea of guilt, which takes from you all opportunity of a legal defence; and speak again, as your own discretion or your friends may best advise you.—I humbly thank your lordship, said Annesly, for the candour and indul-

gence which you show me ; but, I have spoken the truth, and I will not allow myself to think of retracting it.—I am here, returned his lordship, as the dispenser of justice; and I have nothing but justice to give : the province of mercy is in other hands. If, upon inquiry, the case is circumstanced as I wish it to be, my recommendation shall not be wanting to enforce an application there. Annesly was then convicted of the robbery, and the sentence of the law passed upon him.

But the judge, before whom he was tried, was not unmindful of his promise : and having satisfied himself that, though guilty in this instance, he was not habitually flagitious, he assisted so warmly the applications which, through the interest of Sindall (for Sindall was in this sincere), were made in his behalf, that a pardon was obtained for him, on the condition of his suffering transportation for the term of fourteen years.

This alleviation of his punishment was procured before his sister was suffered to know that his trial had ever come on, or what had been its event. When his fate was by this means determined, Sindall undertook to instruct the lady, in whose house he had placed her, that Miss Annesly should be acquainted with the circumstances of it, in such a manner as might least discompose that delicacy and tenderness of which her mind was so susceptible. The event answered his expectation : that good woman seemed possessed of as much address as humanity; and Harriet, by the intervention of both, was led to the knowledge of her brother's situation with so much prudence, that she bore it

at first with resignation, and afterwards looked upon it with thankfulness.

After that acknowledgment to Providence, which she had been early instructed never to forget, there was an inferior agent in this affair to whom her warmest gratitude was devoted. Besides that herself had the highest opinion of Sindall's good offices, her obliging landlady had taken every opportunity, since their acquaintance began, to trumpet forth his praises in the most extravagant strain; and on the present occasion, her encomiums were loud, in proportion as Harriet's happiness was concerned in the event.

Sir Thomas, therefore, began to be considered by the young lady as the worthiest of friends. His own language bore the strongest expressions of friendship; of friendship, and no more: but the widow would often insinuate that he felt more than he expressed, and when Harriet's spirits could bear a little raillery, her landlady did not want for jokes on the subject.

These suggestions of another have a greater effect than is often imagined; they are heard with an ease which does not alarm, and the mind habituates itself to take up such a credit on their truth as it would be sorry to loose, though it is not at the trouble of examining. Harriet did not seriously think of Sindall as of one that was her lover, but she began to make such arrangements as not to be surprised if he should.

One morning when Sir Thomas had called to conduct her on a visit to her brother, Mrs. Eldridge rallied him at breakfast on his being still a bache-

lor. What is your opinion, Miss Annesly? said she, is it not a shame for one of Sir Thomas's fortune not to make some worthy woman happy in the participation of it? Sindall submitted to be judged by so fair an arbitress. He said, the manners of the court ladies, whose example had stretched unhappily too far, were such, as made it a sort of venture to be married; he then paused for a moment, sighed, and fixing his eyes upon Harriet, drew such a picture of the woman whom he would choose for a wife, that she must have had some sillier qualities tham mere modesty about her, not to have made some guess at his meaning.

In short, though she was as little wanting in delicacy as most women, she began to feel a certain interest in the good opinion of Sindall, and to draw some conclusions from his deportment, which, for the sake of my fair readers, I would have them remember, are better to be slowly understood than hastily indulged!

CHAPTER XX.

An Accident, which may possibly be imagined somewhat more than accidental.

Though the thoughts of Annesly's future situation could not but be distressful to his sister and him; yet the deliverance from greater evils which they had experienced served to enlighten the prospect of those they feared. His father, whose consolation

always attended the calamity he could neither prevent nor cure, exhorted his son, in an answer to the account his sister and he had transmitted him of the events contained in the preceding chapter, to have a proper sense of the mercy of his God and his king; and to bear what was a mitigation of his punishment, with a fortitude and resignation becoming the subject of both. The same letter informed his children that, though he was not well enough recovered to be able to travel, yet he was gaining ground on his distemper, and hoped, as the season advanced, to get the better of it altogether. He sent that blessing to his son which he was prevented from bestowing personally, with a credit for any sum which he might have occasion for, against his approaching departure.

His children received additional comfort from the good accounts of their father which this letter contained, and even in Annesly's prison there were some intervals in which they forgot the fears of parting and indulged themselves in temporary happiness.

It was during one of these that Sindall observed to Harriet how little she possessed the curiosity her sex was charged with, who had never once thought of seeing any thing in London that strangers were most solicitous to see; and proposed, that very night, to conduct her to the playhouse, where the royal family were to be present at the representation of a new comedy.

Harriet turned a melancholy look towards her brother; and made answer, that she could not think

of any amusement that should subject him to hours of solitude in a prison.

Upon this, Annesly was earnest in pressing her to accept Sir Thomas's invitation: he said, she knew how often he choose to be alone, at times when he could most command society; and that he should find an additional pleasure in theirs, when they returned to him, fraught with the intelligence of the play.

But there is something unbecoming in it, said Harriet, in the eyes of others.

That objection, replied Sindall, will be easily removed; we shall go, accompanied by Mrs. Eldridge, to the gallery, where even those who have many acquaintance in town are dressed so much in the incognito way as never to be discovered.

Annesly repeated his entreaties; Mrs. Eldridge seconded, Sindall enforced them: and all three urged so many arguments, that Harriet was at last overcome, and to the play they accordingly went.

Though this was the first entertainment of the sort at which Harriet had ever been present; yet the thoughts of her absent brother, in whose company all her former amusements had been enjoyed, so much damped the pleasure she should have felt from this, that as soon as the play was over she begged of her conductor to return, much against the desire of Mrs. Eldridge, who entreated them to indulge her by staying the farce. But Harriet seemed so uneasy at the thoughts of a longer absence from her brother, that the other's solicitations were at last overruled; and, making shift to

get through the crowd, they left the house, and set out in a hackney coach on their return.

They had got the length of two or three streets on their way, when the coachman—who, indeed, had the appearance of being exceedingly drunk—drove them against a post, by which accident one of the wheels was broken to pieces, and the carriage itself immediately overturned. Sindall had luckily put down the glass on that side, but a moment before, to look at something; so that they escaped any mischief which might have ensued from the breaking of it: and, except the ladies being extremely frightened, no bad consequences followed. The disaster happened just at the door of a tavern; the mistress of which, seeing the discomposure of the ladies, very politely begged them to step into her own room till they could readjust themselves and procure another coach from a neighbouring stand, for which she promised immediately to dispatch one of her servants. All this while, Sir Thomas was venting his wrath against the coachman, continuing to cane him most unmercifully, till stopped by the intercession of Harriet and Mrs. Eldridge, and prevailed upon to accompany them into the house, at the obliging request of its mistress. He asked pardon for giving way to his passion, which apprehension for their safety, he said, had occasioned; and taking Harriet's hand, with a look of the utmost tenderness, inquired if she felt no hurt from the fall? Upon her answering that, except the fright, she was perfectly well—Then all is well! said he, pressing her hand to his bosom; which rose to meet it with a sigh.

He then called for a bottle of Madeira, of which his companions each drank a glass; but upon his presenting another, Mrs. Eldridge declared she never tasted anything between meals, and Harriet said that her head was already affected by the glass she had taken. This however, he attributed to the effects of the overturn, for which another bumper was an infallible remedy; and on Mrs. Eldridge's setting the example, though with the utmost reluctance, Harriet was prevailed upon to follow it.

She was seated on a settee at the upper end of the room, Sindall sat on a chair by her, and Mrs. Eldridge, from choice, was walking about the room. It somehow happened that, in a few minutes, the last mentioned lady left her companions by themselves.

Sindall, whose eyes had not been idle before, cast them now to the ground, with a look of the most feeling discomposure; and gently lifting them again,—I know not, said he, most lovely of women, whether I should venture to express the sensations of my heart at this moment: that respect, which ever attends a love so sincere as mine, has hitherto kept me silent; but the late accident, in which all that I hold dear was endangered, has opened every sluice of tenderness in my soul, and I were more or less than man, did I resist the impulse of declaring it.—This is no place, sir—, said Harriet, trembling, and covered with blushes. Every place, cried Sindall, is sacred to love where my Harriet is. At the same time he threw himself on his knees before her, and imprinted a thousand burning kisses on her hand. Let go my hand, Sir Thomas! she cried,

her voice faltering, and her cheek overspread with a still higher glow. Never thou cruel one, said he —raising himself gently, till he had gained a place on the settee by her side—never till you listen to the dictates of a passion too violent to be longer resisted.——At that instant, some bustle was heard at the door, and presently after a voice, in a country accent vociferating—It is my neighbour's own daughter, and I must see her immediately! The door burst open, and discovered Jack Ryland—Mrs. Eldridge following him, with a countenance not the most expressive of good humour.

Ryland! exclaimed the baronet, what is the meaning of this? advancing towards him with an air of fierceness and indignation, which the other returned with a hearty shake by the hand, saying, he was rejoiced to find Miss Harriet in so good company. Dear Mr. Ryland, said she, a little confusedly, I am happy to see you; but it is odd—I cannot conceive—tell us, as Sir Thomas was just now asking, how you came to find us out here?

Why, you must understand, Miss, returned Jack, that I have got a little bit of legacy left me, by a relation here in London. As I was coming up on that business, I thought I could not do less than ask your worthy father's commands for you and Mr. William. So we settled matters that, as our times, I believe, will agree well enough, I should have the pleasure, if you are not otherwise engaged, of conducting you home again. I came to town only this day; and after having eaten a mutton chop at the inn where I lighted, and got myself into a little decent trim, I set out from a place they call

Piccadilly, I think, asking every body I met, which was the shortest way to Newgate, where I understood your brother was to be found. But I was like to make a marvellous long journey on it; for besides that it is a huge long way, as I was told, I hardly met with one person that would give a mannerly answer to my questions. To be sure, they are the most humoursome people here, in London, that ever I saw in my life! When I asked the road to Newgate, one told me I was not likely to be long in finding it; another bade me cut the first throat I met, and it would show me: and a deal of such out of the way jokes. At last, while I was looking round for some civil like body to inquire of, who should I see whip past me in a coach but yourself, with that lady, as I take it? Upon which I hallooed out to the coachman to stop; but he did not hear me, as I suppose, and drove on as hard as ever. I followed him close at the heels for some time; till, the street he turned into being much darker than where I saw you first, by reason there were none of your torches blazing there, I fell headlong into a rut in the middle of it, and lost sight of the carriage before I could recover myself; however, I ran down a right hand road, which I guessed you had taken, asking any body I thought would give me an answer, if they had seen a coach with a handsome young woman in it, drawn by a pair of dark bays? But I was only laughed at for my pains, till I fell in by chance with a simple countryman like myself, who informed me that he had seen such a one overturned just before this here large house; and the door being open, I

stepped in without more ado, till I happened to hear this lady whispering something to another about Sir Thomas Sindall, when I guessed that you might be with him, as acquaintances will find one another out, you know!—And so here I am, at your service and Sir Thomas'!

This history afforded as little entertainment to its hearers, as it may have done to the greatest part of my readers; but it gave Sir Thomas and Harriet time enough to recover from that confusion into which the appearance of Ryland had thrown both of them; though with this difference—that Harriet's was free from the guilt of Sindall's, and did dot even proceed from the least suspicion of any thing criminal in the intentions of that gentleman.

Sir Thomas pretended great satisfaction in having met with his acquaintance Mr. Ryland; and, having obtained another hackney coach, they drove together to Newgate; where Jack received a much sincerer welcome from Annesly, and they passed the evening with the greatest satisfaction.

Not but that there moved something unusual in the bosom of Harriet, from the declaration of her lover; and in his, from the attempt which Providence had interposed to disappoint: he consoled himself, however, with the reflection, that he had not gone such a length as to alarm her simplicity, and took from the mortification of the past by the hope of more successful villany.

CHAPTER XXI.

An Account of Annesly's Departure.

It was not long before the time arrived in which Annesly was to bid adieu to his native country, for the term which the mercy of his sovereign had allotted for his punishment. He behaved at this juncture with a determined sort of coolness, not easily expected from one of his warmth of feelings, at a time of life when these are in their fullest vigour. His sister, whose gentle heart began to droop under the thoughts of their separation, he employed every argument to comfort. He bade her remember that it had been determined he should be absent for some years, before this necessity of his absence had arisen. Suppose me on my travels, said he, my Harriet, but for a longer term, and the sum of this calamity is exhausted; if there are hardships awaiting me, think how I should otherwise expiate my follies and my crimes! The punishments of Heaven, our father has often told us, are mercies to its children: mine, I hope, will have a double effect; to wipe away my former offences, and prevent my offending for the future.

He was actuated by the same steadiness of spirit in the disposal of what money his father's credit enabled him to command. He called in an exact account of his debts, those of Sindall not excepted, and discharged them in full; much against the inclination of Sir Thomas, who insisted, as much as in decency he could, on cancelling every obligation

of that sort to himself. But Annesly was positive in his resolution; and after having cleared these incumbrances, he embarked with only a few shillings in his pocket, saying that he would never pinch his father's age to mitigate the punishment which his son had more than deserved.

There was another account to settle, which he found a more difficult task. The parting with his sister he knew not how to accomplish, without such a pang as her tender frame could very ill support. At length he resolved to take at least from its solemnity, if he could not alleviate its anguish. Having sat, therefore, with Harriet, till past midnight, on the eve of his departure, which he employed in renewing his arguments of consolation, and earnestly recommending her to keep up those spirits which should support her father and herself, he pretended a desire to sleep; appointed an hour for breakfasting with her in the morning; and so soon as he could prevail on her to leave him, he went on board the boat which waited to carry him and some unfortunate companions of his voyage to the ship destined to transport them.

Sir Thomas accompanied him a little way down the river, till, at the earnest desire of his friend he was carried ashore in a sculler which they happened to meet on their way. When they parted, Annesly wrung his hand, and dropping a tear on it, which hitherto he had never allowed himself to shed—To my faithful Sindall, said he, I leave a trust more precious to this bosom than every other earthly good. Be the friend of my father, as you have been that of his undeserving son; and protect

my Harriet's youth, who has lost that protection a brother should have afforded her. If the prayers of a wretched exile in a foreign land can be heard of Heaven, the name of his friend shall rise, with those of a parent and a sister, in his hourly benedictions; and if at any time you should bestow a thought upon him, remember the only comfort of which adversity has not deprived him, the confidence of his Sindall's kindness to those whom he has left weeping behind him.

Such was the charge which Annesly gave, and Sindall received; he received it with a tear, a tear which the better part of his nature had yet reserved from the ruins of principle, of justice, of humanity. It fell involuntarily at the time, and he thought of it afterwards with a blush. Such was the system of self-applause which the refinements of vice had taught him, and such is the honour she has reared for the worship of her votaries!

Annesly kept his eyes on the lights of London, till the increasing distance deprived them of their object. Nor did his imagination fail him, in the picture, after that help was taken from him. The form of the weeping Harriet, lovely in her grief, still swam before his sight; on the back ground stood a venerable figure, turning his eyes to Heaven; while a tear, that swelled in each, dropped for the sacrifice of his sorrow, and a bending angel accepted it as incense.

Thus, by a series of dissipation, so easy in its progress that, if my tale were fiction, it would be thought too simple, was this unfortunate young man lost to himself, his friends, and his country.

Take but a few incidents away, and it is the history of thousands? Let not those who have escaped the punishment of Annesly, look with indifference on the participation of his guilt, nor suffer the present undisturbed enjoyment of their criminal pleasures to blot from their minds the idea of future retribution.

CHAPTER XXII.

Harriet is informed of her Brother's Departure—She leaves London, on her return Home.

SINDALL took upon himself the charge of communicating the intelligence of Annesly's departure to his sister. She received it with an entrancement of sorrow which deprived her of its expression; and when, at last, her tears found their way to utter it —Is he gone? said she; and shall I never see him more? Cruel Billy!—Oh, Sir Thomas, I had a thousand things to say! and has he left me without a single adieu?—It was in kindness to you, Miss Annesly, answered the baronet, that he did so.—I believe you, said she; I know it was; and yet methinks he should have bid me farewell! I could have borne it; indeed, I could—I am not so weak as you think me; yet, Heaven knows, I have need of strength!—and she burst into tears again.

Sir Thomas did not want for expressions of comfort, or of kindness; nor did he fail, amidst the assurances of his friendship, to suggest those tender

sensations which his bosom felt on account of Miss Annesly. She gave him a warmth of gratitude in return; which, though vice may sometimes take advantage of it, virtue can never blame.

His protestations were interrupted by the arrival of Ryland, who had accidentally heard of Annesly's embarkment. Jack had but few words to communicate his feelings by, but his eyes helped them out, with an honest tear. Your brother, I hear, is gone, Miss Harriet! said he. Well, Heaven bless him, wherever he goes!

Harriet begged to know, when it would suit his convenience to leave London; saying, that every day she staid there, now, would reproach her absence from her father. Jack made answer, that he could be ready to attend her at an hour's warning: for, that his business in London was finished, and as for pleasure, he could find none in it. It was agreed, therefore, contrary to the zealous advice of Sir Thomas, and Mrs. Eldridge, that Harriet should set off, accompanied by Mr. Ryland, the very next morning.

Their resolution was accomplished, and they set out by the break of day. Sindall accompanied them on horseback several stages, and they dined together about forty miles from London. Here, having settled their route, according to a plan of Sir Thomas's, who seemed to be perfectly versant in the geography of the country through which they were to pass, he was prevailed on, by the earnest entreaty of Harriet, to return to London, and leave her to perform the rest of the journey under the protection of Mr. Ryland.

On their leaving the inn at which they dined, there occurred an incident, of which, though the reader may have observed me not apt to dwell on trifling circumstances, I cannot help taking notice. While they were at dinner, they were frequently disturbed by the boisterous mirth of a company in the room immediately adjoining. This, one of the waiters informed them, proceeded from a gentleman who, he believed, was travelling from London down into the country, and having no companion, had associated with the landlord over a bottle of claret; which, according to the waiter's account, his honour had made so free with, as to be in a merrier, or, as that word may generally be translated, a more noise-making mood, than usual. As Sindall was handing Harriet into the postchaise, they observed a gentleman, whom they concluded to be the same whose voice they had so often heard at dinner, standing in the passage that led to the door. When the lady passed him, he trod, either accidentally or on purpose, on the skirt of her gown behind; and, as she turned about to get rid of the stop, having now got sight of her face, he exclaimed with an oath, that she was an angel, and seizing the hand with which she was disengaging her gown, pressed it to his lips, in so rude a manner, that even his drunkenness could not excuse it. At least, it could not, to Sindall; who, stepping between him and Miss Annesly, laid hold of his collar, and shaking him violently, demanded how he dared to affront the lady; and insisted on his immediately asking her pardon. Damme! said he, hiccuping, not on compulsion, damme! for you nor any man,

damme! The landlord and Mr. Ryland now interposed, and with the assistance of Harriet, pacified Sir Thomas, from the consideration of the gentleman's being in a state of temporary insanity. Sindall, accordingly, let go his hold, and went on with Harriet to the chaise; while the other readjusting his neckcloth, swore that he would have another peep at the girl, notwithstanding.

When Harriet was seated in the chaise, Sindall took notice of the flutter into which this accident had thrown her. She confessed that she had been a good deal alarmed, lest there should have been a quarrel on her account; and begged Sir Thomas, if he had any regard for her ease of mind, to think no more of any vengeance against the other gentleman. Fear not, my adorable Harriet, whispered Sir Thomas; if I thought there were one kind remembrance of Sindall in that heavenly bosom— The chaise drove on.—She blushed a reply to this unfinished speech; and bowed, smiling to its author.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Harriet proceeds on her Journey with Ryland—A very daring Attack is made upon them—The Consequences.

Nothing farther happened worthy of recording, till towards the close of that journey which Sir Thomas's direction had marked out for their first

day's progress. Ryland had before observed, that Sir Thomas's short roads had turned out very sorry ones: and when it began to be dark, Harriet's fears made her take notice, that they had got upon a large common, where, for a great way round, there was not a house to be seen. Nor was she at all relieved by the information of the postboy; who, upon being interrogated by Ryland, as to the safety of the road, answered—To be sure, master, I've known some highwaymen frequent this common; and there stands a gibbet hard by, where two of them have hung these three years. He had scarcely uttered this speech, when the noise of horsemen was heard behind them; at which, Miss Annesly's heart began to palpitate, nor was her companion's free from unusual agitation. He asked the postboy, in a low voice, if he knew the riders who were coming up behind? the boy answered in the negative, but that he need not be afraid, as he observed a carriage along with them.

The first of the horsemen now passed the chaise in which Ryland and Harriet were; and at the distance of a few yards, they crossed the road, and made a halt on the other side of it. Harriet's fears were now too much alarmed to be quieted by the late assurance of the postboy. She was not, indeed, long suffered to remain in a state of suspense. One of those objects of her terror called to the driver to stop; which the lad had no sooner complied with, than he rode up to the side of the carriage where the lady was seated, and told her, in a tone rather peremptorily than threatening, that she must allow that gentleman, meaning Ryland, to accept of a

seat in another carriage, which was just behind, and do him and his friends the honour of taking one of them for her companion. He received no answer to this demand; she to whom it was made having fainted in the arms of her terrified fellow traveller. In this state of insensibility, Ryland was forced by the inhuman ruffian and his associates to leave her, and enter a chaise which now drew up to receive him; and one of the gang, whose appearance bespoke something of a higher rank than the rest, seated himself by her, and was very assiduous in using proper means for her recovery. When that was effected, he begged her in terms of great politeness, not to make herself in the least uneasy, for that no harm was intended. Oh, heaven! she cried, where am I? what would you have? whither would you carry me? where is Mr. Ryland?—If you mean the gentleman in whose company you were, madam, you may be assured that nothing ill shall happen to him, any more than to yourself.—Nothing ill! said she; merciful God! what do you intend to do with me?—I would not do you a mischief for the world, answered he: and if you will be patient for a little time, you shall be satisfied that you are in danger of none. All this while, they forced the postboy to drive on full speed; and there was light enough for Harriet to discover, that the road they took had so little appearance of a frequented one, that there was but a very small chance of her meeting with any relief. In a short time after, however, when the moon shining out made it lighter, she found they were obliged to slacken their pace, from being met in a

narrow part of the road, by some persons on horseback. The thought of relief, recruited a little her exhausted spirits, and having got down the front glass, she called out as loud as she was able, begging their assistance to rescue a miserable creature from ruffians. One who attended the carriage, by the way of guard, exclaimed, that it was only a poor wretch out of her senses, whom her friends were conveying to a place of security: but Harriet, notwithstanding some endeavors of the man in the chaise to prevent her, cried out with greater vehemence than before, entreating them, for God's sake, to pity and relieve her. By this time, one who had been formerly behind, came up to the front of the party they had met, and overhearing this last speech of Harriet's—Good God! said he, can it be Miss Annesly? Upon this, her companion in the carriage jumped out with a pistol in his hand, and presently she heard the report of fire-arms; at which, the horses taking fright, ran furiously across the fields for a considerable way, before their driver was able to stop them. He had scarcely accomplished that, when he was accosted by a servant in livery, who bade him fear nothing, for that his master had obliged the villains to make off. Eternal blessings on him! cried Harriet, and to that Providence, whose instrument he is!—To have been of any service to Miss Annesly, replied a gentleman, who now appeared leading his horse, rewards itself.—It was Sindall. Gracious powers! exclaimed the astonished Harriet; can it be you, Sir Thomas?—Compose yourself, my dear Miss Annesly, said he; lest the surprise of your deliverance

should overpower you spirits. He had opened the door of the chaise; and Harriet, by a natural motion, made room for him to sit by her. He accordingly gave his horse to a servant, and stepped into the chaise; directing the driver to strike down a particular path, which would lead him to a small inn, where he had sometimes passed the night when a hunting.

When he pulled up the glass—Tell me, tell me, Sir Thomas, said Harriet, what guardian angel directed you so unexpectedly to my relief?—That guardian angel, my fairest, which I trust will ever direct us to happiness; my love, my impatient love, that could not bear the tedious days which my Harriet's presence has ceased to brighten. When she would have expressed the warmth of her gratitude for his services—Speak not of them, said he; I only risked a life in thy defence, which without thee it is nothing to possess.

They now reached that inn to which Sindall had directed them; where if they found a homely, yet it was a cordial reception. The landlady, who had the most obliging and attentive behaviour in the world, having heard of the accident which had befallen the lady, produced some waters, which she said were highly cordial, and begged Miss Annesly to take a large glass of them; informing her, that they were made after a recipe of her grandmother's, who was one of the most notable doctresses in the country. Sir Thomas, however, was not satisfied with this prescription alone, but dispatched one of his servants to fetch a neighbouring surgeon; as Miss Annesly's alarm, he said, might

have more serious consequences than people, ignorant of such things, could imagine. For this surgeon, indeed, there seemed more employments than one: the sleeve of Sir Thomas's shirt was discovered to be all over blood, owing, as he imagined, to the grazing of a pistol-ball which had been fired at him. This, himself treated very lightly, but it awakened the fears and tenderness of Harriet in the liveliest manner.

The landlady now put a question—which, indeed, might naturally have suggested itself before; to wit,—whom they suspected to be the instigators of this outrage? Sir Thomas answered—that, for his part, he could form no probable conjecture about the matter; and turning to Miss Annesly, asked her opinion on the subject. Surely, said he, it cannot have been that ruffian, who was rude to you at the inn where we dined! Harriet answered, that she could very well suppose it might; adding, that though, in the confusion, she did not pretend to have taken very distinct notice of things, yet she thought there was a person standing at the door, near to that drunken gentleman, who had some resemblance of the man that sat by her in the chaise.

They were interrupted by the arrival of the surgeon; which, from the vigilance of the servant, happened in a much shorter time than could have been expected: and Harriet peremptorily insisted that, before he took any charge of her, he should examine and dress the wound on Sir Thomas's arm. To this, therefore, the baronet was obliged to consent: and after having been some time with the operator in an adjoining chamber, they returned together,

Sir Thomas's arm being slung in a piece of crape; and the surgeon declaring, highly to Miss Annesly's satisfaction, that with proper care there was no sort of danger; though, he added that, if the shot had taken a direction but half an inch more to the left, it would have shattered the bone to pieces. This last declaration drove the blood again from Harriet's cheek; and contributed, perhaps, more than anything else, to that quickness and tremulation of pulse, which the surgeon, on applying his finger to her wrist, pronounced to be the case. He ordered his patient to be undressed, which was accordingly done, the landlady accommodating her with a bed-gown of her own: and then, having mulled a little wine, he mixed in it some powders of his own composition; a secret, he said, of the greatest efficacy in readjusting any disorders in the nervous system; of which draught, he recommended a large teacup ful to be taken immediately. Harriet objected strongly against these powders: till the surgeon seemed to grow angry at her refusal; and recapitulated, in a very rapid manner, the success which their administration had in many great families, who did him the honour of employing him, Harriet, the gentleness of whose nature could offend no one living, overcame her reluctance, and swallowed the dose that was offered her !——

The indignation of my soul has with difficulty submitted so long, to this cool description of a scene of the most exquisite villany! the genuineness of my tale needs not the aid of surprise, to interest the feelings of my readers ! It is with horror I tell them, that the various incidents, which this and

the preceding chapter contain, were but the prelude of a design, formed by Sindall, for the destruction of that innocence which was the dowry of Annesly's daughter. He had contrived a route the most proper for the success of his machinations, which the ignorance of Ryland was prevailed on to follow; he had bribed a set of banditti, to execute that sham rape which his seeming valour was to prevent; he had scratched his wrist with a penknife, to make the appearance of being wounded in the cause; he had trained his victim to the house of a wretch, whom he had before employed in purposes of a similar kind; he had dressed one of his own creatures to personate a surgeon; and that surgeon, by his directions, had administered certain powders, of which the damnable effects were, to assist the execution of his villany.

Beset with toils like these, his helpless prey was, alas! too much in his power, to have any chance of escape: and that guilty night completed the ruin of her whom, but the day before, the friend of Sindall, in the anguish of his soul, had recommended to his care and protection!—

Let me close this chapter, on the monstrous deed! that such things are is a thought distressful to humanity—their detail can gratify no mind that deserves to be gratified.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Situation of Harriet, and the Conduct of Sindall —They proceed homeward—Some Incidents in their Journey.

I WOULD describe, if I could, the anguish which the recollection of the succeeding day brought on the mind of Harriet Annesly. But it is in such passages that the expression of the writer will do little justice even to his own feelings; much must, therefore, be left to those of the reader.

The poignancy of her own distress was doubled by the idea of her father's: a father, whose pride, whose comfort, but a few week's ago, she had been; to whom she was now to return, deprived of that innocence which could never be restored. I should rather say, that honour; for guilt it could not be called, under the circumstances into which she had been betrayed: but the world has little distinction to make; and the fall of her, whom the deepest villany has circumvented, it brands with that common degree of infamy which, in its justice, it always imputes to the side of the less criminal party.

Sindall's pity, for we will do him no injustice, might be touched; his passion was but little abated: and he employed the language of both, to comfort the affliction he had caused. From the violence of what, by the perversion of words, is termed love, he excused the guilt of his past conduct, and protested his readiness to wipe it away, by the future.

He begged that Harriet would not suffer her delicacy to make her unhappy, under the sense of their connection; he vowed, that he considered her as his wife; and that, as soon as particular circumstances would allow him, he would make her what the world called so, though the sacredness of his attachment was above being increased by any form whatever.

There was something in the mind of Harriet, which allowed her little ease, under all these protestations of regard: but they took off the edge of her present affliction; and she heard them, if not with warmth of hope, at least with an alleviation of despair.

They now set out on their return to the peaceful mansion of Annesly. How blissful in any other circumstances, had Harriet imagined the sight of a father, whom she now trembled to behold!

They had not proceeded many miles, when they were met by Ryland, attended by a number of rustics whom he had assembled for the purpose of searching after Miss Annesly. It was only, indeed, by the lower class, that the account he gave had been credited: for which, those who did not believe it cannot much be blamed, when we consider its improbability; and likewise, that Jack's persuasive powers were not of a sort that easily induces persuasion, even when not disarranged by the confusion and fright of such an adventure.

His joy, at finding Harriet safe in the protection of Sir Thomas, was equally turbulent with his former fears for her welfare. After rewarding his present associates with the greatest part of the

money in his pocket, he proceeded, in a manner not the most distinct, to give an account of what befel himself, subsequent to that violence which had torn him from his companion. The chaise, he said, into which he was forced, drove by several cross roads, about three or four miles from the place where they were first attacked: it then stopping, his attendant commanded him to get out, and pointing to a farm-house, which by the light of the moon was discernible at some distance, told him that, if he went thither, he would find accommodation for the night, and might pursue his journey with safety in the morning.

He now demanded, in his turn, a recital from Harriet, of her share of their common calamity; which she gave him, in the few words the present state of her spirits could afford. When she had ended, Ryland fell on his knees, in gratitude to Sir Thomas for her deliverance. Harriet turned on Sindall a look infinitely expressive, and it was followed by a starting tear.

They now proceeded to the next stage, on their way homeward; Sindall declaring that, after what had happened, he would on no account, leave Miss Annesly, till he had delivered her safe into the hands of her father. She heard this speech with a sigh so deep, that if Ryland had possessed much penetration, he would have made conjectures of something uncommon on her mind: but he was guiltless of imputing to others what his honesty never experienced in himself. Sir Thomas observed it better, and gently chid it, by squeezing her hand in his.

At the inn where they first stopped, they met with a gentleman; who made the addition of a fourth person to their party; being an officer who was going down to the same part of the country on recruiting orders, and happened to be a particular acquaintance of Sir Thomas Sindall: his name was Camplin.

He afforded to their society an ingredient of which, at present, it seemed to stand pretty much in need; to wit, a proper share of mirth and humour: for which nature seemed, by a profusion of animal spirits, to have very well fitted him. She had not, perhaps, bestowed on him much sterling wit, but she had given him abundance of that counterfeit assurance, which frequently passes more current than the real. In this company to which chance had associated him, he had an additional advantage, from the presence of Ryland, whom he very soon discovered to be of that order of men, called Butts: those easy cushions, to borrow a metaphor of Otway's, on whom the wits of the world repose and fatten.

Besides all this, he had a fund of conversation, arising from the adventures of a life, which according to his own account, he had passed equally in the perils of war and the luxuries of peace: his memoirs affording repeated instances of his valour, in dangers of the field; his address, in the society of the great; and his gallantry, in connexions with the fair.

But, lest the reader should imagine that the real portraiture of this gentleman was to be found in those lineaments which he drew of himself, I will

take the liberty candidly, though briefly, to communicate some particulars relating to his quality, his situation, and his character.

He was the son of a man who called himself an attorney, in a village adjoining to Sir Thomas Sindall's estate. His father, Sir William, with whom I made my readers a little acquainted in the beginning of my story, had found this same lawyer useful in carrying on some proceedings against his poor neighbours, which the delicacy of more established practitioners in the law might possibly have boggled at; and he had grown into consequence with the baronet, from that pliancy of disposition which was so suited to his service. Not that Sir William was naturally cruel, or oppressive; but he had an exalted idea of the consequence which a great estate confers on its possessor, which was irritated beyond measure when any favourite scheme of his was opposed by a man of little fortune, however just or proper his reasons for opposition might be; and though *a good sort of man*, as I have before observed, his vengeance was implacable.

Young Camplin, who was nearly of an age with master Tommy Sindall, was frequently at Sir William's, in quality of a dependant companion to his son: and before the baronet died, he had procured him an ensign's commission, in a regiment which, some years after, was stationed in one of our garrisons abroad; where Camplin, much against his inclination, was under a necessity of joining it.

Here he happened to have an opportunity of obliging the chief in command, by certain little of-

fices which, though not strictly honourable in themselves, are santified by the favour and countenance of many honourable men : and so much did they attach his commander to the ensign, that the latter was very soon promoted, by his interest, to the rank of a lieutenant; and not long after, was enabled to make a very advantageous purchase of a company.

With this patron, also, he returned to England, and was received, at all times, in a very familiar manner into his house : where he had the honour of carving good dishes, which he was sometimes permitted to taste; of laughing at jokes, which he was sometimes allowed to make; and carried an obsequious face into all companies, who were not treated with such extraordinary respect as to preclude his approach.

About this time, his father, whose business in the country had not increased since the death of Sir William Sindall, had settled in London; where the reader will recollect having met with him, in a former chapter : but the captain, during his patron's residence there, lived too near St. James's, to make many visits to Gray's Inn; and after that gentleman left the town, he continued to move amidst a circle of men of fashion, with whom he contrived to live in a manner which has been often defined by the expression of—nobody knows how. Which sort of life he had followed uninterruptedly, without ever joining his regiment; till he was now obliged, by the change of a colonel, to take some of the duty in his turn, and was ordered a recruiting, as I have taken due occasion to relate.

In this company, did Harriet return to her father. As the news of disaster is commonly speedy in its course, the good man had already been confusedly informed of the attack which had been made on his daughter. To him, therefore, this meeting was so joyful, as almost to blot from his remembrance the calamities which had lately befallen his family. But far different were the sensations of Harriet: she shrunk from the sight of a parent, of whose purity she now conceived herself unworthy; and fell, blushing on his neck, which she bathed with a profusion of tears. This he imagined to proceed from her sensibility of those woes which her unhappy brother had suffered: and he forbore to take notice of her distress, any otherwise than by maintaining a degree of cheerfulness, himself, much above what the feelings of his heart could warrant.

He was attended, when her fellow-travellers accompanied Miss Annesly to his house, by a gentleman, whom he now introduced to her by the name of Rawlinson; saying, he was a very worthy friend of his, who had lately returned from abroad. Harriet, indeed, recollected to have heard her father mention such a one in their conversations before. Though a good deal younger than Annesly, he had been a very intimate school-fellow of his in London: from which place, he was sent to the East Indies; and returned, as was common in those days, with some thousand pounds, and a good conscience, to his native country. A genuine plainness of manners, and a warm benevolence of heart, neither the refinements of life nor the subtleties of

traffic had been able to weaken in Rawlinson : and he set out, under the impression of both, immediately after his arrival in England, to visit a companion, whose virtues he remembered with veneration, and the value of whose friendship he had not forgotten. Annesly received him with that welcome, which his fireside ever afforded to the worthy; and Harriet, through the dimness of her grief, smiled on the friend of her father.

CHAPTER XXV.

Something farther of Mr. Rawlinson.

Rawlinson found his reception so agreeable, that he lengthened his visit much beyond the limits which he at first intended it; and at the earnest request of Annesly, to whom his friend's company was equally pleasing, extended them still a little farther.

During this period, he had daily opportunities of observing the amiable dispositions of Harriet. He observed, indeed, a degree of melancholy about her, which seemed extraordinary in one of her age; but he was satisfied to account for it, from the relation which her father had given him of the situation of his son, and that remarkable tenderness of which his daughter was susceptible. When viewed in this light, it added to the good opinion which he already entertained of her.

His esteem for Miss Annesly shewed itself by

every mark of attention which a regard for the other sex unavoidably prompts in ours; and a young woman, or her father, who had no more penetration in those matters than is common to many, would not have hesitated to pronounce, that Rawlinson was already the lover of Harriet. But as neither she nor her father had any wishes pointing that way, which had been one great index for discovery, they were void of any suspicion of his intentions, till he declared them to Annesly himself.

He did this with an openness and sincerity conformable to the whole of his character. He told his friend that he had now made such a fortune as enabled him to live independently; and that he looked for a companion to participate it, whose good sense would improve what were worthy, and whose good nature would bear what were imperfect in him. He had discovered, he said, so much of both, in the mind of Miss Annesly, that there needed not the recommendation of being the daughter of his worthiest friend, to determine his choice; and that, though he was not old enough to be insensible to beauty, yet he was wise enough to consider it as the least of her good qualities. He added, that he made this application to her father, not to ask a partial exertion of his interest in his favour, but only as the common friend of both, to reveal his intentions to Miss Harriet. She has seen me, said he, as I am. If not a romantic lover, I shall not be a different sort of being, should she accept of me for a husband: if she does not, I promise you I shall be far from being offended; and will always endea-

vour to retain her for my friend, whom I have no right to blame for not choosing to be my wife.

Annesly communicated this proposal to his daughter with a fairness worthy of that with which it had been intrusted to him. I come not, said he, my Harriet, as a despot, to command; nor as a father, to persude; but merely as the friend of Mr. Rawlinson, to disclose his sentiments : that you should judge for yourself in a matter of the highest importance to you, is the voice of reason and nature; I blush for those parents who have thought otherwise. I would not, even with a view to this particular case, obtrude my advice : in general, you have heard my opinion before, that the violence which we have been accustomed to apply to love, is not always necessary towards happiness in marriage; at the same time, that it is a treason of the highest kind, in a woman, to take him for her husband, whom a decent affection has not placed in that situation whence alone she should choose one. —But my Harriet has not merely been taught sentiments, I know she has learned the art of forming them; and here she shall be trusted entirely to her own.

The feelings of Harriet on this proposal, and the manner in which her father communicated it, were of so tender a kind, that she could not restrain her tears. There wanted, indeed, but little to induce her to confess all that had passed with Sindall, and throw herself on the clemency of her indulgent parent. Had she practised this sincerity—which is the last virtue we should ever part with—how happy had it been ! But it required a degree of

fortitude, as well as softness, to make this discovery; besides, that her seducer had, with the tenderest entreaties, and assurances of a speedy reparation of her injuries, prevailed on her to give him something like a promise of secrecy.

Her answer to this offer of Mr. Rawlinson's, expressed her sense of the obligation she lay under to him and to her father: she avowed an esteem for his character equal to its excellence, but that it amounted not to that tender regard which she must feel for the man whom she could think of making her husband.

Rawlinson received his friend's account of this determination without discomposure. He said, he knew himself well enough to believe that Miss Annesly had made an honest and a proper declaration; and begged to have an interview with herself, to shew her that he conceived not the smallest resentment at her refusal; which, on the contrary, though it destroyed his hopes, had increased his veneration for her.

Regard me not, said he to her, when they met, with that aspect of distance, as if you had offended or affronted me: let me not loose that look of kindness which, as the friend of your father and yourself, I have formerly experienced. I confess, there is one disparity between us, which we elderly men are apt to forget; but which I take no offence at being put in mind of. It is more than probable, that I shall never be married at all. Since I am not a match for you, Miss Annesly, I would endeavour to make you somewhat better, if it is possible, for another: do me the favour to accept of this

paper, and let it speak for me, that I would contribute to your happiness, without the selfish consideration of its being made one with my own. So saying, he bowed, and retired into an adjoining apartment, where his friend was seated. Harriet, upon opening the paper, found it to contain bank bills to the amount of a thousand pounds. Her surprise, at this instance of generosity, held her for a few moments, fixed to the spot: but she no sooner recollected herself, than she followed Mr. Rawlinson, and putting the paper, with its contents, into his hand—Though I feel, sir, said she, with the utmost gratitude, those sentiments of kindness and generosity you have expressed towards me, you will excuse me, I hope, from receiving this mark of them. Rawlinson's countenance betrayed some indications of displeasure. You do wrong, said he, young lady; and I will be judged by your father! —This was a present, sir, I intended for the worthiest woman, the daughter of my worthiest friend: she is woman still, I see; and her pride will, no more than her affections, submit itself to my happiness. Annesly looked upon the bank bills— There is a delicacy, my best friend, said he, in our situation. The poor must ever be cautious, and there is a certain degree of pride, which is their safest virtue.—Let me tell you, interrupted the other, this is not the pride of virtue. It is that fantastic nicety, which is a weakness in the soul; and the dignity of great minds is above it. Believe me, the churlishness which cannot oblige is little more selfish, though in a different mode, than the haughtiness which will not be obliged.

We are instructed, my child, said Annesly, delivering her the paper: let us shew Mr. Rawlinson, that we have not that narrowness of mind which he has censured, and that we will pay that last tribute to his worth which the receiving of a favour bestows.

Indeed, sir, said Harriet, I little deserve it: I am not, I am not what he thinks me—I am not worthy of his regard! and she burst into tears. They knew not why she wept; but their eyes shed, each, a sympathetic drop, without asking their reason's leave.

Mr. Rawlinson speedily set out for London; where his presence was necessary, towards despatching some business he had left unfinished after his return to England.

He left his friend, and his friend's amiable daughter, with a tender regret; while they, who in their humble walk of life had few to whom that title would belong, felt his absence with an equal emotion. He promised, however, at his departure, to make them another visit with the return of the spring.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Captain Camplin is again introduced—The Situation of Miss Annesly, with that Gentleman's Concern in her Affairs.

His place was but ill supplied, at their winter's fireside, by the occasional visits of Camplin, whom

Sindall had introduced to Annesly's acquaintance. Yet, though his was a character on which Annesly could not bestow much of his esteem, it had some good-humoured qualities, which did not fail to entertain and amuse him. But the captain seemed to be less agreeable, in that quarter to which he principally pointed his attention; to wit, the opinion of Harriet: to whom he took frequent occasion to make those speeches, which have just enough of folly in them to acquire the name of compliments; and sometimes even ventured to turn them in so particular a manner, as if he wished to have them understood to mean somewhat more.

The situation of the unfortunate Harriet was such, as his pleasantry could not divert, and his attachment could only disgust. As she had lost that peace of mind, which inward satisfaction alone can bestow; so she felt the calamity doubled, by that obligation to secrecy she was under, and the difficulty which her present condition, for she was now with child, made such a concealment be attended with. Often had she determined to reveal, either to her father or to Mrs. Winstanly—who, of her own sex, was her only friend—the story of her dishonour: but Sindall, by repeated solicitations, when in the country, and a constant correspondence, when in town, conjured her to be silent, for some little time, till he could smooth the way for bestowing his hand on the only woman whom he had ever sincerely loved. One principal reason for his postponing their union had always been the necessity for endavouring to gain over the assent of his grandfather by the mother's side, from whom

Sindall had great expectations. He had, from time to time, suggested this as difficult, and only to be attempted with caution, from the proud and touchy disposition of the old gentleman: he now represented him as in a very declining state of health; and that, probably, in a very short time, his death would remove this obstacle to the warmest wish of a heart that was ever faithful to his Harriet. The flattering language of his letters could not arrest the progress of that time which must divulge the shame of her he had undone: but they soothed the tumults of a soul to whom his villany was yet unknown; and whose affections his appearance of worth, of friendship, and nobleness of mind, had but too much entangled.

However imperfectly he had accounted for delaying a marriage, which he always professed his intention to perform, the delusion was kept up, in the expectations of Harriet, till that period began to draw near, when it would be impossible any longer to conceal from the world the effects of their intimacy. Then, indeed, her uneasiness was not to be allayed by such excuses as Sindall had before relied on her artless confidence to believe. He wrote her, therefore, an answer to a letter full of the most earnest as well as tender expostulations; informing her, of his having determined to run any risk of inconvenience to himself, rather than suffer her to remain longer in a state, such as she had—pathetically, indeed—described! that he was to set out in a few days for the country, to make himself indissolubly hers; but that it was absolutely necessary that she should allow him to conduct their

marriage in a peculiar manner, which he would communicate to her on his arrival; and begged, as she valued his peace and her own, that the whole matter might still remain inviolably secret, as she had hitherto kept it.

In a few days after the receipt of this letter, she received a note from Camplin, importing his desire to have an interview with her, on some particular business, which related equally to her and to Sir Thomas Sindall. The time he appointed was early in the morning of the succeeding day; and the place, a little walk which the villagers used to frequent in holiday times, at the back of her father's garden. This was delivered to her, in a secret manner, by a little boy, an attendant of that gentleman's; who was a frequent guest in Annesly's kitchen, from his talent at playing the flageolet, which he had acquired in the capacity of a drummer to the regiment to which his master belonged. Mysterious as the contents of this note were, the mind of Harriet easily suggested to her, that Camplin had been, in some respect at least, let into the confidence of Sir Thomas. She now felt the want of that dignity, which innocence bestows! She blushed and trembled, even in the presence of this little boy, because he was Camplin's: and with a shaking hand, scrawled a note in answer to that he had brought her, to let his master know, that she would meet him at the hour he had appointed. She met him accordingly.

He began with making many protestations of his regard, both for Miss Annesly and the baronet; which had induced him, he said, to dedicate him-

self to the service of both, in this affair, though it was a matter of such delicacy as he would not otherwise have chosen to interfere in: and puting into her hand a letter from Sindall, told her, he had taken measures for carrying into execution the purpose it contained.

It informed her, that Sir Thomas was in the house of an old domestic, at some miles distance, where he waited to be made hers. That he had, for this secrecy, many reasons, with which he could not, by such a conveyance, make her acquainted, but which her own prudence would probably suggest. He concluded, with recommending her to the care and protection of Camplin, whose honour he warmly extolled.

She paused a moment, on the perusal of this billet. Oh, heavens! said she, to what have I reduced myself!—Mr. Camplin, what am I to do? whither are you to carry me? Pardon my confusion—I scarce know what to say to you.

I have a chaise and four ready, answered Camplin, at the end of the lane: which in an hour or two, madam, will convey you to Sir Thomas Sindall.—But my father: good Heaven! to leave my father!—Consider, said he, it is but for a little while. My boy shall carry a note, to acquaint him that you are gone on a visit, and will return in the evening.—Return! methinks I feel a foreboding, that I shall never return!—He put a piece of paper and a pencil into her hand: the note was written, and despatched by the boy, to whom he beckoned at some distance, where he had waited. Now, madam, said he, let me conduct you. Her

knees knocked so against each other, that it was with difficulty she could walk, even with the support of his arm. They reached the chaise: a servant, who stood by it, opened the door to admit her. She put her foot on the step, then drew it back again. Be not afraid, madam, said Camplin; you go to be happy! She put her foot up again, and stood, in that attitude, a moment. She cast back a look, to the little mansion of her father; whence the smoke was now rolling its volumes, in the calm of a beautiful morning. A gust of tenderness swelled her heart, at the sight—she burst into tears! but the crisis of her fate was come—and she entered the carriage; which drove off at a furious rate, Camplin commanding the postilion to make as much speed as was possible.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Effects which the Event contained in the preceding Chapter had on Mr. Annesly.

The receipt of that note which Harriet was persuaded by Camplin to write to her father, intimating that she was gone upon a visit to a family in the neighbourhood, and not to return till the evening—though her time of going abroad was somewhat unusual, did not create any surprise in the mind of Annesly: but it happened that Mrs. Wistanly, who called in the afternoon to inquire after her young friend, had just left the very house where

her message imported her visit to be made. This set her father on conjecturing; yet without much anxiety, and with no suspicion: but his fears were redoubled when, having sat up till a very late hour, no tidings arrived of his daughter. He went to bed, however, though it could not afford him sleep; at every bark of the village dogs, his heart bounded with the hopes of her return; but the morning arose, and did not restore him his Harriet.

His uneasiness had been observed by his servants; to whom he was too indulgent a master, to have his interest considered by them with less warmth than their own. Abraham therefore, who was coeval with his master, and had served him ever since he was married, had sallied forth, by daybreak, in search of intelligence. He was met, accidentally, by a huntsman of Sir Thomas Sindall's: who informed him that, as he crossed the lane at the back of the village, the morning before, he saw Miss Annesly leaning on Captain Camplin's arm, and walking with him, towards a chaise and four, which stood at the end of it. Abraham's cheeks grew pale, at this intelligence: because he had a sort of instinctive terror for Camplin, who was in use to make his awkward simplicity a fund for many jests, and tricks of mischief, during his visits to Annesly. He hastened home to communicate this discovery to his master, which he did with a faltering tongue, and many ejaculations of fear and surprise. Annesly received it with less emotion, though not without an increase of uneasiness. Yonder, said Abraham, looking through the window, is the captain's little boy! and he ran out of the room, to bring him to

an examination. The lad, upon being interrogated, confessed that his master had sent him to hire a chaise, which was to be in waiting at the end of that lane I have formerly mentioned, at an early hour in the morning : and that he saw Miss Annesly go into it, attended by the captain; who had not any more than Miss Harriet, been at home, or heard of since that time. This declaration deprived Annesly of utterance ; but it only added to the warmth of Abraham's inquisition : who, now, mingling threats with his questions, drew from the boy the secret of his having privately delivered a letter from his master to Miss Annesly the very night preceding the day of their departure ; and that a man of his acquaintance who had stopped about mid-day at the alehouse where he was quartered, told him, by way of conversation, that he had met his master with a lady, whom he supposed, jeeringly, he was running away with, driving at a great rate, on the road towards London. Abraham made a sign to the boy to leave the room—My poor dear young lady ! said he, as he shut the door, and the tears gushed from his eyes. His master's were turned upwards—to that Being, to whom calamity ever directed them ! the maid-servant now entered the room, uttering some broken exclamations of sorrows, which a violent sobbing rendered inarticulate. Annesly had finished his account with Heaven ; and, addressing her with a degree of calmness, which the good man could derive only thence, asked her the cause of her being afflicted in so unusual a manner. Oh, sir ! said she, stifling her tears, I have heard what the captain's boy has

been telling: I fear, it is but too true; and worse than you imagine!—God forgive me, if I wrong Miss Harriet; but, I suspect—I have suspected for some time—she burst into tears again—that my young lady is with child! Annesly had stretched his fortitude to the utmost—this last blow overcame it; and he fell, senseless, on the floor! Abraham threw himself down by him, tearing his white locks, and acting all the frantic extravagancies of grief. But the maid was more useful to her master; and having raised him gently, and chafed his temples, he began to show some signs of reviving: when Abraham recollected himself so far, as to assist his fellow-servant in carrying him to his chamber, and laying him on his bed, where he recovered the powers of life, and the sense of his misfortune.

Their endeavours for his recovery were seconded by Mrs. Wistanly; who had made this early visit, to satisfy some doubts which she, as well as Annesly had conceived, even from the information of the preceding day. When he first regained the use of speech, he complained of a violent shivering: for which this good lady, from the little skill she possessed in physic, prescribed some simple remedies; and, at the same time, despatched Abraham for an apothecary in the neighbourhood, who commonly attended the family.

Before this gentleman arrived, Annesly had received so much temporary relief from Mrs. Wistanly's prescriptions, as to be able to speak with more ease than the incessant quivering of his lips had before allowed him to do. Alas! said he, Mrs. Wistanly, have you heard of my Harriet?—I have

sir said she, with equal astonishment and sorrow; yet let me entreat you not to abandon that hope which the present uncertainty may warrant. I cannot allow myself to think, that things are so ill as your servants have informed me.—My foreboding heart said he, tells me, they are! I remember many circumstances, now, which all meet, to confirm my fears. Oh! Mrs. Wistanly, she was my darling, the idol of my heart! perhaps, too much so—the will of Heaven be done!

The apothecary now arrived; who, upon examining into the state of his patient, ordered some warm applications, to remove that universal coldness he complained of: and left him with a promise of returning in a few hours, when he had finished some visits, which he was under the necessity of making in the village.

When he returned, he found Mr. Annesly altered for the worse: the cold which the latter felt before, having given place to a burning heat. He, therefore, told Mrs. Wistanly, at going away, that in the evening he would bring a physician, with whom he had an appointment at a gentleman's not very distant, to see Mr. Annesly; as his situation appeared o him, to be attended with some alarming circumstances.

His fears of danger were justified by the event. When these gentlemen saw Mr. Annesly in the evening, his fever was increased. Next day, after a restless night, they found every bad symptom confirmed. They tried every method, which medical skill could suggest, for his relief; but during four successive days, their endeavours

proved ineffectual: and at the expiration of that time, they told his friend, Mrs. Wistanly, who had enjoyed as little sleep as the sick man whom she watched, that unless some favourable crisis should happen soon, the worst consequences were much to be feared.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Arrival of Mr. Rawlinson—Annesly's Discourse with him—that Gentleman's Account of his Friend's Illness, and its Consequences.

At this melancholy period it happened, that Mr. Rawlinson arrived; in pursuance of that promise which Annesly had obtained from him, at the time of his departure for London.

There needed not that warmth of heart, we have formerly described in this gentleman, to feel the accumulated distress to which his worthy friend was reduced. Nor was his astonishment, at the account which he received of Harriet's elopement, less than his pity for the sufferings it had brought upon her father.

From the present situation of Annesly's family, he did not choose to incommode them with any trouble of provision for him. He took up his quarters, therefore, at the only inn—a paltry one, indeed—which the village afforded: and resolved to remain there, till he saw what issue his friend's present illness should have; and endeavour to ad-

minister some comfort, either to the last moments of his life, or to that affliction which his recovery could not remove.

In the evening of the day on which he arrived, Annesly seemed to feel a sort of relief from the violence of his disease. He spoke with a degree of coolness, which he had never before been able to command: and, after having talked some little time with his physician, he told Abraham, who seldom quitted his bedside, that he thought he had seen Mr. Rawlinson enter the room in the morning, though he was in a confused slumber at the time, and might have mistaken a dream for the reality. Upon Abraham's informing him that Mr. Rawlinson had been there, that he had left the house but a moment before, and that he was to remain in the village some time, he expressed the warmest satisfaction at the intelligence; and having made Abraham fetch him a paper which lay in his bureau, sealed up in a particular manner, he despatched him to the inn where his friend was, with a message importing an earnest desire to see him as soon as should be convenient.

Rawlinson had already returned to the house, and was by this time stealing up stairs to watch at the bedside of his friend, for which task Mrs. Wistanly's former unceasing solicitude had now rendered her unfit. He was met by Abraham with a gleam of joy on his countenance, from the happy change which he thought he observed in his master; and was conducted to the side of the bed by that faithful domestic, who placed him in a chair that the doctor had just occupied by his patient.

Annesly stretched out his hands, and squeezed that of Rawlinson between them for some time, without speaking a word. I bless God, said he, at last, that he has sent me a comforter, at a moment when I so much need one! You must by this time have heard, my friend, of that latest and greatest of my family misfortunes, with which Providence has afflicted me!—You know, my dear sir, answered Rawlinson, that no one would more sincerely feel for your sorrows than I; but at present it is a subject too tender for you.—Do not say so, replied his friend; it will ease my labouring heart to speak of it to my Rawlinson; but, in the first place, I have a little business which I will now despatch. Here is a deed, making over all my effects to you, sir—and, at your death, to any one you shall name your executor in that trust—for my children, if I have any children remaining! Into your hands I deliver it with a peculiar satisfaction; and I know that there will not need the desire of a dying friend to add to your zeal for their service.—Why should that word startle you? Death is to me a messenger of consolation! He paused. Rawlinson put up the paper in silence, for his heart was too full to allow him the use of words for an answer.

When I lost my son, continued Annesly, I suffered in silence; and though it preyed on me in secret, I bore up against the weight of my sorrow, that I might not weaken, in myself, that stay which Heaven had provided for my Harriet. She was then my only remaining comfort, saved like some precious treasure from the shipwreck of my family:

and I fondly hoped that my age might go down smoothly to its rest, amidst the endearments of a daughter's care. I have now lived to see the last resting place, which my soul could find in this world, laid waste and desolate!—Yet, to that Being, whose goodness is infinite as his ways are inscrutable, let me bend in reverence! I bless his name that he has not yet taken from me that trust in Him—which, to lose, is the only irremediable calamity! It is now, indeed, that I feel its efficacy most, when every ray of human comfort is extinguished. As for me—my deliverance is at hand: I feel something here, at my heart, that tells me I shall not have long to strive with insufferable affliction!—— My poor deluded daughter—I commit to thee, Father of all! by whom the wanderings of thy unhappy children are seen with pity, and to whom their return cannot be too late to be accepted!—If my friend should live to see her look back with contrition towards that path from which she has strayed, I know his goodness will lead her steps to find it. Show her her father's grave!—yet spare her for his sake, who cannot then comfort or support her!

The rest of this narration I will give the reader in Mr. Rawlinson's own words, from a letter of his I have now lying before me; of which I will transcribe the latter part, beginning its recital at the close of this pathetic address of his friend.

As I have been told, says this gentleman, that he had not enjoyed one sound sleep since his daughter went away; I left him now to compose himself to rest, desiring his servant to call me instantly if he

observed any thing particular about his master. He whispered me—that, when he sat up with him the night before, he could overhear him, at times, talk wildly, and mutter to himself, like one speaking in one's sleep: that, then, he would start, sigh deeply, and seem again to recollect himself. I went back to his master's bedside, and begged him to endeavour to calm his mind, so much as not to prevent that repose which he stood so greatly in need of. I have prevailed on my physician, answered he, to give me an opiate, for that purpose; and, I think, I now feel drowsy from its effects. I wished him—Good night!—Good night! said he. But give me your hand: it is, perhaps, the last time I shall ever clasp it! He lifted up his eyes to Heaven, holding my hand in his; then turned away his face, and laid his head upon his pillow. I could not lay mine to rest—Alas, said I, that such should be the portion of virtue like Annesly's! Yet, to arraign the distribution of Providence had been to forget that lesson which the best of men had just been teaching me—but the doubtings, the darkness, of feeble man, still hung about my heart!

When I sent in the morning, I was told that he was still asleep, but that his rest was observed to be frequently disturbed by groans and startings, and that he breathed much thicker than he had ever done hitherto. I went myself to get more perfect intelligence. His faithful Abraham met me at the door—Oh, sir! said he, my poor master!—What is the matter?—I fear, sir, he is not in his perfect senses, for he talks more wildly than ever, and yet he is broad awake!—He led me into the

room. I placed myself directly before him; but his eye, though it was fixed on mine, did not seem to acknowledge its object. There was a glazing on it that deadened its look.

He muttered something in a very low voice. How does my friend? said I. He suffered me to take his hand, but answered nothing. After listening some time, I could hear the name of Harriet!—Do you want anything, my dear sir? He moved his lips, but I heard not what he said. I repeated my question: he looked up piteously in my face, then turned his eye round, as if he missed some object on which it meant to rest. He shivered, and caught hold of Abraham's hand, who stood at the side of the bed opposite me. He looked round again; then uttered, with a feeble and broken voice—Where is my Harriet?—Lay your hand on my head—This hand is not my Harriet's—she is dead, I know! You will not speak!—My poor child is dead! Yet I dreamed she was alive, and had left me—left me, to die alone!—I have seen her weep at the death of a linnet! Poor soul, she was not made for this world—We shall meet in Heaven—Bless her! bless her!—There! may you be as virtuous as your mother, and more fortunate than your father has been?—My head is strangely confused! But, tell me, when did she die? You should have waked me, that I might have prayed by her—Sweet innocence! she had no crimes to confess!—I can speak but ill; for my tongue sticks to my mouth!—Yet—oh!—Most Merciful, strengthen and support—He shivered again—Into thy hands—. He groaned, and died!

Sindall! and ye—who, like Sindall——But I cannot speak!—speak for me, their consciences!

CHAPTER XXIX.

What befel Harriet Annesly on her leaving her Father.

I AM not in a disposition to stop, in the midst of this part of my recital; solicitous to embellish, or studious to arrange it. My readers shall receive it simple, as becomes a tale of sorrow; and I flatter myself, they are, at this moment, readier to feel than to judge it!

They have seen Harriet Annesly, by the artifice of Sindall, and the agency of Camplin, tempted to leave the house of her father, in hopes of meeting the man who had betrayed her, and of receiving that only reparation for her injuries which it was now in his power to make.

But Sir Thomas never entertained the most distant thought of that marriage, with the hopes of which he had deluded her. Yet, though he was not subject to the internal principles of honour and morality, he was man of the world enough to know their value in the estimation of others. The virtues of Annesly had so much endeared him to every one within their reach, that this outrage of Sindall's against him, under the disguise of sacred friendship and regard, would have given the interest and character of Sir Thomas such a blow, as he could

not easily have recovered, nor conveniently have borne. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that he wished for some expedient to conceal it from the eyes of the public.

For this purpose, he had formed a scheme, which all the knowledge he had of the delicacy of Harriet's affection for him did not prevent his thinking practicable—for, the female who once falls from innocence is held to be sunk into perpetual debasement—and that was, to provide a husband for her, in the person of another: and, for that husband, he pitched on Camplin, with whose character he was too well acquainted, to doubt the bringing him over to any baseness which danger did not attend, and a liberal reward was to follow. Camplin, who at this time was in great want of money, and had always an appetite for those pleasures which money alone can purchase, agreed to his proposals: they settled the dowry of his future wife, and the scheme which he undertook to procure her. Part of its execution I have already related; I proceed to relate the rest.

When they had been driven, with all the fury which Camplin had enjoined the postilions, for about eight or nine miles they stopped at an inn, where they changed horses. Harriet expressed her surprise at their not having already reached the place where Sir Thomas waited them: on which Camplin told her that it was not a great way off, but that the roads were very bad, and that he observed the horses to be exceedingly jaded.

After having proceeded some miles farther, on a road still more wild and less frequented, she re-

peated her wonder at the length of the way : on which, Camplin, entreating her pardon for being concerned in any how deceiving her, confessed that Sir Thomas was at a place much farther from her father's than he had made her to believe; which deceit he had begged of him—Camplin—to practise, that she might not be alarmed at the distance which was necessary, he said, for that plan of secrecy Sir Thomas had formed for his marriage. Her fears were sufficiently roused at this intelligence; but it was now too late to retreat, however terrible it might be to go on.

Some time after, they stopped to breakfast, and changed horses again, Camplin informing her that it was the last time they should have occasion to do so. Accordingly, in little more than an hour, during which the speed of their progress was nowise abated, they halted at the door of a house, which Harriet, upon coming out of the chaise, immediately recollected to be the fatal one to which Sindall had before conveyed her. She felt, on entering it, a degree of horror, which the remembrance of that guilty night she had before passed under its roof could not fail to suggest; and it was with difficulty she dragged her trembling steps to a room above stairs, whither the landlady, with a profusion of civility, conducted her.

Where is Sir Thomas Sindall ? said she, looking about, with terror, on the well remembered objects around her. Camplin, shutting the door of the chamber, told her, with a look of the utmost tenderness and respect, that Sir Thomas was not then in the house, but had desired him to deliver her a

letter, which he now put into her hands for her perusal. It contained what follows—

It is with inexpressible anguish, I inform my ever-dearest Harriet of my inability to perform engagements of which I acknowledge the solemnity, and which necessity alone has power to cancel. The cruelty of my grandfather is deaf to all the remonstrances of my love; and having accidentally discovered my attachment for you, he insists upon my immediately setting out on my travels : a command which, in my present situation, I find myself obliged to comply with. I feel, with the most poignant sorrow and remorse, for that condition to which our ill-fated love has reduced the loveliest of her sex. I would therefore endeavour, if possible, to conceal the shame which the world arbitrarily affixes to it. With this view, I have laid aside all selfish considerations, so much as to yield to the suit of Mr. Camplin that hand, which I had once the happiness of expecting for myself. This step, the exigency of your present circumstances renders highly eligible : if your affections can bend themselves to a man, of whose honour and good qualities I have had the strongest proofs; and who has generosity enough to impute no crime to that ardency of the noblest passion of the mind, which has subjected you to the obloquy of the undiscerning multitude. As Mrs. Camplin, you will possess the love and affection of that worthiest of my friends, together with the warmest esteem, and regard, of your unfortunate, but ever devoted, humble servant,

Thomas Sindall.

Camplin was about to offer his commentary upon this letter; but Harriet, whose spirits had just supported her to the end of it, lay now lifeless at his feet. After several successive faintings—from which Camplin, the landlady, and other assistants, with difficulty recovered her—a shower of tears came, at last, to her relief; and she became able to articulate some short exclamations of horror and despair! Camplin threw himself on his knees before her. He protested the most sincere and disinterested passion; and that, if she would bless him with the possession of so many amiable qualities as she possessed, the uniform endeavour of his life should be to promote her happiness—I think not of thee! she exclaimed—Oh! Sindall! perfidious, cruel, deliberate villain! Camplin again interrupted her, with protestations of his own affection and regard. Away? said she, and let me hear no more! or, if thou wouldst show thy friendship, carry me to that father from whom thou stolest me—you will not!—but if I can live so long, I will crawl to his feet, and expire before him.

She was running towards the door; Camplin gently stopped her—My dearest Miss Annesly, said he, recollect yourself but a moment: let me conjure you to think of your own welfare, and of that father's, whom you so justly love. For these alone, could Sir Thomas Sindall have thought of the expedient which he proposes. If you will now become the wife of your adoring Camplin, the time of the celebration of our marriage need not be told to the world. Under the sanction of that holy tie, every circumstance of detraction will be overlook-

ed; and that life may be made long and happy, your unthinking rashness would cut off from yourself and your father. Harriet had listened little to this speech; but the swelling of her anger had subsided. She threw herself into a chair, and burst again into tears. Camplin drew nearer, and pressed her hand in his. She drew it hastily from him —If you have any pity, she cried, I entreat you, for Heaven's sake, to leave me! He bowed respectfully, and retired, desiring the landlady to attend Miss Annesly, and endeavour to afford her some assistance and consolation.

She had, indeed, more occasion for her assistance, than he was then aware of. The violent agitation of her spirits having had such an effect on her, that though she wanted a month of her time, she was suddenly seized with the pains of childbirth; and they were but just able to procure a woman who acted as a midwife in the neighbourhood, when she was delivered of a girl. Distracted as her soul was, this new object drew forth its instinctive tenderness: she mingled tears, with her kisses, on its cheeks; and forgot the shame attending its birth, in the natural meltings of a mother.

For about a week after her delivery, she recovered tolerably well; and, indeed, those about her spared no pains or attention to contribute towards her recovery: but, at the end of that period, an accident threw her into the most dangerous situation. She was lying in a slumber, with a nurse watching her, when a servant of Sir Thomas Sindall's, whom his master had employed very actively

in the progress of his designs on Miss Annesly, entered the room, with a look of the utmost consternation and horror. The nurse beckoned to him, to make no noise; signifying, by her gestures, that the lady was asleep: but the opening of the door had already awakened her, and she lay listening, when he told the cause of his emotion. It was the intelligence which he had just accidentally received of Mr. Annesly's death. The effect of this shock on his unfortunate daughter, may be easily imagined: every fatal symptom, which sudden terror or surprise causes in women, at such a season of weakness, was the consequence; and next morning a delirium succeeded them.

She was not however without intervals of reason, though these were but intervals of anguish much more exquisite. Yet she would sometimes express a sort of calmness, and submission to the will of Heaven, though it was always attended with the hopes of a speedy relief from the calamaties of her existence.

In one of these hours of recollection, she was asked, by her attendants, whose pity was now moved at her condition, if she chose to have any friend sent for, who might tend to alleviate her distress? upon which, she had command enough of herself to dictate a letter to Mrs. Wistanly; reciting briefly, the miseries she had endured! and asking —with great diffidence, however, of obtaining—if she could pardon her offences so far, as to come and receive the parting breath of her once innocent and much loved Harriet. The letter was, accordingly, despatched; and she seemed to feel a relief,

from having accomplished it. But her reason had held out beyond its usual limits of exertion; and immediately after, she relapsed into her former unconnectedness.

Soon after the birth of her daughter, Camplin, according to his instructions, had proposed sending it away, under the charge of a nurse whom the landlady had procured, to a small hamlet, where she resided at a little distance. But this the mother opposed, with such earnestness, that the purpose had been delayed till now; when it was given up to the care of this woman, accompanied with a considerable sum of money to provide every necessary for its use in the most ample and sumptuous manner.

When Mrs. Wistanly received the letter we have mentioned above, she was not long in doubt as to complying with its request. Her heart bled for the distresses of that once amiable friend, whom virtue might now blame, but goodness could not forsake. She set out therefore, immediately, in a chaise which Camplin had provided for her; and reached the house, to which it conveyed her, on the morning of the following day: her impatience not suffering her to consider either the danger, or inconvenience, of travelling all night. From her recital, I took down the account contained in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XXX.

Mrs. Wistanly's Recital—Conclusion of the First Part.

When I entered the house, and had got upon the stairs leading to the room in which Harriet lay, I heard a voice enchantingly sweet, but low, and sometimes broken, singing snatches of song, varying from the sad to the gay, and from the gay to the sad: it was she herself, sitting up in her bed, fingering her pillow as if it had been a harpsichord. It is not easy to conceive the horror I felt on seeing her in such a situation! She seemed unconscious of my approach, though her eye was turned towards me as I entered; only that she stopt in the midst of a quick and lively movement she had begun, and looking wistfully upon me, breathed such a note of sorrow, and dwelt on it with a cadence so mournful, that my heart lost all the firmness I had resolved to preserve, and I flung my arms round her neck, which I washed with my bursting tears!—The traces which her brain could now only recollect, were such as did not admit of any object long; I had passed over it in the moment of my entrance, and it now wandered from the idea; she paid no regard to my caresses, but pushed me gently from her, gazing steadfastly in an opposite direction towards the door of the apartment. A servant entered with some medicine he had been sent to procure; she put it by when I offered it to her, and kept looking earnestly upon him; she ceased her singing too, and seemed to articulate certain

imperfect sounds. For some time I could not make them into words, but at last she spoke more distinctly, and with a firmer tone——

You saved my life once, Sir, and I could then thank you, because I wished to preserve it;—but now—no matter, he is happier than I would have him,—I would have nursed the poor old man till he had seen some better days! bless his white beard!—look there! I have heard how they grow in the grave!—poor old man!———

You weep, my dear Sir; but had you heard her speak these words! I can but coldly repeat them.

All that day she continued in a state of delirium and insensibility to every object around her; towards evening she seemed exhausted with fatigue, and the tossing of her hands, which her frenzy had caused, grew languid, as of one breathless and worn out; about midnight she dropt asleep.

I sat with her during the night, and when she waked in the morning, she gave signs of having recovered her senses, by recollecting me, and calling me by my name. At first, indeed, her questions were irregular and wild; but in a short time she grew so distinct, as to thank me for having complied with the request of her letter: 'Tis an office of unmerited kindness, which, said she, (and I could observe her let fall a tear,) will be the last your unwearied friendship for me will have to bestow. I answered, that I hoped not. Ah! Mrs. Wistanly, she replied, can you hope so? you are not my friend if you do. I wished to avoid a subject which her mind was little able to bear, and therefore made no other return than by kissing her

hand, which she had stretched out to me as she spoke.

At that moment we heard some unusual stir below stairs, and, as the floor was thin and ill laid, the word *child* was very distinctly audible from every tongue. Upon this she started up in her bed, and with a look piteous and wild beyond description, exclaimed, Oh ! my God ! what of my child !—She had scarcely uttered the words, when the landlady entered the room, and showed sufficiently by her countenance that she had something dreadful to tell. By signs I begged her to be silent.—What is become of my infant ? cried Harriet.—No ill, Madam, (answered the woman, faultering,) is come to it, I hope.—Speak, said she, I charge you, for I will know the worst: speak, as you would give peace to my departing soul ! springing out of bed, and grasping the woman's hands with all her force. ——It was not easy to resist so solemn a charge. ——Alas ! said the landlady, I fear she is drowned; for the nurse's cloak and the child's wrapper have been found in some ooze which the river had carried down below the ford.——She let go the woman's hands, and wringing her own together, threw up her eyes to Heaven, till their sight was lost in the sockets.—We were supporting her, each of us holding one of her arms.—She fell on her knees between us, and dropping her hands for a moment, then raising them again, uttered with a voice, that sounded hollow, as if sunk within her :

Power Omnipotent ! who wilt not lay on thy creatures calamity beyond their strength to bear ! if thou hast not yet punished me enough, continue

to pour out the phials of thy wrath upon me, and enable me to support what thou inflictest! But if my faults are expiated, suffer me to rest in peace, and graciously blot out the offences which thy judgments have punished here!—She continued in the same posture for a few moments; then, leaning on us as if she meant to rise, bent her head forward, and drawing her breath strongly, expired in our arms.

Such was the conclusion of Mrs. Wistanly's tale of woe!

Spirits of gentleness and peace! who look with such pity as angels feel on the distresses of mortality! often have ye seen me labouring under the afflictions which Providence had laid upon me. Ye have seen me in a strange land, without friend, and without comforter, poor, sick, and naked; ye have seen me shivering over the last faggot, which my last farthing had purchased, moistening the crust that supported nature with the tears which her miseries shed on it! yet have ye seen me look inward with a smile, and overcome them.—If such shall ever be my lot again, so let me alleviate its sorrows; let me creep to my bed of straw in peace, after blessing God that I am not a Man of the World.

THE

MAN OF THE WORLD.

PART II.

INTRODUCTION.

I was born to a life of wandering, yet my heart was ever at home ! Though the country that gave me birth, gave me but few friends; and of those few, the greatest part were early lost : yet the remembrance of her was present with me, in every clime to which my fate conducted me; and the idea of those, whose ashes reposed in that humble spot where they had often been the companions of my infant sports, hallowed it in my imagination, with a sort of sacred enthusiasm.

I had not been many weeks an inhabitant of my native village, after that visit to the lady mentioned in the first part, which procured me the information I have there laid before my readers, till I found myself once more obliged to quit it, for a foreign country. My parting with Mrs. Wistanly

was more solemn and affecting, than common souls will easily imagine it could have been; upon an acquaintance, accidental in its beginning, and short in its duration: but there was something tender and melancholy in the cause of it, which gave an impression to our thoughts of one another, more sympathetic, perhaps, than what a series of mutual obligations could have effected.

Before we parted, I could not help asking the reason of her secrecy with regard to the story of Annesly and his daughter. In answer to this, she informed me that, besides the danger to which she exposed herself, by setting up in opposition to a man, in the midst of whose dependants she proposed ending her days; she was doubtful, if her story would be of any service to the memory of her friend: that Camplin—as she supposed, by the direction of Sir Thomas Sindall, who was at that time abroad—had universally given out, that Miss Annesly's elopement was with an intention to be married to him; on which footing, though a false one, the character of that young lady stood no worse, than if the truth were divulged, to those, most of whom wanted discernment, as well as candour, to make the distinctions which should enable them to do it justice.

Several years elapsed, before I returned to that place; whence, it is probable, I shall migrate no more. My friend, Mrs. Wistanly, was one of the persons after whom I first inquired, on my arrival. I found her subject to the common debility, but not to any of the acuter distresses of age; with the same powers of reason, and the same complacency

of temper, I had seen her before enjoy. These, said she, are the effects of temperance, without austerity; and ease, without indolence. I have nothing now to do, but to live, without the solicitude of life; and to die, without the fear of dying.

At one of our first interviews, I found her accompanied by a young lady; who, besides a great share of what is universally allowed the name of beauty, had something in her appearance, which calls forth the esteem of its beholders, without their pausing to account for it. It has sometimes deceived me, yet I am resolved to trust it, to the last hour of my life: at that time, I gave it unlimited confidence, and I had spoken the young lady's eulogium, before I had looked five minutes in her face.

Mrs. Wistanly repeated it to me, after she was gone. That is one of my children, said she; for I adopt the children of virtue: and she calls me her mother, because I am old, and she can cherish me. —I could have sworn to her goodness, I replied, without any information, besides what her countenance afforded me.—It is a lovely one, said she, and her mind is not flattered in its portrait: though she is a member of a family with whom I have not much intercourse, yet she is a frequent visitor at my little dwelling. Her name is Sindall.—Sindall! I exclaimed. Yes, said Mrs. Wistanly, but she is not, therefore, the less amiable. Sir Thomas returned from abroad, soon after you left this place. But for several years, he did not reside here: having made a purchase of another estate, in a neighbouring county; and busied himself, during

that time, in superintending the improvement of it. When he returned hither, he brought this young lady, then a child, along with him—who, it seems, was left to his care, by her father, a friend of Sir Thomas', who died abroad; and she has lived with his aunt, who keeps house for him, ever since that period.

The mention of Sir Thomas Sindall naturally recalled to my mind the fate of the worthy, but unfortunate Annesly! Mrs. Wistanly told me, she had often been anxious in her inquiries about his son William, the only remaining branch of her friend's family; but, that neither she, nor Mr. Rawlinson, with whom she had corresponded on the subject, had been able to procure any accounts of him: whence they concluded, that he had died in the plantation to which he was transported in pursuance of his mitigated sentence.

She further informed me, that Sindall had shown some marks of contrition, at the tragical issue of the scheme he had carried on against the daughter's innocence and the father's peace: and to make some small atonement to the dead, for the injuries he had done to the living, had caused a monument to be erected over their graves, in the village churchyard; with an inscription, setting forth the piety of Annesly, and the virtues and beauty of Harriet. But whatever he might have felt at the time, continued she, I fear the impression was not lasting.

From the following chapters, containing some further particulars of that gentleman's life, which my residence in his neighbourhood, and my ac-

quaintance with some of those persons immediately concerned in them, gave me an opportunity of learning, my readers will judge if Mrs. Wistanly's conclusion was a just one.

CHAPTER I.

Some Account of the Persons of whom Sir Thomas Sindall's Family consisted.

THE baronet's family consisted, at this time, of his aunt, and the young lady mentioned in the Introduction; together with a cousin of his, of the name of Bolton, who was considered as presumptive heir of the Sindall estate, and whose education had been superintended by Sir Thomas.

This young gentleman had lately returned from the university, to which his kinsman had sent him. The expectations of his acquaintance were, as is usually the case, sanguine in his favour; and, what is something less usual, they were not disappointed. Besides the stock of learning which his studies had acquired him, he possessed an elegance of manner, and a winning softness of deportment, which a college life does not often bestow: but proceeded in him from a cause the least variable of any; a disposition instinctively benevolent, and an exquisite sensibility of heart.

With all his virtues, however, he was a dependant on Sir Thomas Sindall; and their exercise could only be indulged so far as his cousin gave

them leave. Bolton's father, who had married a daughter of the Sindall family, had a considerable patrimony left him by a parent who had acquired it in the sure and common course of mercantile application. With this, and the dowry he received with his wife, he might have lived up to the limits of his utmost wish, if he had confined his wishes to what are commonly considered the blessings of life; but, though he was not extravagant to spend, he was ruined by an avidity to gain. In short, he was of that order of men, who are known by the name of projectors; and wasted the means of present enjoyment, in pursuit of luxury to come. To himself, indeed, the loss was but small; while his substance was mouldering away by degrees, its value was annihilated in his expectations of the future; and he died, amidst the horrors of a prison, smiling at the prospect of ideal wealth and visionary grandeur!

But, with his family, it was otherwise. His wife, who had often vainly endeavoured to prevent, by her advice, the destructive schemes of her husband, at last, tamely yielded to her fate: and died, soon after him, of a broken heart; leaving an only son, the Bolton who is now introduced into my story.

The distresses of his father had been always ridiculed by Sir Thomas Sindall, as proceeding from a degree of whim and madness, which it would have been a weakness to pity: his aunt, Mrs. Selwyn, joined in the sentiment; perhaps, it was really her own. But, at any rate, she was apt to agree in opinion with her nephew, Sir Thomas: and never had much regard for her sister Bolton; for some

reasons, no less just than common. In the first place, her sister was handsomer than she; secondly, she was sooner married; and thirdly, she had been blessed with this promising boy: while Mrs. Selwyn became a widow, without having had a child.

There appeared, then, but little prospect of protection to poor Bolton, from this quarter: but as he had no other relation, in any degree of propinquity, a regard to decency prompted the baronet to admit the boy into his house. His situation, indeed, was none of the most agreeable: but the happy dispositions which nature had given him suited themselves to the harshness of his fortune; and, in whatever society he was placed, he found himself surrounded with friends. There was not a servant in the house, who would not risk the displeasure of their master, or Mrs. Selwyn, to do some forbidden act of kindness to their little favourite, Harry Bolton.

Sir Thomas himself, from some concurring accidents, had his notice attracted by the good qualities of the boy: his indifference was conquered by degrees; and, at last, he began to take upon himself the charge of rearing him to manhood. There wanted only this, to fix his attachment: benefits to those whom we set apart for our own management and assistance, have something so particular in their nature, that there is scarce a selfish passion which their exercise does not gratify. Yet, I mean not to rob Sindall of the honour of his beneficence. it shall no more want my praise, than it did the gratitude of Bolton.

CHAPTER II.

Some further Particulars of the Persons mentioned in the foregoing Chapter.

Bolton, however, felt that uneasiness, which will ever press upon an ingenuous mind along with the idea of dependence: he had, therefore, frequently hinted, though in terms of the utmost modesty, a desire to be put into some way of life, that might give him an opportunity of launching forth into the world, and freeing his cousin from the incumbrance of a useless idler in his family.

Sir Thomas had often made promises of indulging so laudable a desire; but day after day elapsed, without his putting any of them into execution: the truth was, that he had contracted a sort of paternal affection for Bolton, and found it a difficult matter to bring himself to the resolution of parting with him.

He contented himself with employing the young man's genius and activity, in the direction and superintendance of his country affairs. He consulted him, on plans of improving his estate, and intrusted him with the care of their execution: he associated him with himself, in matters of difficult discussion, as a magistrate; and in the sports of the field he was his constant companion.

It was a long time before Mrs. Selwyn from some of the reasons I have hinted, could look on Harry with a favourable eye. When Sir Thomas first began to take notice of him, she remonstrated on the

danger of spoiling boys by indulgence; and endeavoured to counterbalance the estimation of his good qualities, by the recital of little tales which she now and then picked up against him.

It was not till some time after his return from the university, that Harry began to gain ground in the lady's esteem. That attachment and deference to the softer sex, which at a certain age is habitual to ours, is reckoned effeminacy amongst boys, and fixed a stain upon their manhood. Before he went to the university, Harry was under this predicament: but, by the time of his return, he had attained the period of refinement; and showed his aunt all those trifling civilities, which it is the prerogative of the ladies to receive, and which Mrs. selwyn was often more ready to demand, than some males of her acquaintance were to pay. In truth, it required a knowledge of many feminine qualities, which this lady doubtless possessed, to impress the mind with an idea of that courtesy which is due to the sex: for, her countenance was not expressive of much softness, the natural strength of her features being commonly heightened by the assistance of snuff; and her conversation generally turning on points of controversy, in religion and philosophy; which, requiring an intense exertion of thought, are therefore, I presume, from the practice of the fair in general, no way favourable to the preservation or the improvement of beauty.

It was, perhaps, from this very inclination for investigating truth, that Bolton drew an advantage in his approaches towards her esteem. As he was just returned from the seat of learning, where dis-

cussions of that sort are common, she naturally applied to him for assistance in her researches; by assistance, I mean opposition; it being the quality of that desire after knowledge with which this lady was endued, to delight in nothing so much, as in having its own doctrines confronted with opposite ones, till they pommel and belabour one another without mercy; the contest having one advantage peculiar to battles of this kind, that each party, far from being weakened by its exertion, commonly appears to have gained strength, as well as honour, from the rencounter.

Bolton, indeed, did not possess quite so much of this quality as his antagonist: he could not, in common good-breeding, refuse her challenge; but he often mantained the conflict in a manner rather dastardly for a philosopher. He gave, however, full audience to the lady's arguments; and if he sometimes showed an unwillingness to reply, she considered it as a testimony of her power to silence. But she was generous in her victories; whenever she conceived them completely obtained, she celebrated the prowess of her adversary, and allowed him all that wisdom, which retreats from the fortress it cannot defend.

There was, perhaps, another reason, as forcible as that of obliging Mrs. Selwyn, or attaining the recondite principles of philosophy, which increased Bolton's willingness to indulge that lady in becoming a party to her disquisitions. There was a spectatress of the combat, whose company might have been purchased even at the expense of sitting to hear Aquinas himself dispute upon theology—Miss

Lucy Sindall. My readers have been acquainted in the Introduction with my prepossession in her favour, and the character Mrs. Wistansly gave in justification of it. They were deceived by neither.

With remarkable quickness of parts, and the liveliest temper, she possessed all that tenderness, which is the chief ornament of the female character: and with a modesty that seemed to shrink from observation, she united an ease, and a dignity that universally commanded it. Her vivacity only rose to be amiable: no enemy could ever repeat her wit; and she had no friend, who did not boast of her good-humour.

I should first have described her person. My readers will excuse it: it is not of such minds, that I am most solicitous to observe the dwellings. I have hinted before, and I repeat it, that hers was such a one as no mind need be ashamed of.

Such was the attendant of Mrs. Selwyn; whose company the good lady particularly required at those seasons when she unveiled her knowledge in argument, or pointed her sagacity to instruction. She would often employ Bolton and Miss Lucy, to read her certain select passages of books, when a weakness in her own sight made reading uneasy to her: the subjects were rarely of the entertaining kind, yet Harry never complained of their length. This she attributed to his opinion of their usefulness. Lucy called it good-nature. He thought so himself, at first: but he soon began to discover that it proceeded from some different cause; for when Miss Lucy was by any accident away, he read with very little complacency. He never suspected it to

be love; much less did Lucy. They owned each other for friends; and when Mrs. Selwyn used to call them children, Bolton would call Lucy sister: yet he was often not displeased to remember that she was not his sister indeed!

CHAPTER III.

A natural Consequence of some Particulars contained in the last.

The state of the mind may be often disguised even from the owner, when he means to inquire into it; but a very trifle will throw it from its guard, and betray its situation, when a formal examination has failed to discover it.

Bolton would often catch himself sighing, when Miss Sindall was absent; and feel his cheeks glow at her approach; he wondered what it was that made him sigh and blush.

He would sometimes take solitary walks, without knowing why he wandered out alone: he found something that pleased him in the melancholy of lonely recesses, and half-worn paths; and his day dreams commonly ended in some idea of Miss Sindall, though he meant nothing less than to think of such an object.

He had strayed in one of those excursions, about half a mile from the house, through a copse at the corner of the park, which opened into a little green amphitheatre; in the middle of which was a pool

of water, formed by a rivulet that crept through the matted grass, till it fell into this bason by a gentle cascade.

The sun was gleaming through the trees, which were pictured on the surface of the pool beneath; and the silence of the scene was only interrupted by the murmurs of the waterfall; sometimes accompanied by the querulous note of the wood-pigeons, who inhabited the neighbouring copse.

Bolton seated himself on the bank, and listened to their dirge. It ceased; for he had disturbed the sacred solitary haunt. I will give you some music in return, said he; and drew from his pocket a small piped flute, which he frequently carried with him in his evening walks, and serenaded the lonely shepherd returning from his fold. He played a little plaintive air, which himself had composed. He thought he had played it by chance, but Miss Sindall had commended it the day before: the recollection of Miss Sindall accompanied the sound, and he had drawn her portrait listening to its close.

She was, indeed, listening to its close: for accident had pointed her walk in the very same direction with Bolton's. She was just coming out of the wood, when she heard the soft notes of his flute. They had something of fairy music in them, that suited the scene: and she was irresistibly drawn nearer the place where he sat; though some wayward feeling arose, and whispered that she should not approach it, whether she would or no; and she stood close by his side, while the last cadence was melting from his pipe.

She repeated it after him with her voice. Miss

Sindall! cried he, starting up with some emotion. I know, said she, you will be surprised to find me here; but I was enchanted hither by the sound of your flute. Pray, touch that little melancholy tune again. He began, but he played very ill. You blow it, said she, not so sweetly as before; let me try what tone I can give it. She put it to her mouth: but she wanted the skill to give it voice. There cannot be much art in it;—she tried it again —and yet it will not speak at my bidding !—She looked stedfastly on the flute, holding her fingers on the stops: her lips were red with the pressure; and her figure altogether so pastoral and innocent, that I do not believe the kisses, with which the poets make Diana greet her sister-huntresses, were ever more chaste that that which Bolton now stole from her by surprise.

Her cheeks were crimson, at this little violence of Harry's. What do you mean, Mr. Bolton? said she, dropping the flute to the ground. 'Twas a forfeiture, he replied, stammering and blushing excessively, for attempting to blow my flute.—I don't understand you ! answered Lucy; and turned towards the house, with some marks of resentment on her countenance. Bolton was for some time rivetted to the spot. When he recovered the use of his feet, he ran after Miss Sindall: and gently laying hold of her hand—I cannot bear your anger, said he; though I own your displeasure is just: but forgive, I entreat you, this unthinking offence, of him whose respect is equal to his love.—Your love, Mr. Bolton !—I cannot retract the word; though my heart has betrayed from me the prudence

which might have stifled the declaration. I have not language, Miss Lucy, for the present feelings of my soul: till this moment, I never knew how much I loved you; and never could I have expressed it so ill!—He paused—She was looking fixedly on the ground: drawing her hand softly from his, which refused, involuntarily, to quit its hold—May I not hope? said he. You have my pardon, Mr. Bolton.—But— I beg you, said Lucy, interrupting him, to leave this subject. I know your merit, Mr. Bolton—my esteem—you have thrown me into such confusion—nay, let go my hand.—Pity then, and forgive me! She sighed—he pressed her hand to his lips. She blushed—and blushing in such a manner——They have never been in Bolton's situation, by whom that sigh and that blush would not have been understood.

CHAPTER IV.

Bolton is separated from Miss Sindall.

THERE was too much innocence in the breast of Lucy, to suffer it to be furnished with disguise. I mean not to throw any imputation on that female delicacy—Which, as Milton expresses it—

"—would be woo'd; and not unsought, be won."

This in truth cannot be called art, because nature has given it to all her females. Let it simply pro-

ceed from modesty, and it will never go too far; but the affectation of it is ever the consequence of weakness in the head, or cruelty in the heart.

I believe Miss Sindall to have been subject to neither; she did not, therefore, assume the pride of indifference, which she did not feel, to the attachment of so much worth as Bolton's; and he had soon the happiness to find that his affection, which every day increased, was not lavished without hope of a return.

But he did not seem to be so fortunate, meanwhile, in the estimation of every person in the family: Sir Thomas Sindall had not of late shown that cordiality towards Bolton, with which he had been wont to favour him. As Harry was unconscious of any reason he could have given for it, this alteration in his cousin's behaviour was for some time altogether unnoticed by him; and when, at last, he was forced to observe it, he attributed it to no particular cause, but considered it as merely the effect of some accidental and temporary chagrin: nor did he altogether change his opinion, even when Lucy suggested to him her fears on the subject, and entreated him to recollect if he had in any respect disobliged his cousin, whose behaviour seemed to her to indicate some disgust conceived particularly against him.

Not long after, the baronet informed his family of his intention of changing their place of residence, for some time, from Sindall Park to his other estate; where, he said, he found his presence was become necessary; and, at the same time, communicated to Bolton his desire that he should

remain behind, to superintend the execution of certain plans which he had laid down with regard to the managent of some country business at the first-mentioned place. Harry thought this sufficiently warranted his expressing a suspicion, that his company had not of late been so agreeable to Sir Thomas as it used to be, and begged to be informed in what particular he had offended him? Offended me, my dear boy! replied Sir Thomas; never, in the least. From what such an idea could could have arisen I know not; if from my leaving you here behind, when we go to Bilswood, it is the most mistaken one in the world. It is but for a few months till those affairs I talked to you of are finished; and I hope there to have an opportunity of showing that, in your absence, I shall be far from forgetting you.

During the time of their stay at Sindall Park, he behaved to Harry in so courteous and obliging a manner that his suspicions were totally removed; and he bore, with less regret than he should otherwise have done, a separation from his Lucy, which he considered as temporary; besides, that his stay behind was necessary to him whose countenance and friendship his attachment to that young lady had now rendered more valuable in his estimation. Love increases the list of our dependencies: I mean it not as an argument against the passion; that sex, I trust, whose power it establishes, will point its vassals to no pursuit but what is laudable.

Their farewell scene passed on that very spot which I have described in the last chapter as witness to the declaration of Bolton's passion. Their

farewell——but where the feeings say much, and the expression little, description will seldom succeed in the picture.

Their separation, however, was alleviated by the hope that it was not likely to be of long continuance: Sir Thomas' declaration, of his intending that Harry should follow them, in a few months, was not forgotten; and the intermediate days were swallowed up in the anticipation of the pleasures which that period should produce.

In the meantime they took something from the pain of absence, by a punctual correspondence. These letters I have seen. They describe things little in themselves: to Bolton and Lucy they were no trifles; but by others their importance would not be understood. One recital only I have ventured to extract, for the perusal of the reader: because I observe that it strongly affected them; who, in this instance, were interested no more than any to whom the feelings it addresses are known: and some of my readers, probably, have the advantage of not being altogether unacquainted with the persons of whom it speaks.

CHAPTER. V.

An Adventure of Miss Sindall's at Bilswood.

To assume her semblance is a tribute which Vice must often pay to Virtue. There are popular qualities which the world looks for, because it is

aware that it may be sometimes benefited by their exertions. Generosity is an excellence, by the apparent possession of which I have known many worthless characters buoyed up from their infamy, though with them it was, indeed, but thoughtless profusion ; and, on the other hand, I have seen amiable men marked out with a sneer by the million, from a temperance, or reservedness of disposition, which shuns the glare of public, and the pleasures of convivial life, and gives to modesty and gentle manners the appearance of parsimony and meanness of spirit.

The imputation of merit, with mankind, Sindall knew to be a necessary appendage to his character : he was careful, therefore, to omit no opportunity of stepping forth to their notice as a man of generosity. There was not a gentleman's servant in the county who did not talk of the knight's munificence, in the article of vails ; and a park-keeper was thought a happy man, whom his master sent with a haunch of venison to Sir Thomas. Once a year too he feasted his tenants, and indeed the whole neighbourhood, on the large lawn in the front of his house, where the strong beer ran, cascade-wise, from the mouth of a leaden Triton.

But there were objects of compassion, whose relief would not have figured in the eye of the public, on whom he was not so remarkable for bestowing his liberality. The beggars, he complained, where perpetually stealing his fruit and destroying his shrubbery; he, therefore, kept a wolf-dog to give them their answer at the gate : and some poor families in the village on his estate, had been brought t›

beggary by prosecutions for poaching—an offence which every country gentleman is bound in honour to punish with the utmost severity of the law, and cannot therefore, without a breach of that honour, alleviate by a weak and ill judged exercise of benevolence!

Miss Lucy, however, as she could not so strongly feel the offence, would sometimes contribute to lessen the rigour of its punishment by making small presents to the wives and children of the delinquents. Passing one evening by the door of a cottage, where one of those pensioners on her bounty lived, she observed standing before it a very beautiful lap-dog, with a collar and bell, ornamented much beyond the trappings of any animal that could belong to the house. From this circumstance her curiosity was excited to enter, when she was not a little surprised to find a young lady in a most elegant undress, sitting on a joint-stool by the fire, with one of the children of the family on her lap. The ladies expressed mutual astonishment in their countenances at this meeting: when the good woman of the house, running up to them, and clasping a hand of each in hers—blessings, said she, thousands of blessings on you both! a lovelier couple, or a better, my eyes never looked on! The infant clapped its hands, as if instinctively—Dear heart! continued its mother; look, if my Tommy be not thanking you too! Well may he clap his hands: if it had not been for your gracious selves, by this time his hands would have been cold clay!—mumbling his fingers in her mouth and bathing his arms with her tears—When you strictly forbade me to

tell any mortal of your favours, oh! how I longed to let each of you know that there was another lady in the world as good as herself!

The stranger had now recovered herself enough to tell Miss Lucy how much it delighted her, to find that a young lady of her figure did not disdain to visit affliction, even amongst the poor and the lowly. That reflection, answered the other, applies more strongly to the lady who makes it, than to her who is the occasion of its being made. I have not, madam, the honour of your acquaintance; but methinks—pardon my boldness—that I feel as if we were not strangers; at least, I am sure that I should reckon it a piece of singular good fortune, if this interview could entitle me to call you stranger no longer. Their landlady cried and laughed by turns; and her two guests were so much pleased with this meeting, that they appointed a renewal of it at an hour somewhat earlier of the subsequent evening.

Lucy came a few minutes before the time of appointment; when she learned, that the stranger was the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman, whom a difference of disposition from that of Sir Thomas Sindall, arising at least to a particular coolness, had entirely estranged, for many years, from the baronet, and prevented all intercourse between the families.

When this lady arrived, she brought such tidings along with her, that I question if, in all the sumptuous abodes of wealth and grandeur, there was to be found so much sincerity of joy, as within the ragged and mouldering walls of the hovel which she

graced with her presence. She informed the grateful mistress of it, that, by her intercession with some justices of the peace, who made part of the judicature before whom the poor woman's husband was brought, his punishment had been mitigated to a small fine, which she had undertaken to pay; and, that he would be very soon on his way homewards. The joy of the poor man's family, at this intelligence, was such as they could not, nor shall I attempt to express. His deliverance was indeed unexpected; because his crime was great—no less than that of having set a gin in his garden, for some cats that used to prey on a single brood of chickens, his only property; which gin had, one night, wickedly and maliciously, hanged a hare, which the baronet's gamekeeper next morning discovered in it.

His wife and little ones seemed only to be restrained by the respected presence of their guests, from running out to meet a husband and a father restored to them from captivity. The ladies, observing it, encouraged them in the design: and, having received the good woman's benediction, on her knees, they walked out together; and, leaving the happy family on the road to the prison turned down a winding, romantic walk, that followed the mazes of a rill, in an opposite direction.

Lucy, whose eyes had been fixed with respectful attention on her fair companion, ever since her arrival at the cottage, now dropped a tear from each. You will not wonder at these tears, madam, said she, when you know, that they are my common sign of joy and admiration: they thank you on be-

half of myself, and my sex, whose peculiar beauty consists in those gentle virtues you so eminently possess; my heart feels not only pleasure, but pride, in an instance of female worth so exalted. Though the family in which I live, from some cause unknown to me, have not the happiness of an intercourse with yours; yet your name is familiar to my ear, and carries with it the idea of every aimable and engaging quality. Nor am I, returned the other, a stranger to the name or the worth of Miss Sindall; and I reckon myself singularly fortunate, not only to have accidentally made an acquaintance with her, but to have made it in that very style which effectually secures the esteem her character had formerly impressed me with.—Beneficence, indeed, replied Lucy, is a virtue, of which the possession may entitle to an acquaintance with one to whom that virtue is so particularly known. It is no less a pleasure than a duty, rejoined her companion; but I, Miss Sindall, have an additional incitement to the exercise of it; which, perhaps, as the tongue of curiosity is at one time as busy as its ear is attentive at another, you may, ere this, have heard of. That ancient building, to which the walk we are on will in a few minutes conduct us, was formerly in the possession of one in whose bosom resided every gentle excellence that adorns humanity. He, Miss Sindall—why should I blush to tell it?—in the sordid calculation of the world, his attachment was not enviable: the remembrance of it, though it wrings my heart with sorrow, is yet my pride and my delight! Your feelings, Miss Lucy, will understand this—the dear youth left me

executrix of that philanthropy, which death alone could stop in its course. To discharge this trust is the business of my life; for I hold myself bound to discharge it.

They had now reached the end of the walk, where it opened into a little circle, surrounded with trees, and fenced by a rail, in front of an antique looking house; the gate of which was ornamented with a rudely sculptured crest, cyphered round with the initials of some name which time had rendered illegible. But a few paces before it was placed a small urn, of modern workmanship; and on a tablet beneath was written—

TO THE

MEMORY

OF

WILLIAM HARLEY.

Lucy stepped up to read this inscription. Harley! said she, how I blush to think that I have scarcely ever heard of the name!—Alas! said Miss Walton, his actions were not of a kind that is loudly talked of: but what is the fame of the world? By him its voice could not now be heard! There was an ardent earnestness in her look, even amidst the melancholy with which her countenance was impressed. There is a blank at the bottom of the tablet! said Lucy. Her companion smiled gloomily at the observation; and leaning on the urn in a

pensive attitude, replied that it should one day be filled up!

They now heard the tread of feet approaching the place. Lucy was somewhat alarmed at the sound; but her fears were removed, when she discovered it to proceed from a venerable old man; who, advancing towards them, accosted Miss Walton by her name—who, in her turn, pronounced the word Peter! in the tone of surprise. She stretched out her hand, which he clasped in his; and looked in her face with a certain piteous wistfulness; while a tear was swelling in his eye. My dear lady, said he, I have travelled many a mile since I saw your ladyship last. By God's blessing, I have succeeded very well in the business your ladyship helped me to set up; and having some dealings with a tradesman in London, I have been as far as that city and back again: and, said I to myself, if I could venture on such a journey for the sake of gain, may I not take a shorter for the sake of thanking my benefactress, and seeing my old friends in the country? and I had a sort of yearning to be here, to remember good Mrs. Margery, and my dear young master—God forgive me for weeping, for he was too good for this world!—The tears of Miss Walton and Lucy accompanied his. Alack-a-day! continued Peter; to think how things will come to pass! That there tree was planted by his own sweet hand! I remember it well; he was then but a boy: I stood behind him, holding the plants in my apron thus—Peter, said he, as he took one to stick it in the ground, perhaps I shall not live to see this grow!—God grant your honour

may, said I, when I am dead and gone ! and I lifted up the apron to my eyes, for my heart grew big at his words; but he smiled up in my face, and said—We shall both live, Peter, and that will be best.—Ah ! I little thought then, Miss Walton !—I little thought ! and he shook his thin gray locks ! The heart of apathy itself could not have withstood it : Miss Walton's and Lucy's, melting and tender at all times, were quite overcome.

They stood for some time silent : Miss Walton, at last, recollected herself. Pardon me, Miss Sindall, said she; I was lost in the indulgence of my grief. Let us leave this solemn scene; I have no right to tax you with my sorrows.—Call not their participation by that name ! answered Lucy ; I know the sacredness of sorrow : yours are such as strengthen the soul while they melt it !

CHAPTER VI.

A Change in Bolton's Situation.

The reader will pardon the digression I have made: I would not willingly lead him out of his way, except into some path, where his feelings may be expanded, and his heart improved.

He will remember that I mentioned, in the fourth chapter, the expectation which Bolton entertained of seeing his Lucy, at a period not very remote.

But that period was not destined to arrive so soon. When he expected Sir Thomas' commands

—or, rather, his permission—to visit the family at Bilswood, he received a letter from that gentleman, purporting that he had, at last, been able to put him in the way of attaining that independence he had so often wished for; having just procured him a commission in a regiment then stationed at Gibraltar: that, though he, Sir Thomas, as well as Mrs. Selwyn and Lucy, was exceedingly desirous to have an opportunity of bidding him farewell; yet he had prevailed on himself to wave that pleasure, from the consideration of its inconvenience to Harry, as it was absolutely necessary that he should join his regiment immediately. He enclosed letters of introduction to several gentlemen of his acquaintance in London; remitted him drafts, on that place, for a considerable sum, to fit him out for his intended expedition; and begged that he might loose no time in repairing thither for that purpose. He ended, with assuring him of the continuance of his friendship; which, he declared, no distance of time or place could alienate or impair.

The effect which this letter had upon Bolton, as he was then circumstanced, my readers can easily imagine! There was another accompanied it; a note from his Lucy. She intended it for comfort; for it assumed the language of consolation: but the depression of her own spirits was visible amidst the hopes with which she meant to buoy up those of Bolton.

With this letter for its text, did his imagination run over all the delights of the past, and compare them with the disappointment of the present. Yet those tender regrets which the better part of our

nature feels, have something in them to blunt the edge of that pain they inflict, and confer on the votaries of sorrow a sensation that borders on pleasure. He visited the walks which his Lucy had trod, the trees under which she had sat, the prospects they had marked together: and he would not have exchanged his feelings, for all that luxury could give or festivity inspire! Nor did he part with the idea after the object was removed; but even on the road to London, to which place he began his journey next morning, it was but pulling out his letter again, humming over that little melancholy air which his Lucy had praised, and the scene was present at once! It drew, indeed, a sigh from his bosom, and an unmanly tear stood in his eye; yet the sigh and the tear were such, that it was impossible to wish it removed!

CHAPTER VII.

His Arrival and Situation in London.

When Bolton reached the metropolis, he applied, without delay, to those persons for whom he had letters from Sir Thomas Sindall; whose instructions the baronet had directed him to follow, in that course of military duty which he had now enabled him to pursue.

In the reception he met with it is not surprising that he was disappointed. He looked for that cordial friendship, that warm attachment, which is

only to be found in the smaller circles of private life; which is lost in the bustle, and extended connexion of large societies. The letters he presented were read with a civil indifference, and produced the unmeaning professions of ceremony and politeness. From some of those to whom they were addressed, he had invitations which he accepted with diffidence; to feasts which he partook with disgust; where he sat amidst the profusion of ostentatious wealth, surrounded with company he did not know, and listening to discourse in which he was not qualified to join.

A plain, honest, tradesman, to whom he happened to carry a commission from Mrs. Wistanly, was the only person who seemed to take an interest in his welfare. At this man's house he received the welcome of a favoured acquaintance: he eat of the family dinner, and heard the jest which rose for their amusement; for ceremony did not regulate the figure of their table, nor had fashion banished the language of nature from their lips. Under this man's guidance, he transacted any little business his situation required, and was frequently conducted by him to those very doors, whose lordly owners received him in that manner which grandeur thinks itself entitled to assume, and dependence is constrained to endure.

After some days of inquiry and solicitude, he learned, that it was not necessary for him to join his regiment so speedily as Sir Thomas' letter had induced him to believe.

Upon obtaining this information, he immediately communicated it to the baronet, and signified, at

the same time, a desire of improving that time, which this respite allowed him for his stay in England, in a visit to the family at Bilswood. But with this purpose, his cousin's ideas did not at all coincide. He wrote Harry an answer, disapproving entirely his intentions of leaving London; and laid down a plan for his improvement in military science, which could only be followed in the metropolis. Here was another disappointment; but Harry considered it his duty to obey.

What he felt, however, may be gathered from the following letter; which he wrote to Miss Sindall, by the post succeeding that which brought him the instructions of Sir Thomas :—

'As I found, soon after my arrival here, that the necessity of joining my regiment immediately was superseded; I hoped, by this time, to have informed my dearest Lucy of my intended departure from London, to be once more restored to her and the country.

'I have suffered the mortification of another disappointment! Sir Thomas' letter is now before me, which fixes me here for the winter: I confess the reasonableness of his opinion; but reason, and Sir Thomas, cannot feel like Bolton.

'When we parted last, we flattered ourselves with other prospects! Cruel as the reflection is, I feel a sort of pleasure in recalling it: especially, when I venture to believe that my Lucy has not forgotten our parting.

'To-morrow is Christmas day: I call to remembrance our last year's holidays; may these be as

happy with you, though I am not to partake them! Write me every particular of these days of jollity: fear not, as your last letter expresses it, tiring me with trifles; nothing is a trifle in which you are concerned. While I read the account, I will fancy myself at Bilswood: here, I will walk forth, an unnoticed thing, amidst the busy crowd that surrounds me. Your letters give me some interest in myself; because they shew me that I am something to my Lucy: she is every thing to her

'BOLTON.'

CHAPTER VIII.

Filial Piety.

BOLTON had a disposition towards society that did not allow him an indifference about any thing of human form with whom he could have an opportunity of intercourse. He was every one's friend, in his heart, till some positive demerit rendered a person unworthy his goodwill.

He had not long possessed his lodgings in town till he cultivated an acquaintance with his landlord and landlady. The latter he found to be the representative of the family, from a power of loquacity, very much superior to her husband, who seemed to be wonderfully pleased with his wife's conversation, and very happy under what might, not improperly, be termed her government.

To Mrs. Terwitt, therefore—for that was the

lady's name—did Bolton address his approaches towards an acquaintance; and from her he had the good fortune to find them meet with a favourable reception. They were so intimate, the second week of his residence in the house, that she told him the best part of the transactions of her life, and consulted him upon the disposal of her eldest daughter in marriage, whom a young tradesman, she said, had been in suit of ever since the Easter holidays preceding We can give her, added she, something handsome enough for a portion: and the old gentleman above stairs has promised her a present of a hundred pounds on her wedding day, provided she marries to please him.

The gentleman above stairs! said Bolton; how have I been so unlucky as never to have heard of him before?—He is not at present in town, replied the landlady, having gone, about a fortnight ago, to Bath, whence he is not yet returned. Indeed I fear his health requires some stay at that place; for he has been but poorly of late: Heaven preserve his life! for he is a good friend of ours; and of many ones else who stand in need of his friendship. He has an estate, sir, of a thousand pounds a-year, and money besides, as I have been told: yet he chooses to live private, as you will see, and spends, I believe, the most of his income in charitable actions.

I did indeed, said Harry, observe a young man come to the door this morning at an early hour: and I heard him ask if the gentleman was returned? But I did not then know that he meant any person who lodged here.—Ay, sure enough he

meant Mr. Rawlinson! said Mrs. Terwitt; and I wish he may not feel his absence much: for he has called here frequently of late; and the last time, when he was told of his not being yet returned, Betty observed that the tears gushed from his eyes. When he calls again, said Bolton, I beg that I may be informed of it.

Next morning he heard somebody knock at the door, much about the time he had seen the young man approach it the preceding day. Upon going to the window he observed the same stripling; but his dress was different: he had no coat to cover a threadbare waistcoat, nor had he any hat. Bolton let the maid know that he was aware of his being at the door, and resumed his own station at the window. The youth repeated his inquiries after Mr. Rawlinson; and, upon receiving the same answer, cast up to Heaven a look of resignation, and retired.

Bolton slipped down stairs and followed him. His lodgings were situated near Queen Square: the lad took the country road; and went on, without stopping, till he reached Pancras Churchyard. He stood, seemingly entranced, over a new covered grave at one end of it. Harry placed himself under cover of a tomb hard by, where he could mark him unperceived.

He held his hands clasped in one another, and the tears began to trickle down his cheeks. Bolton stole from out his hiding-place, and approached towards the spot. The poor lad began to speak, as if addressing himself to the dead beneath—

Thou canst not feel their cruelty; nor shall the

winds of winter chill thee as they do thy wretched son !——Inhuman miscreants ! but these shall cover thee.—He threw himself on the ground; and spread his arms over the grave on which he wept.

Bolton stooped down to raise him from the earth; he turned, and gazed on him with a look bewildered and piteous. Pardon a stranger, young man, said Bolton, who cannot but be interested in your sorrow : he is not entitled to ask its cause; yet his heart swells with the hope of removing it.—May Heaven requite you, replied the stranger, for your pity to a poor orphan—Oh, sir ! I have not been used to beg; and even to receive charity is hard upon me. Did I mean to move compassion, I have a story to tell——You weep already, sir ? Hear me; and judge if I deserve your tears !

Here lies my father; the only relation whom misfortune had left to own me : but Heaven had sent us a friend, in the best of men, Mr. Rawlinson. He came accidentally to the knowledge of our sufferings, and took on himself the charge of alleviating them, which the cruelty of our own connections had abandoned. But alas ! when, by his assistance, my father was put into a way of earning his bread, he was seized with that illness of which he died. Some small debts, which his short time in business had not yet allowed him to discharge, were put in suit against him by his creditors. His sickness and death, which happened a few days ago, did but hasten their proceedings : they seized, sir, the very covering of that bed on which his body was laid. Mr. Rawlinson was out of town; and I fancy he never received those letters I wrote to him to Bath.

I had no one from whom to expect relief; every thing but these rags on my back I sold to bury the best of fathers: but my little all was not enough; and the man whom I employed for his funeral took yesterday from off these clods the very sod which had covered him, because I had not wherewithal to pay its price. Bolton fell on his neck, and answered him with his tears.

He covered the dust of the father, and clothed the nakedness of the son: and, having placed him where it was in his power to make future inquiries after his situation, left him to bless Providence for the aid it had sent, without knowing the hand through which its bounty had flowed. That hand, indeed, the grateful youth pressed to his lips at parting; and begged earnestly to know the name of his benefactor. I am a friend, said Bolton, of Mr. Rawlinson, and humanity.

CHAPTER IX.

A very alarming Accident, which proves the Means of Bolton's getting acquainted with his Fellow-lodger.

When Bolton returned in the evening from those labours of charity he had undertaken, he found that the family were abroad, supping in a body with the daughter's lover. The maid sat up to wait their home-coming; and Bolton, who had more liberty, but much less inclination, to sleep, betook himself to meditation.

It was now near midnight; and the hum of Betty's spinning-wheel, which had frequently intermitted before, became entirely silent: when Bolton was alarmed with a very loud knocking of the watchman at the door; and presently a confused assemblage of voices, crying out—Fire! Fire! echoed from one end of the street to the other. Upon opening his window he discovered, too plainly, the reason of the alarm: the flames were already appearing at the windows of the ground-floor; to which they had probably been communicated by the candle, which the maid had burning by her in the kitchen below.

She had now at last awaked; and was running about, before the door of the house, wringing her hands, and speaking incoherently to the few who were assembled by the outcry, without having recollection enough to endeavour to save anything belonging to herself or her master.

Bolton, who had more the possession of his faculties, entreating the assistance of some watchmen whom the occasion had drawn together, made shift to convey into the street a few things which he took to be the most valuable: desiring Betty to be so much mistress of herself, as to keep an eye upon them for her master's benefit.

She continued, however, her broken exclamations of horror and despair; till at last starting as it were into the remembrance of something forgot, she cried out vehemently—Oh, my God! where is Mr. Rawlinson?

Bolton caught the horrid meaning of her question; and pushing through the flames, which had now

taken hold of the staircase, forced his way into the bed-chamber occupied by the old gentleman, who had returned from the country that very evening; and being fatigued with his journey, had gone to bed before his fellow-lodger's arrival at home.

He had not waked till the room under that where he lay was in a blaze: and, on attempting to rise, was stifled with the smoke that poured in at every cranny of the floor, and fell senseless at his bedside; where Bolton found him on entering the room.

On endeavouring to carry him down stairs, he found it had now become impracticable: several of the steps having been quite burnt away, and fallen down in flaming brands, since the moment before, when he had ascended.

He had presence of mind enough left to observe that the back part of the house was not so immediately affected by the flames: he carried Mr. Rawlinson, therefore, into a room on that side; and, having beat out the sash, admitted air enough to revive him. The latter presently recollected his situation, and asking Harry if it was posible to get down stairs, heard him answer in the negative with remarkable composure. As for me, said he, I shall loose but few of my days; but I fear, sir, your generous concern for a stranger has endangered a life much more valuable than mine. Let me beg of you to endeavour to save yourself, which your strength and agility may enable you to do; without regarding a poor worn-out old man, who would only encumber you in the attempt. Bolton, with a solemn earnestness, declared that no

consideration should tempt him to such a desertion. He had before this vainly endeavoured to procure a ladder, or some other assistance, from the people below: the confusion of the scene prevented their affording it. He considered, therefore, if he could not furnish some expedient from within; and having united the cordage of a bed which stood in the room, he found it would make a sufficient length of rope to reach within a few feet of the ground. This he fastened round Mr. Rawlinson's waist, in such a way that his arms should support part of the weight of his body; and, sliding it over the edge of the window, so as to cause somewhat more resistance in the descent, he let him down in that manner till he was within reach of some assistance below, who caught him in their arms. Then fastening the end of the rope round the post of the bed, he slid so far down upon it himself that he could safely leap to the ground.

He conveyed Mr. Rawlinson to other lodgings hard by, which then happened to be vacant; and having got him accommodated with some clothes belonging to the landlord, he returned to see what progress the fire had been making: when he found that happily, from a piece of waste ground lying between the house where it broke out, and the other to the leeward, it was got so much under as to be in no danger of spreading any farther.

Upon going back to Mr. Rawlinson he found him sitting in the midst of the family with whom he had lodged ministering comfort to their distresses: the unfortunate Betty, whom, as she stood self-condemned for her neglect, he considered as the

greatest sufferer, he had placed next him. You shall not, said he, addressing himself to the old folks, interrupt the happiness of my friend Nancy or her lover here with wailing your misfortune, or chiding of Betty. I will become bound to make up all your losses, provided your good humour is not of the number.

But who, continued the old gentleman, shall reward Mr. Bolton for the service he has done us all? —may Heaven reward him! cried Mrs. Terwitt. And all her audience answered—Amen!—You pray well, said Mr. Rawlinson; and your petition is heard—On him, to whom the disposition of benevolence is given, its recompence is already bestowed!

CHAPTER X.

Effects of his acquaintance with Mr. Rawlinson.

Such was Bolton's introduction to Mr. Rawlinson's acquaintance: and from the circumstances of its commencement, my readers will easily believe that neither party could be indifferent to its continuation. Rawlinson saw his own virtues, warm and active, in the bosom of his young friend: while Harry contemplated with equal delight that serenity which their recollection bestowed on the declining age of Rawlinson.

In one of his visits to the old gentleman, some time after the accident related in the foregoing

chapter, he found with him that very youth whose sorrow over the grave of his father he had so lately been the means of alleviating. The young man was, indeed, in the midst of their recital as Bolton entered the room: and had just mentioned with regret his ignorance of his benefactor; when the door opened, and discovered him. Bolton could not help blushing at the discovery; the other starting from his seat, exclaimed—It is he! it is himself!—threw himself on his knees before Harry with tears in his eyes, and poured out some broken expressions of the warmest gratitude. It was you then, said Mr. Rawlinson, who were the comforter of my poor boy, who covered the grave of his unfortunate father! I will not thank you, for Jack is doing it better with his tears: but I will thank Heaven that there are some such men, to preserve my veneration for the species. I trust, my dear sir, said Bolton, that there are many to whom such actions are habitual. You are a young man, interrupted the other, and it is fit you should believe so: I will believe so too; for I have sometimes known what it is to enjoy them. Go my boy! turning to the lad; and wish for the luxury of doing good: remember Mr. Bolton, and be not forgetful of Providence!

The father of that young man, said Mr. Rawlinson when he was gone, was a schoolfellow of mine here in town, and one of the worthiest creatures in the world; but from a milkness of disposition, without the direction of prudence, or the guard of suspicion, he suffered himself to become a dupe to the artifices of some designing men; and when,

some time ago, I discovered his place of abode, in an obscure village in the country, I found him stripped of his patrimony, and burthened with the charge of that boy who has just now left us, whose mother, it seems had died when he was a child. Yet amidst the distresses of his poverty I found that easiness of temper, which had contributed to bring them on, had not forsaken him: he met me with a smile of satisfaction, and talked of the cruel indifference of some wealthy relations, without the emotions of anger, or the acrimony of disappointment. He seemed indeed to feel for his child; but comforted himself, at the same time, with the reflection that he had bred him to expect adversity with composure, and to suffer poverty with contentment. He died, poor man, when I had put him in a way of living with some comfort; nor had I even an apportunity of doing the common offices of friendship to his last moments, my health having obliged me to go down to Bath, whence I had removed to Bristol, and did not receive any accounts of his illness till my return to London. I am in your debt, Mr. Bolton, for some supplies to his son: let me know what those were, that we may clear the account? Bolton replied that he hoped Mr. Rawlinson could not wish to deprive him of the pleasure he felt from the reflection of having assisted so much filial piety and distress. It shall be in your own way, said the old gentleman; I am not such a niggard as to grudge you the opportunity: yet I cannot but regret my absence when I should have closed the eyes of poor Jennings. He was the last of those companions of my childhood,

whose history in life I had occasion to be acquainted with. The rest, Mr. Bolton, had already fallen around me; and I am now left, within a little of the grave, without a friend—except one, whom accident has acquired me in you—to smooth the path that leads to it: but that is short, and therefore it matters not much. At my age nature herself may be expected to decline; but a lingering illness is shortening her date. I would do, therefore, what good I can in the space that is left me; and look forward if I may be allowed, to make some provision for the service of futurity. Here are two papers, sir; which on mature deliberation, I have judged it proper to commit to your custody: that in the parchment cover, which is not labelled, my death alone will authorize you to open; the other marked Trust-deed, by Mr. Annesly, I can explain to you now. That man, Mr. Bolton, who is now a saint in heaven, was prepared for it by the severest calamities on earth: the guilt and misfortunes of two darling children cut short the remnant of a life, whose business it was to guide, and whose pleasure to behold them in the paths of virtue and of happiness. At the time of his death they were both alive: one, alas, did not long survive her father! what has become of her brother I have never been able to learn. But this trust, put into my hands in their behalf, may still be of importance to him or his; and to you, therefore, I make it over for that purpose. For though, by Mr. Annesly's settlement, the subject of trust accrues to me on the failure of his own issue; yet would I never consider it as mine, while the smallest chance remained of his

son, or the decendants of his son, surviving: and even were the negative certain, I should then only look on myself as the steward of my friend; for purposes which his goodness would have dictated, and it becomes his trustee to fulfil. In such a charge I will not instruct my executor; I have been fortunate enough to find one whose heart will instruct him.

Bolton, while he promised an execution of this trust worthy of the confidence reposed in him, could not help expressing his surprise at Mr. Rawlinson's choice of him for that purpose. I do not wonder, replied the other, that you should think thus; for thus has custom taught us to think: I have told you how friendless and unconnected I am; but while we trace the relatives of birth and kindred, shall we allow nothing to the ties of the heart, or the sympathy of virtue?

CHAPTER XI.

A remarkable Event in the History of Bolton.—His Behaviour in consequence of it.

THE provisions which Mr. Rawlinson had made, for the event of which he had accustomed himself to think with composure, were but too predictive of its arrival. That worthy man lived not many weeks after the conversation with Bolton which I just recorded.

Bolton was affected with the most lively sorrow

for his death. This friendship, though but lately acquired, had something uncommonly ardent in its attachment, and liberal in its confidence. Harry who had returned it in the most unreserved manner, felt the want both of that kindness which soothed, and that wisdom which instructed him.

Upon opening the sealed paper, which had been formerly put into his hands by Mr. Rawlinson, it was found to be that gentleman's will, devising his whole estate, real and personal, to Mr. Bolton. The reason given for this in the body of the paper itself, was expressed iu the following words—Because, I know no man who has deserved more of myself; none who will deserve more of mankind in the disposal of what I have thus bequeathed him.

Bolton was fully sensible of the force of this recommendation to the exercise of a virtue which he had always possessed, and had only wanted power to practice. He acted as the almoner of Mr. Rawlinson, and justified his friend's method of benefaction, for so this disposal of his affairs might be called, by joining, with the inclination to do good, that choice of object, and that attention to propriety which dignifies the purpose, and doubles the use of beneficence.

Having settled accounts of this kind in town—amongst which those of young Jennings, and the Terwitt family, were not forgotten—he set out for that estate, which had now devolved to him by the will of Mr. Rawlinson. With what ideas he made this visit, and in what manner he expressed them

on his arrival, I shall allow his own words to describe, in the following letter to Miss Sindall :—

'WILBROOK.

'MY Lucy will not blame me for want of attention; because she has heard of, what the world will call, my good fortune, only from the relation of others. To her I could not address those short letters of recital which I was obliged to write to Sir Thomas She will not doubt her Harry's remembrance at all times. It is only with relation to those we love, that prosperity can produce happiness; and our virtues themselves are nourished from the consciousness of some favourite suffrage. The length of this letter shall make up for a silence occasioned by various interruptions. I have had a good deal of business, for the present; I have been forming some projects for the future; the idea of my Lucy was absent from neither.

'After the death of Mr. Rawlinson—the friend of mankind, as well as of your Harry—there were some offices of duty which the successor of such a man was peculiarly bound to perform. Though I could discover no relation of his but one, whose fortune, as it had formerly taught him to overlook his kinsman, stood not now in need of that kinsman's acknowledgment; yet there were numbers whom humanity had allied to him. Their claim of affinity was now upon me; and their provision, a debt which I was called upon to discharge: this kept me some time in London. I have another family, here, whom it was also necessary to remember; I

have been among them a week, and we have not been unhappy.

'When I looked into the conveyance of this estate, I found it had been once before transferred in a manner not very common in the disposal of modern property. Its owner immediately preceding Mr. Rawlinson was a friend and companion of his, who had gone out to India some years later than he; and by his assistauce, had been put in the way of acquiring a very large fortune, The greatest part of this he remitted to his former benefactor, in England, to be laid out on some purchase near the place of his nativity; which, it seems, was a village but a few miles distant from Wilbrook. This estate was then in the possession of a gentleman whose London expenses had squandered the savings of four or five generations; and, after having exhausted every other resource, he was obliged to sell this inheritance of his family. Mr. Rawlinson gave him the price he asked; and made a present of a considerable sum besides, to a very deserving woman, who had the misfortune to be the wife of this spendthrift. His friend ratified the bargain, with thanks; but he lived not to enjoy his purchase. A fever carried him off, in his passage to England; and he bequeated his estate to him by whose former good offices he had been enabled to acquire it.

' The new proprietor took a singular method of improving its value ! He lowered the rents, which had been raised to an extravagant height, and recalled the ancient tenants of the manor, most of whom had been driven from the unfriendly soil, to make room for desperate adventurers, who under-

took for rents they could never be able to pay. To such a man was I to succeed! and I was conscious how much was required of his successor.

'The third day after my arrival, I gave a general invitation to my tenants, and their families, to dine with me. The hall was trimmed for their reception; and some large antique pieces of plate, with which Mr. Rawlinson had furnished his cupboard, were ranged on the large table at the end of it. Without doors stood a cask of excellent strong beer, for any one of inferior quality who choose to drink of it; dispensed by an old but jolly looking servant, whose face was the signal of welcome.

'I received my guests as friends and acquaintance; asked the names of their children; and praised the bluffness of the boys and the beauty of the girls. I placed one of the most matronly wives in the wicker chair at the head of the table; and, occupying the lowest place myself, stationed the rest of the company, according to their age, on either side.

'The dinner had all the appearance of plainness and of plenty; amongst other dishes, four large pieces of roast beef were placed at uniform distances; and a plum-pudding, of a very uncommon circumference, was raised conspicuous in the middle. I pressed the bashful among the girls; commended the frankness of their fathers; and pledged the jolliest of the set in repeated draughts of strong beer.

'But, thoughthis had the desired effect with some, I could observe, in the countenances of others, evident marks of distrust and apprehension. The

cloth, therefore, was no sooner removed, and the grace-cup drank, than I rose up in my place, and addressed my guests to the following purpose :—

'The satisfaction, my worthy friends, with which I now meet you, is damped by the recollection of that loss we have sustained in the death of your late excellent master. He was to me, as to you, a friend and a father; so may Heaven supply the want to me, as I will endeavour to fill his place to you! I call you to witness, that I hold his estate by no other title.

'I have given orders to my steward to renew such of your leases as are near expiring, at the rent which you have heretofore paid. If there is an article of encouragement, or convenience, wanting to any of you, let him apply to myself, and I will immediately inquire into it. No man is above the business of doing good.

'It is customary, I believe, on such occasions, for the tenant to pay a certain fine, or premium, to the landlord: I, too, my friends, will expect one; you, and your families shall pay it me—be industrious, be virtuous, be happy!

'An exclamation of joy and applause, which the last part of my speech had scarcely been able to stifle, now burst forth around me. I need not tell my Lucy what I felt! her heart can judge of my feelings. She will believe me, when I say that I would not have exchanged them for the revenue of a monarch!

'The rest of the day was spent in all the genuine festivity of happy spirits. I had enlarged a room adjoining to the hall, by striking down a partition

at one end, and closed the entertainment with a dance, which I led up myself, with the rosy cheeked daughter of one of my principal tenants.

'This visit I have already returned to several of those honest folks. I found their little dwellings clean and comfortable; and happiness and good humour seemed the guests of them all. I have commonly observed cleanliness and contentment to be companions amongst the lower ranks of the country people; nor is it difficult to account for this; there is a self-satisfaction, in contented minds, which disposes to activity and neatness: whereas, the reckless lassitude that weighs down the unhappy, seldom fails to make drunkards of the men, and slatterns of the women. I commended highly the neatness which I found in the farm houses on my estate, and made their owners presents of various household ornaments, by way of encouragement.

'I know the usual mode of *improving* estates; I was told, by some sagacious advisers in London, that mine was *improveable;* but I am too selfish to be contented with money; I would increase the love of my people.

'Yesterday and to-day I have been employed in surveying the grounds adjoining to the house. Nature, here, reigns without control; for Mr. Rawlinson did not attend very much to her improvement; and I have heard him say, that he conceived a certain esteem for an old tree, or even an old wall, that would hardly allow him to think of cutting the one, or pulling down the other. Nature, however, has been liberal of her beauties; but these beauties I view not with so partial an

eye as the scenes I left at Sindall Park. Were my Lucy here, to adorn the landscape !—but the language of affection like mine, is not in words ! She will not need them—to believe how much I am her

'HENRY BOLTON.'

CHAPTER XII.

A Change in the Family of Sir Thomas Sindall.—Some Account of a Person whom that Event introduces to Miss Lucy's Acquaintance.

THE answer which Bolton received to the foregoing letter contained a piece of intelligence material to the situation of Miss Sindall; it conveyed to him an account of the death of Mrs. Selwyn.

Though that lady was not possessed of many amiable or engaging qualities, yet Lucy, to whom she had always shewn as much kindness as her nature allowed her to bestow on any one, felt a very lively sorrow for her death, even exclusive of the immediate consequences which herself was to expect from that event.

These, indeed, were apparently momentous. Mrs. Selwyn had been her guardian, and protectress, from her infancy; and, though Sir Thomas Sindall had ever behaved to her like a father, yet there was a feeling in the bosom of Lucy that revolted against the idea of continuing in his house, after his aunt's decease. By that lady's will, she was

entitled to a legacy of six hundred pounds; by means of this sum, she had formed a scheme which, though it would reduce her to a state very different from the ease and affluence of her former circumstances, might yet secure her from the irksomeness of dependance, or the accusation of impropriety; this way, to appropriate two-thirds of the interest of her capital to the payment of an annual sum for her board with Mrs. Wistanly.

It was now that Bolton felt the advantage of independence, from the hopes of being useful to Lucy; but he had her delicacy to overcome: she would not throw herself, at this moment of necessity, into the arms of a man whom fortune had now placed above her. She adhered to her first resolution.

But the kindness of Sir Thomas Sindall rendered it unnecessary: for, a short time after Mrs. Selwyn's death, when Miss Sindall communicated to him her intention of leaving his house, he addressed her in the following terms:—I have always looked upon you, Miss Lucy, as a daughter; and, I hope, there has been no want of tenderness or attention on the side of my aunt, or myself, to have prevented your regarding us as parents. At the same time I know the opinions of the world; mistaken and illiberal as they often are, there is a deference which we are obliged to pay them. In your sex, the sense of decorum should be ever awake: even in this case I would not attempt to plead against its voice; but, I hope, I have hit on a method which will perfectly reconcile propriety and convenience. There is a lady, a distant relation of

our family, whom a marriage, such as the world terms imprudent, banished in early life from the notice or protection of it : but, though they could refuse their suffrage to the match, they could not control its happiness; and, during the life of Mr. Boothby, for that was her husband's name, she experienced all the felicity of which wedlock is susceptible. Yet, on her husband's death, which happened about five years after their marriage, the state of his affairs was found to be such, that she stood but too much in need of that assistance which her relations denied her. At the time of her giving the family this offence, I was a boy; and I scarce ever heard of her name, till I was apprized of her misfortunes. Whatever services I have been able to do her, I have found repaid by the sincerest gratitude, and improved to the worthiest purposes. Upon the late event of my aunt's death, I was naturally led to wish her place supplied by Mrs. Boothby; she has done me the favour to accept of my invitation, and I expect her here this evening. Of any thing like authority, in this house, Miss Lucy, you shall be always independent; but I flatter myself, she has qualities sufficient to merit your friendship. Lucy returned such an answer as the kindness and delicacy of this speech deserved; and it was agreed that, for the present, her purpose of leaving Bilswood should be laid aside.

In the evening, the expected lady arrived. She seemed to be about the age of fifty; with an impression of melancholy on her countenance, that appeared to have worn away her beauty before the usual period : some traces, however, still remained

and her eyes, when they met the view of the world, which was but seldom, discovered a brilliancy not extinguished by her sorrow.

Her appearance, joined to the knowledge of her story, did not fail to attract Miss Sindall's regard: she received Mrs. Boothby with an air, not of civility, but friendship; and the other shewed a sense of the obligation conferred on her, by a look of that modest, tender sort, which equally acknowledges and solicits our kindness.

With misfortune, a good heart easily makes an acquaintance. Miss Sindall endeavoured by a thousand little assiduities, to shew this lady the interest she took in her welfare. That reserve, which the humility of affliction, not an unsocial spirit, seemed to have taught Mrs. Boothby, wore off by degrees: their mutual esteem increased as their characters opened to each other; and in a short time, their confidence was unreserved, and their friendship appeared to be inviolable.

Mrs. Bootby had now the satisfaction of pouring the tale of her distresses into the ear of sympathy and friendship. Her story was melancholy, but not uncommon; the wreck of her husband's affairs, by a mind too enlarged for his fortune; and an indulgence of inclinations, laudable in their kind, but faulty in relation to the circumtances of their owner.

In the history of her young friend's life, there were but few incidents to communicate in return. She could only say—that she remembered herself, from her infancy an orphan, under the care of Sir Thomas Sindall and his aunt; that she lived with

them in a state of quiet and simplicity, without having seen much of the world, or wishing to see it. She had but one secret to disclose, in earnest of her friendship; it faltered for some time on her lips, at last she ventured to let Mrs. Boothby know it—her attachment to Bolton.

From this intelligence the other was led to an inquiry into the situation of that young gentleman. She heard the particulars I have formerly related, with an emotion not suited to the feelings of Miss Sindall; and the sincerity of her friendship declared the fears which her prudence suggested.

She reminded Lucy of the dangers to which youth and inexperience are exposed, by the sudden acquisition of riches; she set forth the many disadvantages of early independence; and hinted, the inconstancy of attachments formed in the period of romantic enthusiasm, in the scenes of rural simplicity, which are afterwards to be tried by the maxims of the world, amidst the society of the gay, the thoughtless, and the dissipated. From all this followed conclusions, which it was as difficult, as disagreeable, for the heart of Lucy to form; it could not untwist those tender ties, which linked it to Bolton; but it began to tremble for itself and him.

CHAPTER XIII.

Certain Opinions of Mrs. Boothby—an Attempt to account for them.

From the particulars of her own story, and of Bolton's, Mrs. Boothby drew one conclusion, common to both: to wit, the goodness of Sir Thomas Sindall. This, indeed, a laudable gratitude had so much impressed on her mind, that the praises she frequently bestowed on him, even in his own presence would have savoured of adulation, to one who had not known the debt which this lady owed to his beneficence.

Lucy, to whom she would often repeat her eulogium of the baronet, was ready enough to own the obligations herself had received, and to join her acknowledgments to those of her friend. Yet, there was a want of warmth in her panegyric; for which Mrs. Boothby would sometimes gently blame her: and one day, when they were on that subject, she remarked, with a sort of jocular air, the difference of that attachement, which Miss Sindall felt, in return for so much unwearied kindness as Sir Thomas had shewn her; and that which a few soft glances had procured to the more fortunate Mr. Bolton.

Miss Sindall seemed to feel the observation with some degree of displeasure: and answered, blushing, that she considered Sir Thomas as a parent, whom she was to esteem and revere; not as one for

whom she was to entertain any sentiments of a softer kind.

But, suppose, replied the other, that he should entertain sentiments of a softer kind to you?—I cannot suppose it.—There you are in the wrong: men of sense, and knowledge of the world, like Sir Thomas, are not so prodigal of unmeaning compliment, as giddy young people, who mean not half of what they say: but they feel more deeply the force of our attractions, and will retain the impression so much the longer, as it is grafted on maturity of judgment. I am very much mistaken, Miss Lucy, if the worthiest of men is not your lover.—Lover! Sir Thomas Sindall my lover!—I profess, my dear, I cannot see the reason of that passionate exclamation; nor why that man should not be entitled to love you, who has himself the best title to be beloved.—I may reverence Sir Thomas Sindall, I may admire his goodness; I will do any thing, to shew my gratitude to him: but, to love him—good heavens!

There is, I know, rejoined Mrs. Boothby, a certain romantic affection, which young people suppose to be the only thing that comes under that denomination. From being accustomed to admire a set of opinions which they term sentimental, opposed to others which they look upon as vulgar and unfeeling, they form to themselves, an ideal system in those matters; which, from the nature of things, must always be disappointed. You will find, Miss Sindall, when you have lived to see a little more of the world, the insufficiency of those visionary articles of happiness, that are set forth with such parade

of language, in novels and romances, as consisting in sympathy of soul, and the mutual attraction of hearts destined for each other.

You will pardon me, said Lucy, for making one observation—that you, yourself, are an instance against the universal truth of your argument; you married for love, Mrs. Boothby.—I did so, interrupted she; and therefore, I am the better able to inform you of the short duration of that paradise such a state is supposed to imply. We were looked, Miss Lucy, as patterns of conjugal felicity: but folks did little know, how soon the raptures with which we went together were changed into feelings of a much colder kind. At the same time, Mr. Boothby was a good natured man; and, I believe, we were on a better footing than most of your couples, who marry for love, are at the end of a twelvemonth. I am now, but too well convinced, that those are the happiest matches which are founded on the soberer sentiments of gratitude and esteem.

To this concluding maxim, Lucy made no reply. It was one of those which she could not easily bear to believe; it even tinctured the character of the person who made it; and she found herself not so much disposed to love Mrs. Boothby as she once had been.

For this sort of reasoning, however, that lady had reasons, which it may not be improper to explain to the reader; if, indeed, the feeling reader has not already discovered them, without the assistance of explanation.

Sir Thomas Sindall, though he was now verging towards that time of life, when—

> The heyday of the blood is tame;

was still as susceptible as ever of the influence of beauty. Miss Lucy, I have already mentioned, as possessing an uncommon share of it: and chance had placed her so immediately under his observation and guardianship, that it was scarce possible for him not to remark, and having remarked, not to desire it. In some minds, indeed, there might have arisen suggestions of honour and conscience, unfavourable to the use of that opportunity which fortune had put in his power: but these were restraints which Sir Thomas had so frequently broken, as in a great measure to annihilate their force.

During the life of his aunt there were other motives to restrain him; those were now removed: and being solicitous to preserve the advantage which he drew from Miss Sindall's residence in his house, he pitched on Mrs. Boothby to fill Mrs. Selwyn's place, from whom his former good offices gave him an additional title to expect assistance, by means of the influence she would naturally gain over the the mind of one who was in some sort to become her ward. As I am willing, at present, to believe that lady's character a fair one; I shall suppose that he concealed from her the kind of addresses with which he meant to approach her young friend. It is certain, there was but one kind which the principles of Sir Thomas allowed him to make.

One obstacle, however, he foresaw in the attachment which he had early discovered her to have towards Bolton. This, on the most favourable supposition of the case, he might easily represent to Mrs. Boothby, as equally hurtful to Lucy's interest, and destructive of his own wishes; and, if she was prevailed on to espouse his cause, it may account for those lessons of prudence which she bestowed upon Miss Sindall.

Besides this, the baronet did not scruple to use some other methods, still more dishonourable, of shaking her confidence in his cousin. He fell upon means of secretly intercepting that young gentleman's letters to Lucy: from this he drew a double advantage, both of fastening a suspicion on Harry's fidelity, and acquiring such intelligence as might point his own machinations to defeat the purposes which that correspondence contained.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Discovery interesting to Miss Sindall.

Under those circumstances of advantage in which Sir Thomas Sindall stood, it did not seem a matter of extreme difficulty to accomplish that design which I have hinted to my readers in the preceding chapter. Let him, whose indignation is roused at the mention of it, carry his feelings abroad into life: he will find other Sindalls, whom the world has not marked with its displeasure. In the sim-

plicity of my narrative, what is there that should set up this one to his hatred or his scorn? let but the heart pronounce its judgment, and the decision will be the same.

Hitherto, Sir Thomas had appeared as the parent and guardian of Lucy; and though at times certain expressions escaped him, which the quickness of more experienced, that is, less innocent minds, would have discovered to belong to another character; yet, she to whom they were addressed, had heard them without suspicion. But she was now alarmed, by the suggestions of Mrs. Boothby: these suggestions, it is possible, the baronet himself had prompted. He knew the force of that poison which is conveyed in those indirect approaches; when a woman's vanity is set on the watch, by the assistanee of a third person. She, who imagines she hears them with indifference, is in danger: but she, who listens to them with pleasure, is undone!

With Lucy, however, they failed of that effect which the baronet's experience had promised him: she heard them with a sort of disgust at Mrs. Boothby, and something like fear of Sir Thomas.

Her uneasiness increased as his declarations began to be more pointed; though they were then only such as some women, who had meant to give them no favourable ear, might perhaps have been rather flattered than displeased with: but Miss Sindall was equally void of the art, by which we disguise our own sentiments, and the pride we assume from the sentiments of others.

To her virtues, Sir Thomas was no stranger; they were difficulties, which served but as spurs in his

pursuit. That he continued it with increasing ardour, may be gathered from two letters, which I subjoin, for the information of the reader. The first is addressed

'TO MRS. WISTANLY.

'MY DEAR MADAM,

'I FEAR you begin to accuse me of neglect; but there are reasons why I cannot so easily write to you as formerly. Even without this apology, you would scarce believe me capable of forgetting you, who are almost the only friend I am possessed of. Alas, I have need of a friend! pity and direct me.

'Sir Thomas Sindall—how shall I tell it?—he has ceased to be that guardian, that protector, I esteemed him: he says, he loves, he adores me —. I know not why it is; but I shudder when I hear these words from Sir Thomas Sindall.

'But I have better reason for my fears; he has used such expressions of late that though I am not skilled enough in the language of his sex to understand their meaning fully, yet they convey too much for his honour, and for my peace.

'Nor is this all—Last night, I was sitting in the parlour with him and Mrs. Boothby—of whom I have much to tell you—I got up, and stood in the bow window, looking at the rays of the moon, which glittered on the pond in the garden. There was something of enviable tranquillity in the scene; I sighed as I looked. That's a deep one! said Sir Thomas, patting me on the shoulder behind. I turned round somewhat in a flurry, when I per-

ceived that Mrs, Bootby had left the room. I made a motion towards the door; Sir Thomas placed himself with his back to it. Where is Mrs. Boothby? said I; though I trembled so that I could scarcely articulate the words. What is my sweet girl frightened at? said he; here are none, but love and Sindall. He fell on his kness, and repeated a great deal of jargon—I was so confused, I know not what—holding my hands all the while fast in his. I pulled them away at last: he rose, and clasping me round the waist, would have forced a kiss. I screamed out; and he turned from me. What's the matter? said Mrs. Boothby; who then entered the room. A mouse, running across the carpet, frightened Miss Lucy! answered Sir Thomas. I could not speak; but I sat down on the sofa, and had almost fainted. Sir Thomas brought me some wine and water; and pressing my hand, whispered, that he hoped I would forgive an offence which was already too much punished by its effects: but he looked so, while he spoke this!

'Oh, Mrs. Wistanly! with what regret do I now recollect the days of peaceful happiness I have passed in your little dwelling, when we were at Sindall Park. I remember I often wished, like other foolish girls, to be a woman: methinks I would now gladly return to the state of harmless infancy I then neglected to value. I am but ill made for encountering difficulty or danger; yet I fear my path is surrounded with both. Could you receive me again under your roof? There is something hallowed resides beneath it.—Yet this may not now be so convenient—I know not what to say

—here I am miserable. Write to me, I entreat you, as speedily as may be. You never yet denied me your advice or assistance; and never before were they so necessary to your faithful

'L. SINDALL.'

To this letter Miss Sindall received no answer: in truth, it never reached Mrs. Wistanly; the servant to whom she entrusted its conveyance, having, according to instructions he had received, delivered it into the hands of his master, Sir Thomas Sindall. She concluded, therefore, either that Mrs. Wistanly found herself unable to assist her in her present distress; or what she imagined more probable, that age had now weakened her faculties so much as to render her callous even to that feeling which should have pitied it. She next turned her thoughts upon Miss Walton: the manner of her getting acquainted with whom I have related in the fifth chapter of this volume. But she learned that Mr. Walton had a few days before set out with his daughter on a journey to the continent: to which he had been advised by her physicians, as she had, for some time past, been threatened with symptoms of a consumptive disorder. These circumstances, and Sir Thomas's farther conduct in the interval, induced her to address the following letter to Bolton; though she began to suspect, from the supposed failure of his correspondence, that the suggestions she had heard of his change of circumstances having taught him to forget her, had but too much foundation in reality.

'TO HENRY BOLTON, ESQ.

'Is it true, that amidst the business or the pleasures of this new situation, Harry Bolton has forgot Lucy Sindall? Forlorn as I now am—but, I will not complain—I would now, less than ever, complain to you. Yet it is not pride; it is not—I weep, while I write this!

'But, perhaps, though I do not hear from you, you may yet remember her to whom you had once some foolish attachment. It is fit that you think of her no more: she was then, indeed, a dependant orphan; but there was a small challenge of protection from friends to whom it was imagined her infancy had been entrusted. Know, that this was a fabricated tale; she is, in truth, a wretched foundling; exposed, in her infant-state, by the cruelty or necessity of her parents, to the inclemency of a winter storm, from which miserable situation Sir Thomas Sindall delivered her. This he has but a little since told me in the most ungenerous manner; and from motives which I tremble to think on. Inhuman that he is! Why did he save me, then?

'This Mrs. Boothby, too! encompassed as I was with evils; was I not wretched enough before? Yet, this new discovery has been able to make me more so—My head grows dizzy when I think on it!—To be blotted out from the records of society!—What misery or what vice have my parents known! Yet now to be the child of a beggar, in poverty and rags, is a situation I am forced to envy.

'I had one friend, from whom I looked for some assistance. Mrs. Wistanly, from infirmity, I fear has forgotten me; I have ventured to think on you. Be but my friend, and no more; talk not of love, that you may not force me to rufuse your friendship. If you are not changed, indeed, you will be rewarded enough, when I tell you that, to remove me from the dangers of this dreadful place will call forth more blessings from my heart than any other can give, that is not wrung with anguish, like that of the unfortunate

'L. SINDALL.'

CHAPTER XV.

She receives a Letter from Bolton—A new Alarm from Sir Thomas Sindall.

IT happened that the messenger, to whom the charge of the foregoing billet was committed, was a person not in that line of association which the baronet had drawn around her; consequently, it escaped interception.

When Bolton received it, he was not only alarmed with the intelligence it contained; but his fears were doubly roused, from the discovery it made to him, of his letters not being suffered to reach Miss Sindall. He despatched his answer, therefore, by a special messenger; who was ordered to watch an opportunity of delivering it privately into the hands of the lady to whom it was ad-

dressed. This he found no easy matter to accomplish: nor would he, perhaps, have been able to effect it all, but for an artifice to which he had recourse, of hiring himself on a job in Sir Thomas' garden; for which his knowledge in the business happened to qualify him. He had, indeed, been formerly employed in that capacity at Sindall Park; and had there been well enough known to Miss Lucy, who was herself a gardener for amusement: and after leaving that place, having gone to the neighbourhood of London for improvement, he was met and hired by his former acquaintance, Mr. Bolton.

The very next evening after he had got into this station, he observed Miss Sindall enter the garden alone. This was an opportunity not to be missed; on pretence, therefore, of fetching somewhat from the end of the walk she was on, he passed her, and pulled off his hat, with a look significant of prior acquaintance. Lucy observed him; and feeling a sort of momentary comfort from the recollection, began some talk with him respecting his former situation, and the changes it had undergone. She asked him many questions about their old neighbours at Sindall Park, and particularly Mrs. Wistanly; when she was soon convinced of her misapprehension with regard to a failure of that worthy woman's intellects; Jerry, so the gardener was familiarly called, having seen her, in his way to Bilswood, and heard her speak of Miss Lucy with the most tender concern. And what was your last service, Jerry? said she. I wrought for Mr. Bolton, madam.—Mr. Bolton!—And I received this paper from him for your ladyship; which I was

ordered to deliver into your own hands, and no other body's, an't please your ladyship. She took the letter with a trembling impatience; and, whispering that she would find an opportunity of seeing him again, hurried up into her chamber to peruse it. She found it contain what follows—

'I HAVE not words to tell my ever dearest Lucy with what distracting anxiety I read the letter that is now lying before me. To give her suspicions of my faith must have been the work of no common treachery; when she knows that I wrote to her three several times, without receiving any answer, she will, at the same time, acquit me of inconstancy, and judge of my uneasiness.

'That discovery which she has lately made is nothing to her or to me. My Lucy is the child of Heaven; and her inheritance every excellence it can bestow.

'But her present situation—my God! what horrible images has my fancy drawn of it! For Heaven's sake, let not even the most amiable of weakness prevent her escaping from it, into the arms of her faithful Bolton. I despatch a messenger with this instantly. I cannot possibly follow him, myself, sooner than two days hence. I will then set out for the neighbourhood of Bilswood. That house I am forbidden to enter: Sir Thomas having taken occasion, from my resigning a commission which would have fixed me, ingloriously in a garrison abroad, that I might be of some use to my country at home, to write me a letter in the angriest terms, renouncing me, as he expresses it,

for ever! I see, I see the villany of his purpose: it is but a few days hence, and I will meet him in the covert of his falsehood, and blast it. Let my Lucy be but just to herself, and to

'BOLTON.'

She had scarcely read this, when Mrs. Boothby entered the room. The baronet had for some days, quitted that plan of intimidation which had prompted him to discover to Lucy the circumstance of her being a wretched foundling, supported by his charity, for a behaviour more mild and insinuating; and Mrs. Boothby, who squared her conduct accordingly, had been particularly attentive and obliging. She now delivered to Miss Sindall a message from a young lady in the neighbourhood, an acquaintance of hers, begging her company, along with Mrs. Boothby's, to a party of pleasure the day after. And really, Miss Sindall, said she, with an air of concern, I must enforce the invitation, from a regard to your health, as you seem to have been drooping for some days past. Lucy looked her full in the face, and sighed. That look she did not choose to understand; but repeated her question as to their jaunt to-morrow. Miss Venhurst will call at nine, and expects to find you ready to attend her.

What you please, replied the other: if Miss Venhurst is to be of the party, I have no objection. The consent seemed to give much satisfaction to Mrs. Boothby; who left her, with a gentle tap on the back, and an unusual appearance of kindness in her aspect.

Lucy read her letter again. She had desired

Bolton to think of her no more; but there is, in the worthiest hearts, a little hypocrisy attending such requests; she found herself happy in the thought that he had not forgotten her.

When she opened her bureau, to deposit this fresh testimony of his attachment, she observed the corner of a piece of paper which had been thrust into a fissure occasioned by the shrinking of the wood. Her curiosity was excited by this circumstance; and, unfolding the paper, she found it to contain :—

'TO MISS SINDLE.

'MADM.

'I WRIT this from a sincear regaird to yar welfer. Sir Tho. Sindle has a helitch plott against yur vartue; and has imployde Mrs. Buthbie, whu is a wooman of a notoreus karicter in Londun to asist him. They wil putt yu on a jant tomoro, on pretens of seeing Mss Venhrst, butt it is fals; for she is not to be thair, and they only wants to inveegle yu for a wicket purpes. therefor bi advyzd by a frinde, and du not go.

'Yur secrt welwishar,

'R. S.'

Amazement and horror filled the mind of Lucy as she read this; but, when the first perturbation of her soul was over, she bethought herself of endeavouring to find out her friend, in the author of this epistle; whose compassion seemed so much interested in her behalf. She remembered that one

of the servants, who was sometime employed to ride out with her, was called Robert, which agreed with the first initial in the subscription of the note she had received. At supper, therefore, though she wore a look of as much indifference as possible, she marked with a secret attention, the appearance of this man's countenance. Her belief of his being the person who had communicated this friendly intelligence was increased from her observation; and she determined to watch an opportunity of questioning him with regard to it.

CHAPTER XVI.

Miss Sindall has an Interview with Robert.—A Resolution she takes in consequence of it.

After a night of wakeful anxiety, she was called in the morning, by Mrs. Boothby; who told her that breakfast waited, as it was near the hour they proposed setting out on their jaunt. Miss Venhurst, continued she, has sent to let you know, that she is prevented from calling here, as she promised; but that she will meet us on the road.—I am sorry, answered Lucy, with a counterfeited coolness, that I should be forced to disappoint her in my turn; but I rested so ill last night, and my head aches so violently, that I cannot possibly attend her.—Not go! exclaimed Mrs. Boothby; why, my dear, you will disjoint the whole party: besides, I have not time to acquaint the Venhurst family; and it will

look so odd !—It would look odder, said Lucy, if I should go abroad, when I am really so much indisposed.—Nay, if you are *really* so very much indisposed, answered the other, I will send our apology, late as it is.—But you shall not stay at home, to attend me ! interrupted Lucy. Indeed, but I shall ! replied Mrs. Boothby; it was on your account only that I proposed going. Keep your chamber, and I will send you up some tea immediately, and she left the room for that purpose.

Her attention, indeed, was but too vigilant, for the scheme which Lucy had formed of examining Robert about that note she had found in her bureau; but accident, at last, furnished her with the opportunity she sought. Mrs. Boothby having left her, in order to preside at dinner, sent this very servant with a plate of something to her patient above stairs. He would have delivered it to one of the maids at the door; but Lucy, hearing his voice, desired that he might come in, on pretence of talking to him about a young horse she had employed him to ride for her; and sending the maid on some errand, put the paper into his hand, and asked him if he was the person to whom she was indebted for a piece of information so momentous ? The fellow blushed, and stammered, and seemed afraid to confess his kindness. For God's sake, said Lucy, do not trifle with my misery ! there is no time to loose in evasions; what do you know of Sir Thomas' designs against me ?—Why, for certain, madam, said he, servants should not blab their master's secrets; but your ladyship is so sweet a lady, that I could not bear to see you so deceived. Sir Thomas' valet

de-chamb is a chum of mine; and he told me, after having made me promise to keep it a profound secret, that his master designed to entice you on a party with Mrs. Boothby; that they were to stop at a solitary farm-house of his, and there Sir Thomas——Forbear the shocking recital, cried Lucy. To be sure it is shocking, said Robert; and so I said to Jem when he told me. But he answered—your ladyship will forgive me for repeating his words—that it mattered not much, for she is nothing better, said he, than a beggarly foundling, whom my master and I picked up one stormy night, on the road near his hunting-place there, at Hazleden; and having taken a liking to the child, he brought her home to Mrs. Selwyn; pretending that she was the daughter of a gentleman of his own name, a friend of his who died abroad. And his aunt, believing the story, brought her up for all the world like a lady; and left her, forsooth, a legacy at her death: but if all were as it should be, she would be following some draggle-tailed gipsy, instead of flaunting in her fineries here.—Would that I were begging my bread, so I were but out of this frightful house!—I wish you were, said Robert simply; for I fear there are more plots hatching against you than you are aware of. Is not Mrs. Boothby's Sukey to sleep, to night, in the room with your ladyship?—I consented on Mrs. Boothby's importunity, that she should.—Why, then, continued he, I saw Jem carry a cast gown of Mrs. Boothby's, she had formerly given to Sukey, but which she asked back from the girl, on pretence of taking a pattern from it, into his master's

dressing-room; and when I asked him what he was doing with it there, he winked thus, and said it was for somebody to masquerade in to-night.—Gracious God! cried Lucy, whither shall I turn me! Robert, if ever thou wouldst find grace with Heaven, pity a wretch that knows not where to look for protection! She had thrown herself on her knees before him. What can I do for your ladyship? said he, raising her from the ground. Take me from this dreadful place! she exclaimed; holding by the sleeve of his coat, as if she feared his leaving her. Alas! answered Robert, I cannot take you from it. She stood for some moments rapt in thought, the fellow looking piteously in her face. It will do! she cried, breaking from him, and running into her dressing-closet. Look here, Robert, look here! Could I not get from this window, on the garden wall, and so leap down into the outer court? —But, supposing your ladyship might, what would you do then?—Could not you procure me a horse? —Stay—there is one of the chaise-horses at grass in the paddock. Do you know the road to Mrs. Wistanly's?—Mrs. Wistanly!—For Heaven's sake, refuse not my request! you cannot be so cruel as to refuse it.—I would do much to serve your ladyship; but if they should discover us ——. Talk not of *ifs*, my dear Robert.—But soft; I will manage it thus—No, that can't be, either—the servants are in bed by eleven.—Before it, an't please your ladyship.—If you could contrive to have that horse saddled, at the gate, as soon as all is quiet within, I can get out and meet you.—I don't know what to say to it. Somebody from below cried, Robert!

Lucy was down on her knees again—Stay, I conjure you, and answer me.—For God's sake rise, said he; and do not debase yourself to a poor servant, as I am.—Never will I rise, till you promise to meet me at eleven.—I will! I will!—and the tears gushed into his eyes—whatever be the consequence. Sukey appeared at the door, calling Robert! again. He ran down stairs; Lucy followed him some steps, insensibly, with her hands folded together, in the attitude of supplication.

In the interval between this and the time of putting her scheme in execution, she suffered all that fear and suspense could inflict. She wished to see again the intended companion of her escape; but the consciousness of her purpose stopped her tongue, when she would have uttered some pretence for talking with him. At times her resolution was staggered, by the thoughts of the perils attending her flight: but her imagination presently suggested the danger of her stay; and the dread of the greater evil became a fortitude against the less.

The hour of eleven at last arrived. Mrs. Boothby, whose attendance was afterwards to be supplied by that of her maid, had just bid her good night, on her pretending an unusual drowsiness, and promised to send up Sukey in a very little after. Lucy went into her dressing closet; and fastening the door, got up on a chair at the window, which she had taken care to leave open some time before, and stepped out on the wall of the garden, which was broad enough at top to admit of her walking along it. When she got as far as the gate, she saw by the light of the moon, Robert standing at the place

of appointment He caught her in his arms when she leaped down. Why do you tremble so? said she; her own lips quivering as she spoke. Is the horse ready.—Here, answered Robert, stammering; but—. Get on, said Lucy, and let us away, for Heaven's sake! He seemed scarce able to mount the horse: she sprung from the ground on the pad behind him. Does your ladyship think, said Robert faintly, as they left the gate, of the danger you run? —There is no danger but within those hated walls! —'Twill be a dreadful night! For it began to rain, and the thunder rolled at a distance. Fear not, said she, we cannot miss our way.—But if they should overtake us?—They shall not, they shall not overtake us! Robert answered with a deep sigh. But they were now at some distance from the house; and, striking out of the highway into a lane, from the end of which a short road lay over a common to a village in which Mrs. Wistanly lived, they put on a very quick pace; and, in a very short time, Lucy imagined herself pretty safe from pursuit.

CHAPTER XVII.

Bolton sets out from Bilswood—A Recital of some Accidents in his Journey.

As I flatter myself that my readers feel some interest in the fate of Miss Sindall, I would not leave that part of my narration which regarded her, till

I had brought it to the period of her escape. Having accompanied her thus far, I return to give some account of Mr. Bolton.

According to the promise he had made to Lucy, he set out for Bilswood, two days after the date of that letter she received from him by the hands of his gardener. That faithful fellow had orders to return after delivering it; and, on procuring what intelligence he could of the family, to wait his master, at a little inn, about five miles distant from Sir Thomas Sindall's. The first part of his business the reader has seen him accomplish: as to the rest he was only able to learn something confusedly of the baronet's attachment to Miss Lucy. He expected to have seen that young lady again, on the day following that of their first interview; but her attention had been so much occupied, by the discoveries related in the two last chapters, and contriving the means of avoiding the danger with which she was threatened, that her promise to the bearer of Mr. Bolton's letter had escaped her memory. He set out, therefore, for the place of appointment on the evening of that day; and reached it but a very short time before his master arrived.

Bolton having learned what particulars Jerry could inform him of, desired him to return in the morning to his work in Sir Thomas' garden, and remain there till he should receive farther orders; then leaving his horses and servants, for fear of discovery, he set out on foot, in the garb of a peasant, which Jerry had found means to procure him.

As he had passed several years of his life at Bilswood, he trusted implicitly to his own knowledge of the way: but, soon after his leaving the inn, the noon was totally darkened; and it rained with such violence, accompanied with incessant peals of thunder, that in the confusion of the scene, he missed his path, and had wandered a great way over the adjacent common before he discovered his mistake. When he endeavoured to regain the road, he found himself entangled in a very thick brake of furze, which happened to lie on that side whence he had turned; and, after several fruitless efforts to make his way through it, he was obliged to desist from the attempt, and tread back the steps he had made, till he returned back to the open part of the heath. Here he stood, uncertain what course to take; when he observed, at a distance, the twinkling of a light, which immediately determined him. On advancing somewhat nearer, he found a a little winding track that seemed to point towards the place; and after following it some time, he could discern an object which he took for the house to which it led.

The lightning, which now flashed around him, discovered on each hand the earth raised into mounds, that seemed graves of the dead; and here and there a bone lay mouldering on the walk he trod. A few paces farther, through a narrow gothic door, gleamed a light, which faintly illuminated a length of vault within. To this Bolton approached, not without some degree of fear; when he perceived, at the farther end, a person in military uniform, sitting by a fire he had made of some

withered brushwood piled up against the wall. As Harry approached him, the echo of the place doubled the hollow sound of his feet. Who is there? cried the stranger, turning at the noise, and half unsheathing a hanger which he wore at his side. A friend, replied Harry, bowing, who takes the liberty of begging a seat at your fire. Your manner, said the other, belies your garb; but whoever you are, you are welcome to what shelter this roof can afford, and what warmth my fire can give. We are, for the time, joint lords of the mansion; for my title is no other than the inclemency of the night. It is such a one as makes even this gloomy shelter enviable; and that broken piece of mattock, and this flint, are precious, because they lighted some dry straw, to kindle the flame that warms us. By the moss-grown altar, and the frequent figures of the cross, I suppose these are the remains of some chapel devoted to ancient veneration. Sit down on this stone, if you please, sir; and our offering shall be a thankful heart, over some humble fare which my knapsack contains. As he spoke, he pulled out a loaf of coarse bread, a piece of cheese, and a bottle of ale. Bolton expressed his thanks for the invitation, and partook of the repast. I fear, sir, said his companion, you will be poorly supplied; but I have known what it is to want even a crust of bread. You look at me with surprise: but, though I am poor, I am honest.—Pardon me, answered Harry, I entertain no suspicion; there is something that speaks for you in this bosom, and answers for your worth. It may be in my power to prevent for the future those hardships which, I

fear, you have formerly endured. The soldier held forth the bit of bread which he was putting to his mouth—He to whom this fare is luxury can scarcely be dependent; yet my gratitude to you, sir, is equally due: if I have felt misfortune, I have deserved it. He sighed; and Harry answered him with a sigh. I see a sort of question in your face, sir; and, I know not why it is, there are some faces I cannot easily resist. If my story outlasts the storm, it will take from the irksomeness of its duration.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Stranger relates the History of his Life.

It is now upwards of twenty years since I left my native country. You are too young, sir, to have gained much knowledge of mankind; let me warn you, from sad experience, to be aware of those passions which, at your age, I was unable to resist; and which, in the commerce of the world, will find abundant occasion to overcome incautious and unexperienced youth! Start not, when I tell you, that you see before you one whom the laws of his country had doomed to expiate his crimes by death; though from the mercy of his prince, that judgment was mitigated into a term of transportation, some time ago elapsed. This punishment I incurred, from the commission of a robbery, to which some particular circumstances, joined to the

poverty consequent on dissipation and extravagance, had tempted me.

The master to whom my service was adjudged, in the West Indies, happened to die soon after my arrival there. I got my freedom, therefore; though it was to change it for a service as severe as my former: I was enlisted in a regiment then stationed in the island; and, being considered as a felon, unworthy of any mild treatment, was constantly exposed to every hardship which the strictest duty, or the most continual exposure to the dangers of the climate could inflict. Had I revealed my story, and taken advantage of that distinction which my birth and education would have made between the other convicts and me, it is probable I might have prevented most of the evils, both of my former and present situation: but I set out, from the first, with a fixed determination, of suffering every part of my punishment, which the law allots to the meanest and most unfriended. All the severities, therefore, which were now imposed upon me, I bore without repining; and, from an excellent natural constitution, was not only able to overcome them, but they served to render me still more patient of fatigue, and less susceptible of impression from the vicissitudes of the weather; and, from a sullen disregard of life, with which the remembrance of better days inspired me, my soul became as fearless as my body robust. These qualities made me be taken notice of by some of the officers in the regiment; and, afterwards, when it was ordered to America, and went on some Indian expeditions, were still more serviceable, and more attractive of observation.

By these means I began to obliterate the disgrace which my situation at enlisting had fixed upon me: and, if still regarded as a ruffian, I was at least acknowledged to be a useful one. Not long after, on occasion of a piece of service I performed for an officer, on an advanced guard, that was attacked by a party of hostile Indians, I was promoted to a halbert. The stigma, however, of my transportation, was not yet entirely forgotten; and, by some, it was the better remembered, because of my present advancement. One of those, with whom I had never been on good terms, was particularly offended at being commanded, as he termed it, by a 'gaol-bird;' and, one day, when I was on guard, had drawn on the back of my coat, the picture of a gallows, on which was hung a figure in caricature, with the initials of my name written over it. This was an affront too gross to be tamely put up with: having sought out the man, who did not deny the charge, I challenged him to give me satisfaction, by fighting me. But this, from the opinion conceived of my strength and ferocity, he did not choose to accept: on which, I gave him so severe a drubbing, that he was unable to mount guard in his turn; and the surgeon reported, that his life was in danger. For this offence I was tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to receive five hundred lashes as a punishment. When their sentence was communicated to me, I petitioned that it might be changed into death; but my request was refused. That very day, therefore, I received one hundred lashes—for the sentence was to be executed at different periods—and next morning was to suffer as

many more. The remainder, however, I resolved, if possible, to escape by an act of suicide. This I was only prevented from putting in execution, by the want of opportunity: as I had been stripped of every the smallest weapon of offence; and was bound with ropes to one of the posts of my bed. I contrived, nevertheless, about midnight, to reach the fireplace with my feet; and, having drawn out thence a live ember, disposed it immediately under the most combustible part of the bed. It had very soon the effect I desired: the room was set on fire, and I regained my liberty, by the ropes with which I was tied, being burnt. At that moment, the desire of life was rekindled, by the possibility of escaping: the flames bursting out freely on one side of the house where I lay, the attention of the soldiers, whom the fire had awaked, was principally turned to that quarter; and I had an opportunity of stealing off, unperceived at the opposite side. We were then in a sort of wooden huts, which had been built for our accommodation, on the outside of one of our frontier forts; so that, when I had run two or three hundred yards, I found myself in the shelter of a wood, pretty secure from pursuit. But, as there, it was impossible for me long to subsist, and I had no chance of escaping detection, if I ventured to approach the habitations of any of my countrymen; I formed the resolution of endeavouring to join the Indians, whose scouting parties I had frequently seen at a small distance from our outposts. I held, therefore, in a direction which I judged the most probable for falling in with them; and, a very little after day break, discovered a party

seated after the manner of their country, in a ring, with the ashes of their newly extinguished fire in the middle. I advanced slowly to the place, which I had almost reached before I was perceived. When they discovered me, they leaped up to their feet, and, seized their arms, screamed out the war-whoop, to alarm the different small parties who had passed the night in resting places near them. One of them, presenting his piece, took aim at me; but I fell on my knees, showed them my defenceless state, and held out my hands, as if imploring their mercy and protection. Upon this, one of the oldest among them made a sign to the rest; and, advancing towards me, asked me, in broken French, mixed with his own language—of which, too, I understood something—what was my intention? and whence I came? I answered, as distinctly as I could, to these interrogatories; and, showing the sores on my back, which I gave him to understand had been inflicted at the fort, made protestations, both by imperfect language and significant gestures, of my friendship to his countrymen, and hatred to my own. After holding a moment's conversation with the rest, he took my hand, and, leading me a little forward, placed me in the midst of the party. Some of them examined me attentively; and, upon some farther discourse together, brought the baggage, with which two prisoners, lately made from some adverse tribe, had been loaded, and laid it upon me. This burden, which to any man would have been oppressively heavy, you may believe, was much more intolerable to me, whose flesh was yet raw, from the lashes I had received; but, as I

knew that fortitude was an indispensable virtue with the Indians, I bore it without wincing; and we proceeded on the route which the party I had joined were destined to pursue. During the course of our first day's march, they often looked steadfastly in my face, to discover if I showed any signs of uneasiness. When they saw that I did not, they lightened my load by degrees; and, at last, the senior chief, who had first taken notice of me, freed me from it altogether; and, at the same time, chewing some herbs he found in the wood, applied them to my sores, which in a few days were almost entirely healed. I was then intrusted with a tomakawk; and, shortly after, with a gun: to the dexterous use of both such weapons, I was frequently exercised by the young men of our party, during the remainder of our expedition. It lasted some months; in which time, I had also become tolerably acquainted with their language. At the end of this excursion, in which they warred on some other Indian nations, they returned to their own country; and were received with all the barbarous demonstrations of joy peculiar to that people. In a day or two after their arrival, their prisoners were brought forth into a large plain, where the kindred of those who had been slain by nations to which the captives belonged, assembled to see them. Each singled out his expiatory prisoner; and, having taken him home to his hut, such as chose that kind of satisfaction adopted them in the place of the relations they had lost; with the rest they returned to their former place of meeting, and began to celebrate the festival of their

revenge. You can hardly conceive a species of inventive cruelty, which they did not inflict on the wretches whom fortune had thus put into their power, during the course of which not a groan escaped from the sufferers; but, while the use of their voices remained, they sung, in their rude yet forcible manner, the glory of their former victories, and the pleasure they had received from the death of their foes; concluding always with the hopes of revenge, from the surviving warriors of their nation. Nor was it only from the pleasure of the reflection that they carrolled thus the triumphs of the past; for I could observe that, when at any time the rage of their tormentors seemed to subside they poured forth those boasful strains, in order to rekindle their fury, that intenseness of pain might not be wanting in the trial of their fortitude. I perceived the old man, whom I have before mentioned, keep his eye fixed upon me during this inhuman solemnity; and frequently, when an extreme degree of torture was borne with that calmness which I have described, he would point with an expressive look, to him on whom it was inflicted, as if he had desired me to take particular notice of his resolution. I did not then fully comprehend the meaning of this; but I afterwards understood it to have been a preparatory hint of what I myself was to endure: for, the next morning after the last surviving prisoner had expired, I was seized by three or four Indians, who stripped me of what little clothes I had then left, tied me in a horizontal posture, between the branches of two large trees they had fixed in the ground; and, after

the whole tribe had danced round me, to the music of a barbarous howl, they began to react, upon me, nearly the same scene they had been engaged in the day before. After each of a certain select number had stuck his knife into my body, though they carefully avoided any mortal wound, they rubbed it over, bleeding as it was, with gunpowder, the salts of which gave me the most exquisite pain! Nor did the ingenuity of these practised tormentors stop here: they afterwards laid quantities of dry gunpowder on different parts of my body, and set fire to them, by which I was burnt in some places to the bone! But I see you shudder at the horrid recital: suffice it then to say, that these and some other such experiments of wanton cruelty I bore with that patience, with which nothing but a life of hardship, and a certain obduracy of spirit, proceeding from a contempt of existence, could have endowed me.

After this trial was over, I was loosed from my bonds, and set in the midst of a circle who shouted the cry of victory; and my aged friend brought me a bowl of water, mixed with some spirits, to drink. He took me then home to his hut, and laid applications of different simples to my mangled body. When I was so well recovered as to be able to walk abroad, he called together certain elders of his tribe, and, acknowledged me for his son, gave me a name, and fastened round my neck a belt of wampum—It is thus, said he, that the valiant are tried, and thus are they rewarded; for how shouldest thou be one of us, if thy soul were as the soul of little men? He only is worthy to lift

the hatchet with the Cherokees to whom shame is more intolerable than the stab of the knife, or the burning of the fire!

CHAPTER XIX.

A Continuation of the Stranger's Story.

In this society I lived until about a year and a half ago; and it may seem extraordinary to declare, yet it is certainly true, that during the life of the old man who had adopted me, even had there been no legal restraint on my return to my native country, scarce any inducement could have tempted me to leave the nation to which he belonged, except the desire of revisiting a parent and a sister, whom I had left in England, sunk beneath that ignominy which the son and the brother had drawn on his guiltless connections. When we consider the perfect freedom subsisting in this rude and simple state of society, where rule is only acknowledged for the purpose of immediate utility to those who obey, and ceases whenever that purpose of subordination is accomplished; where greatness cannot use oppression, nor wealth excite envy; where the desires are native to the heart, and the laugour of satiety is unknown; where, if there is no refined sensation of delight, there is also no ideal source of calamity —we shall less wonder at the inhabitants feeling no regret for the want of those delicate pleasures which a more polished people are possessed of.

Certain it is, that I am far from being a single instance of one who had even attained maturity in Europe, and yet found his mind so accommodated by the habit of a few years to Indian manners as to leave that country with regret. The death of my parent by adoption loosened indeed my attachment to it; that event happened a short time before my departure from America.

The composure with which the old man met his dissolution would have done honour to the firmest philosopher of antiquity. When he found himself near his end, he called me to him to deliver some final instructions respecting my carriage to his countrymen; he observed, at the close of his discourse, that I retained so much of the European as to shed some tears while he delivered it. In those tears said he, there is no wisdom, for there is no use. I have heard that, in your country, men prepare for death by thinking on it while they live; this also is folly, because it loses the good by anticipating the evil. We do otherwise, my son, as our fathers have better instructed us, and take from the evil by reflecting on the good. I have lived a thousand moons, without captivity and without disgrace: in my youth I did not fly in battle, and in age the tribes listened while I spake. If I live in another land, after death, I shall remember these things with pleasure: if the present is our only life, to have done thus is to have used it well. You have sometimes told me of your countrymen's account of a land of souls; but you were a young man when you came among us, and the cunning among them may have deceived you: for

the children of the French king call themselves after the same God that the English do, yet their discourses concerning Him cannot be true, because they are opposite one to another. Each says that God shall burn the others with fire, which could not happen if both were his children. Besides, neither of them act as the sons of truth, but as the sons of deceit; they say their God heareth all things, yet, do they break the promises which they have called upon him to hear; but we know that the spirit within us listeneth, and what we have said in its hearing, that we do. If in another country the soul liveth, this witness shall live with it—whom it hath here reproached it shall there disquiet—whom it hath here honoured it shall there reward. Live therefore, my son, as your father hath lived; and die, as he dieth, fearless of death.

With such sentiments the old man resigned his breath, and I blushed for the life of Christians while I heard them.

I was now become an independent member of the community; and my behaviour had been such that I succeeded to the condition of my father, with the respect of a people amongst whom honour is attainable only by merit. But his death had dissolved that tie which gratitude, and indeed affection for the old man had on my heart; and the scene of his death naturally awakened in me the remembrance of a father in England, whose age might now be helpless, and call for the aid of a long-lost son to solace and support it. This idea once roused became every day more powerful, and at last I resolved to communicate it to the tribe and tell them my purpose of returniug home.

They heard me without surprise or emotion, as indeed it is their great characteristic not to be easily awakened to either. You return, said one of the elders, to a people who sell affection to their brethren for money; take, therefore, with you some of the commodities which their traders value. Strength, agility, and fortitude are sufficient to us, but with them they are of little use; and he who possesses wealth having no need of virtue, among the wealthy it will not be found. The last your father taught you, and amongst us you have practised; the first he had not to leave, nor have we to bestow,—but take as many beaver skins as you can carry on your journey, that it may reach that parent whom you tell us you go to cherish.

I returned thanks to the old man for his counsel, and to the whole tribe for their kindness; and having, according to his advice, taken a few of the furs they offered me, I resumed the tattered remains of the European dress which I had on when I escaped from the fort, and took the nearest road to one of our back settlements, which I reached without any accident, by the assistance of an Indian who had long shown a particular attachment to me, and who now attended me on my way. Yonder smoke, said my conductor, rises from the dwellings of your countrymen. You now return to a world which I have heard you describe as full of calamity, but the soul you possess is the soul of a man; remember that to fortitude there is no sting in adversity, and in death no evil to the valiant.

When he left me I stood for some minutes, look

ing back on one hand to the wilds I had passed, and on the other to the scenes of cultivation which European industry had formed; and it may surprise you to hear that, though you wanted not some rekindling attachment to a people amongst whom my first breath had been drawn and my youth spent, yet my imagination drew on this side, fraud, hypocrisy, and sordid baseness—while on that seemed to preside honesty, truth, and savage nobleness of soul.

When I appeared at the door of one of the houses in the settlement that was nearest me, I was immediately accosted by its master, who, judging from the bundle of furs which I carried, that I had been trading among the Indians, asked me with much kindness to take up my lodging with him. Of this offer I was very glad to accept, though I found a scarcity of words to thank my countryman for his favours—as, from want of use, my remembrance of the English language had been so much effaced, as not only to repress fluency, but even to prevent an ordinary command of expression; and I was more especially at a loss for ceremonious phraseology, that department of language being unknown in the country whence I had just returned. My landlord was not a little astonished, when I could at last make shift to inform him of my having passed so many years among the Indians. He asked a thousand questions about customs which never existed, and told me of a multitude of things of which all the time I had lived in that country I had never dreamed the possibility. Indeed from the superiority of his

expression, joined to that fund of supposed knowledge which it served to communicate, a bystander would have been led to imagine that he was describing to some ignorant guest, a country with whose manners he had been long conversant, and among whose inhabitants he had passed the greatest part of his life. At length, however, his discourse centred upon the fur trade, and naturally glided from that to an offer to purchase my beaver skins. These things, I was informed by my courteous entertainer, had fallen so much in their price of late, that the traders could hardly defray their journey in procuring them, that himself had lost by some late bargains in that way, but that to oblige a stranger, the singularity of whose adventures had interested him in his behalf, he would give me the highest price at which he had heard of their being sold for a long time past. This I accepted without hesitation, as I had neither language nor inclination for haggling; and having procured as much money by the bargain as I imagined would more than carry me to a seaport, I proceeded on my journey, accompanied by an inhabitant of Williamsburg, who was returning from an annual visit to a settlement on the back frontiers, which he had purchased in partnership with another, who constantly resided upon it. He seemed to be naturally of an inquisitive disposition; and, having learned from my former landlord that I had lived several years with the Indians, tormented me all the while our journey lasted with interrogatories concerning their country and manners. But as he was less opinionative of his own know-

ledge in the matter than my last English acquaintance, I was the more easily prevailed on to satisfy his curiosity, though at the expense of a greater number of words than I could conveniently spare; and at last he made himself entirely master of my story, from the time of leaving the regiment in which I had served, down to the day on which I delivered my recital. When I mentioned my having sold my beaver skins for a certain sum, he started aside; and then, lifting up his eyes in an ejaculatory manner, expressed his astonishment how a Christian could be guilty of such monstrous dishonesty, which he said was no better than one would have expected in a savage; for that my skins were worth at least three times the money! I smiled at his notions of comparative morality, and bore the intelligence with a calmness that seemed to move his admiration. He thanked God that all were not so ready to take advantage of ignorance or misfortune, and cordially grasping my hand, begged me to make his house at Williamsburg my own, till such time as I could procure my passage to England.

CHAPTER XX.

Conclusion of the Stranger's Story.

PURSUANT to this friendly invitation I accompanied him to his house on our arrival in that place. For some days my landlord behaved to me in the most

friendly manner; and furnished me, of his own accord, with linen and wearing apparel: several articles of which, though necessaries in the polished society of those amongst whom I now resided, my ideas of Indian simplicity made me consider superfluous.

During this time I frequently attended him at his store, while he was receiving consignments of goods, and assisted him and his servants in the disposal and assortment of them. At first he received this assistance as a favour: but I could observe that he soon began to look upon it as a matter of right, and called me to 'bear a hand,' as he termed it, in a manner rather too peremptory for my pride to submit to. At last, when he ventured to tax me with some office of menial servility, I told him I did not consider myself his dependant any farther than gratitude for his favours demanded; and refused to perform it. Upon which he let me know that he looked upon me as his servant, and that, if I did not immediately obey his command, he would find a way to be revenged of me. This declaration heightened my resentment, and confirmed my refusal. I desired him to give me an account of what he had expended in those articles with which he had supplied me, that I might pay him out of the small sum I had in my possession; and, if that was not sufficient, I would rather sell my new habiliments and return to my rags, than be indebted for a farthing to his generosity. He answered, that he would clear accounts with me by and by. He did so, by making oath, before a magistrate, that I was a deserter from his majesty's service; and, accord-

ing to my own confession, had associated with the savages, enemies of the province. As I could deny neither of those charges, I was thrown into prison, where I should have been in danger of starving, had not the curiosity of some of the townsfolks induced them to visit me, when they commonly contributed some trifle towards my support; till at length, partly, I suppose, from the abatement of my accuser's anger, and partly from the flagrancy of detaining me in prison without any provision for my maintainance, I was suffered to be enlarged; and a vessel being then ready to sail for England, several of whose hands had deserted her, the master agreed to take me on board for the consideration of my working the voyage. For this, indeed, I was not the least qualified as to skill; but my strength and perseverance made up, in some operations, for the want of it.

As this was before the end of the war, the ship in which I sailed happened to be taken by a French privateer, who carried her into Brest. This, to me, who had already anticipated my arrival at home, to comfort the declining age of a parent, was the most mortifying accident of any I had hitherto met with; but the captain and some passengers who were aboard of us, seemed to make light of their misfortune. The ship was insured, so that in property the owners could suffer little; as for ourselves, said they, the French are the politest enemies in the world, and, till we are exchanged, will treat us with that civil demeanour so peculiar to their nation. We are not (addressing themselves to me) among *savages*, as you were.—How it fared with

them I know not; I, and other inferior members of the crew, were thrust into a dungeon, dark, damp, and loathsome; where, from the number confined in it, and the want of proper circulation, the air became putrid to the most horrible degree: and the allowance of our provision was not equal to twopence a-day. To hard living I could well enough submit, who had been frequently accustomed, among the Cherokees, to subsist three or four days upon a stack of Indian corn moistened in the first brook I lighted on; but the want of air and exercise I could not so easily endure. I lost the use of my limbs, and lay motionless upon my back, in the corner of the hole we were confined in, covered with vermin, and supported in that wretched state, only by the infrequent humanity of some sailor, who crammed my mouth with a bit of his brown bread, softened in stinking water. The natural vigour of my constitution, however, bore up against this complicated misery, till upon the conclusion of the peace, we regained our freedom. But when I was set at liberty, I had not strength to enjoy it; and after my companions were gone, was obliged to crawl several weeks about the streets of Brest, where the charity of some well disposed Frenchmen bestowed now and then a trifle upon the *pauvre sauvage*, as I was called, till I recovered the exercise of my limbs, and was able to work my passage in a Dutch merchant-ship bound for England. The mate of this vessel happened to be a Scotsman, who, hearing me speak the language of Britain, and having inquired into the particulars of my story, humanely attached

himself to my service, and made my situation much more comfortable than any I had for some time experienced. We sailed from Brest with a fair wind, but had not been long at sea, till it shifted, and blew pretty fresh at east, so that we were kept for several days beating up the Channel; at the end of which it increased to so violent a degree, that it was impossible for us to hold a course, and the ship was suffered to scud before the storm. At the close of the second day, the wind suddenly chopped about into a westerly point, though without any abatement of its violence; and very soon after day break of the third, we were driving on the southwest coast of England, right to the leeward. The consternation of the crew became now so great, that if any expedient had remained to save us, it would have scarce allowed them to put it in practice. The mate, who seemed to be the ablest sailor on board, exhorted them at least to endeavour running the ship into a bay, which opened a little on our starboard quarter, where the shore was flat and sandy; comforting them with the reflection, that they should be cast on friendly ground, and not among *savages*. His advice and encouragement had the desired effect; and, notwithstanding the perils with which I saw myself surrounded, I looked with a gleam of satisfaction on the coast of my native land, which for so many years I had not seen. Unfortunately a ridge of rocks ran almost across the bason into which, with infinite labour, we were directing our course; and the ship struck upon them, about the distance of half a league from the shore. All was now

uproar and confusion. The long boat was launched by some of the crew, who, with the captain, got immediately into her, and brandishing their long knives, threatened with instant death any who should attempt to follow them, as she was already loaded beyond her burden. Indeed, there remained at this time in the ship only two sailors, the mate, and myself: the first were washed overboard while they hung on the ship's side attempting to leap into the boat, and we saw them no more; nor had their hard-hearted companions a better fate; they had scarcely rowed a cable's length from the ship when the boat overset, and every one on board her perished. There now remained only my friend the mate, and I, who, consulting a moment together, agreed to keep by the ship till she should split, and endeavour to save ourselves on some broken plank which the storm might drive on shore. We had just time to come to this resolution, when by the violence of a wave that broke over the ship, her main-mast went by the board, and we were swept off the deck at the same instant. My companion could not swim; but I had been taught that art by my Indian friends to the greatest degree of expertness. I was, therefore, more uneasy about the honest Scotsman's fate than my own, and quiting the mast, of which I had caught hold in its fall, swam to the place where he first rose to the surface, and catching him by the hair, held his head tolerably above water, till he was able so far to recollect himself, as to cling by a part of the shrouds of our floating main-mast, to which I bore him. In our passage to the shore on this slender

float, he was several times obliged to quit his hold, from his strength being exhausted; but I was always so fortunate as to be able to replace him in his former situation, till, at last, we were thrown upon the beach, near to the bottom of that bay at the mouth of which our ship had struck. I was not so much spent by my fatigue, but that I was able to draw the mate safe out of the water, and advancing to a crowd of people whom I saw assembled near us, began to entreat their assistance for him in very pathetic terms, when, to my utter astonishment, one of them struck at me with a bludgeon, while another making up to my fellow-sufferer, would have beat out his brains with a stone, if I had not run up nimbly behind him, and dashed it from his uplifted hand. This man happened to be armed with a hanger, which he instantly drew, and made a furious stroke at my head. I parried his blow with my arm, and, at the same time, seizing his wrist, gave it so sudden a wrench, that the weapon dropped to the ground. I instantly possessed myself of it, and stood astride my companion with the aspect of an angry lioness guarding her young from the hunter. The appearance of strength and fierceness which my figure exhibited, kept my enemies a little at bay, when, fortunately we saw advancing a body of soldiers, headed by an officer, whom a gentleman of humanity in the neighbourhood had prevailed on to march to the place for the preservation of any of the crew whom the storm might spare, or any part of the cargo that might chance to be thrown ashore. At sight of this detachment the crowd dispersed, and

left me master of the field. The officer very humanely took charge of my companion and me, brought us to his quarters in the neighbourhood, and accommodated me with these very clothes which I now have on. From him I learned, that those Englishmen, who (as our mate by way of comfort observed) were not *savages*, had the idea transmitted them from their fathers, that all wrecks became their property by the immediate hand of God; and, as in their apprehension that denomination belonged only to ships from which there landed no living thing, their hostile endeavours against the Scotsman's life and mine, proceeded from a desire of bringing our vessel into that supposed condition.

After having weathered so many successive disasters, I am at last arrived near the place of my nativity; fain would I hope, that a parent and a sister, whose tender remembrance, mingled with that of happier days, now rushes on my soul, are yet alive to pardon the wanderings of my youth, and receive me after those hardships to which its ungoverned passions have subjected me. Like the prodigal son, I bring no worldly wealth along with me; but I return with a mind conscious of its former errors, and seeking that peace which they destroyed. To have used prosperity well, is the first favoured lot of heaven; the next is his, whom adversity has not smitten in vain.

CHAPTER XXI.

Bolton and his Companion meet with an uncommon Adventure.

When the stranger had finished his narration, Bolton expressed, in very strong terms, his compassion for the hardships he had suffered. I do not wish, said he, to be the prophet of evil, but if it should happen that your expectations of the comfort your native country is to afford you be disappointed, it will give me the truest pleasure to shelter a head, on which so many vicissitudes have beat, under that roof of which Providence has made me master. He was interrupted by the trampling of horses at a distance: his fears, wakeful at this time, were immediately roused; the stranger observed his confusion. You seem uneasy, sir, said he; but they are not the retreats of houseless poverty like this, that violence and rapine are wont to attack.—You mistake, answered Harry, who was now standing at the door of the chapel, the ground of my alarm; at present I have a particular reason for my fears, which is nearer to me than my own personal safety. He listened—the noise grew fainter; but he marked, by the light of the moon, which now shone out again, the direction whence it seemed to proceed, which was over an open part of the common. They are gone this way! he cried with an eagerness of look, grasping one of the knotty branches which the soldier's fire had spared. If there is danger in your way, said his companion, you shall not meet it alone. They sallied forth together.

They had not proceeded above a quarter of a mile, when they perceived, at a distance, the twinkling of lights in motion; their pace was quickened at the sight; but in a few minutes those were extinguished; the moon was darkened by another cloud, and the wind began to howl again. They advanced, however, on the line in which they imagined the lights to have appeared; when, in one of the pauses of the storm, they heard shrieks, in a female voice, that seemed to proceed from some place but a little way off. They rushed forward, in the direction of the sound, till they were stopped by a pretty high wall. Having made shift to scramble over this, they found themselves in the garden belonging to a low built house; from one of the windows of which they saw the glimmer of a candle through the openings of the shutters: but the voice had ceased, and all was silence within. Bolton knocked at the door, but received no answer; when, suddenly, the screaming was repeated with more violence than before. He and his companion now threw themselves with so much force against the door, as to burst it open. They rushed into the room whence the noise proceeded; when the first object that presented itself to Bolton was Miss Sindall on her knees, her clothes torn, and her hair dishevelled, with two servants holding her arms, imploring mercy of Sir Thomas, who was calling out, in a furious tone, Damn your pity, rascals! carry her to bed by force.—Turn, villain! cried Harry; turn, and defend yourself. Sindall started at the well known voice, and pulling out a pistol, fired it within a few feet of the other's face: he missed;

and Bolton pushed forward to close with him; when one of the servants, quitting Miss Sindall; threw himself between him and his master, and made a blow at his head with the but-end of a hunting whip; this Harry catched on his stick, and in the return levelled the fellow with the ground. His master now fired another pistol, which would have probably taken more effect than the former, had not Bolton's new acquaintance struck up the muzzle, just as it went off, the ball going through a window at Harry's back. The baronet had his sword now drawn in the other hand; and, changing the object of his attack, he made a furious pass at the soldier, who parried it with his hanger. At the second lunge, Sir Thomas' violence threw him on the point of his adversary's weapon, which entered his body a little below the breast. He staggered a few paces backwards; and clapping one hand on the place, leaned with the other on a table that stood behind him, and cried out that he was a dead man. My God! exclaimed the stranger, are not you Sir Thomas Sindall?—Sir Thomas Sindall! cried a woman, who now entered, half-dressed, with the mistress of the house. It is, it is Sir Thomas Sindall! said the landlady; for God's sake, do his honour no hurt.—I hope, continued the other, with a look of earnest wildness, you have not been a-bed with that young lady? She waited not a reply—for, as sure as there is a God in heaven, she is your own daughter. Her hearers stood aghast as she spoke. Sindall stared wildly for a moment; then giving a deep groan, fell senseless at the feet of the soldier, who had sprung

forward to support him. What assistance the amazement of those about him could allow he received, and in a short time began to recover; but as he revived, his wound bled with more violence than before. A servant was instantly dispatched for a surgeon; in the mean time, the soldier procured some lint, and gave it a temporary dressing. He was now raised from the ground, and supported in an elbow chair; he bent his eyes fixedly on the woman—Speak, said he, while I have life to hear thee. On the faces of her audience sat astonishment, suspense, and expectation; and a chilly silence prevailed while she delivered the following recital.

CHAPTER XXII.

A Prosecution of the Discovery mentioned in the last Chapter.

I HAVE been a wicked woman; may God, and this lady, forgive me!—But Heaven is my witness, that I was thus far on my way to confess all to your honour, turning to Sir Thomas Sindall, that I might have peace in my mind before I died.

You will remember, sir, that this young lady's mother was delivered of her at the house of one of your tenants, where Mr. Camplin, (I think that was his name) brought her for that purpose. I was intrusted with the charge of her as her nurse, along with some trinkets, such as young children are in

use to have, and a considerable sum of money to provide any other necessaries she should want. At that very time I had been drawn in to associate with a gang of pilfering vagrants, whose stolen goods I had often received into my house, and helped to dispose of. Fearing, therefore, that I might one day be brought to an account for my past offences, if I remained where I was, and having at the same time the temptation of such a booty before me, I formed a scheme for making off with the money and trinkets I had got from Mr. Camplin: it was to make things appear as if my charge and I had been lost in crossing the river, which then happened to be in flood. For this purpose, I daubed my own cloak, and the infant's wrapper, with mud and sleech, and left them close to the overflow of the stream, a little below the common ford. With shame I confess it, as I have often since thought on it with horror, I was more than once tempted to drown the child, that she might not be a burthen to me in my flight; but she looked so innocent and sweet, while she clasped my fingers in her little hand, that I had not the heart to execute my purpose.

Having endeavoured in this manner to account for my disappearing, so as to prevent all further inquiry, I joined a party of those wretches, whose associate I had sometimes been, and left that part of the country altogether. By their assistance, too, I was put on a method of disguising my face so much, that had any of my acquaintance met me, of which there was very little chance, it would have been scarce possible for them to recollect it. My

booty was put into the common stock, and the child was found useful to raise compassion when we went a-begging, which was one part of the occupation we followed.

After I had continued in this society the best part of a year, during which time we met with various turns of fortune, a scheme was formed by the remaining part of us (for several of my companions had been banished, or confined to hard labour in the interval) to break into the house of a wealthy farmer, who, we understood, had a few days before received a large sum of money on a bargain for an estate, which the proprietor had redeemed. Our project was executed with success; but a quarrel arising about the distribution of the spoil, one of the gang deserted, and informed a neighbouring justice of the whole transaction, and the places of our retreat. I happened to be a fortune-telling in this gentleman's house when his informer came to make the discovery; and being closeted with one of the maid servants, overheard him inquiring for the justice, and desiring to have some conversation with him in private. I immediately suspected his design, and having got out of the house, eluded pursuit by my knowledge of the by-paths and private roads of the country. It immediately occurred to me to disburthen myself of the child, as she not only retarded my flight, but was a mark by which I might be discovered: but abandoned as I had then become, I found myself attached to her by that sort of affection which women conceive for the infants they suckle. I would not, therefore, expose her in any of those

unfrequented places through which I passed in my flight, where her death must have been the certain consequence; and, two or three times when I would have dropped her at some farmer's door, I was prevented by the fear of discovery. At last I happened to meet with your honour. You may recollect, sir, that the same night on which this lady, then an infant, was found, a beggar asked alms of you at a farrier's door, where you stopped to have one of your horse's shoes fastened. I was that beggar; and hearing from a boy who held your horse that your name was Sir Thomas Sindall, and that you were returning to a hunting seat you had in the neighbourhood, I left the infant in a narrow part of the road a little way before you, where it was impossible you should miss of finding her, and stood at the back of a hedge to observe your behaviour when you came up. I saw you make your servant pick up the child, and place her on the saddle before him. Then having, as I thought, sufficiently provided for her, by thus throwing her under the protection of her father, I made off as fast as I could, and continued my flight, till I imagined I was out of the reach of detection. But being some time after apprehended on suspicion, and not able to give a good account of myself, I was advertised in the papers, and discovered to have been an accomplice in committing that robbery I mentioned, for which some of the gang had been already condemned and executed. I was tried for the crime, and was cast for transportation. Before I was put on board the ship that was to carry me and several others abroad, I wrote a few

lines to your honour, acquainting you with the circumstances of my behaviour towards your daughter: but this, I suppose, as it was entrusted to a boy who used to go on errands for the prisoners, has never come to your hands. Not long ago I returned from transportation, and betook myself to my old course of life again. But I happened to be seized with the small-pox, that raged in a village I passed through; and partly from the violence of the distemper, partly from the want of proper care in the first stages of it, was brought so low, that a physician, whose humanity induced him to visit me, gave me over for lost. I found that the terrors of death on a sick-bed had more effect on my conscience, than all the hardships I had formerly undergone, and I began to look back with the keenest remorse on a life so spent as mine had been. It pleased God, however, that I should recover; and I have since endeavoured to make some reparation for my past offences by my penitence.

Among other things, I often reflected on what I had done with regard to your child; and being some days ago accidentally near Sindall-park, I went thither, and tried to learn something of what had befallen her. I understood from some of the neighbours, that a young lady had been brought up from her infancy with your aunt, and was said to be the daughter of a friend of yours, who had committed her to your care at his death. But, upon inquiring into the time of her being brought to your house, I was persuaded that she must be the

same I had conjectured, imputing the story of her being anothers to your desire of concealing that she was yours, which I imagined you had learned from the letter I wrote before my transportation; till meeting, at a house of entertainment with a servant of your honours, he informed me, in the course of our conversation, that it was reported that you were going to be married to the young lady who had lived so long in your family. On hearing this I was confounded, and did not know what to think; but, when I began to fear that my letter had never reached you, I trembled at the thought of what my wickedness might occasion, and could have no ease in my mind, till I should set out for Bilswood to confess the whole affair to your honour. I was to-night overtaken by the storm near this house, and prevailed on the landlady, though it seemed much against her inclination, to permit me to take up my quarters here. About half an hour ago, I was waked with the shrieks of some person in distress, and upon asking the landlady, who lay in the same room with me, what was the matter, she bid me be quiet and say nothing; for it was only a worthy gentleman of her acquaintance, who had overtaken a young girl, a foundling he had bred up, that had stolen a sum of money from his house, and run away with one of his footmen. At the word *foundling*, I felt a kind of something I cannot describe, and I was terrified when I overheard some part of your discourse, and guessed what your intentions were; I rose, therefore, in spite of the landlady, and had got thus far dressed, when we heard the door burst open, and presently

a noise of fighting above stairs. Upon this we ran up together; and to what has happened since, this company has been witness.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Miss Sindall discovers another Relation.

It is not easy to describe the sensations of Sindall, or Lucy, when the secret of her birth was unfolded. In the countenance of the last were mingled the indications of fear and pity, joy and wonder: while her father turned upon her an eye of tenderness, chastened with shame. Oh! thou injured innocence! said he; for I know not how to call thee child, canst thou forgive those—Good God! Bolton, from what hast thou saved me! Lucy was now kneeling at his feet.—Talk not sir, said she, of the errors of the past: methinks I look on it as some horrid dream, which it dizzies my head to recollect My father!—Gracious God! have I a father?—I cannot speak; but there are a thousand things that beat here!—Is there another parent to whom I should also kneel? Sir Thomas cast up a look to heaven; and his groans stopped, for awhile, his utterance—Oh! Harriet! if thou art now an angel of mercy, look down, and foregive the wretch that murdered thee!—Harriet! exclaimed the soldier, starting at the sound, what Harriet? what Harriet? Sindall looked earnestly in his face—Oh, heavens! he cried, art thou?—sure, thou art!—Annesly?—Look

not, look not on me—Thy sister—but, I shall not live for thy upbraidings—thy sister was the mother of my child!—Thy father—to what does this moment of reflection reduce me?—thy father fell with his daughter, the victims of that villany which overcame her innocence! Annesly looked sternly upon him, and anger for a moment inflamed his cheek; but it gave way to softer feelings.—What! both? both?—and he burst into tears.

Bolton now stepped up to this new acquired friend. I am, said he, comparatively but a spectator of this fateful scene; let me endeavour to comfort the distress of the innocent, and alleviate the pangs of the guilty. In Sir Thomas Sindall's present condition resentment would be injustice. See here, my friend, (pointing to Lucy), a mediatrix, who forgets the man in the father. Annesly gazed upon her, She is, she is, he cried, the daughter, of my Harriet;—that eye, that lip, that look of sorrow!—He flung himself on her neck; Bolton looked on them enraptured; and even the langour of Sindall's face was crossed with a gleam of momentary pleasure.

Sir Thomas' servant now arrived, accompanied by a surgeon, who, upon examining and dressing his wound, was of opinion, that in itself it had not the appearance of imminent danger, but from the state of his pulse he was apprehensive of a supervening fever. He ordered him to be put to bed, and his room to be kept as quiet as possible. As this gentleman was an acquaintance of Boltons, the latter informed him of the state in which Sir Thomas' mind must be from the discoveries that

the preceding hour had made upon him. Upon which the surgeon begged that he might, for the present, avoid seeing Miss Sindall or Mr. Annesly, or talking with any one on the subject of those discoveries; but he could not prevent the intrusion of thought; and not many hours after, his patient fell into a roving sort of slumber, in which he would often start and mutter the words Harriet, Lucy, murder, and incest!

Bolton and Lucy now enjoyed one of those luxurious interviews, which absence, and hardships during that absence, procure to souls formed for each other. She related to him all her past distresses, of which my readers have been already informed, and added the account of that night's event, part of which only they have heard. Herself indeed, was not then mistress of it all; the story at large was this :—

The servant, whose attachment to her I have formerly mentioned, had been discovered, in that conference which produced her resolution of leaving Bilswood, by Mrs. Boothby's maid, who immediately communicated to her mistress her suspicions of the plot going forward between Miss Sindall and Robert. Upon this, the latter was severely interrogated by his master, and being confronted with Sukey, who repeated the whole she had overheard of the young lady and him, he confessed her intention of escaping by his assistance. Sir Thomas, drawing his sword, threatened to put him instantly to death, if he did not expiate his treachery by obeying implicitly the instructions he should then receive; these were, to have the horse saddled at the

hour agreed on, and to proceed, without revealing to Miss Sindall the confession he had made, on the road which Sir Thomas had now marked out for him. With this, after the most horrid denunciations of vengeance in case of a refusal, the poor fellow was fain to comply: and hence his terror when they were leaving the house. They had proceeded but just so far on their way, as Sir Thomas had thought proper for the accomplishment of his design, when he, with his valet de chamber and another servant, who were confidants of their master's pleasures, made up to them, and after pretending to upbraid Lucy for the imprudence and treachery of her flight, he carried her to the house of one of those profligate dependants, whom his vices had made necessary on his estate.

When she came to the close of this recital, the idea of that relation in which she stood to him from whom these outrages were suffered, stopped her tongue; she blushed and faltered. This story, said she, I will now forget for ever, except to remember that gratitude which I owe to you. During the vicissitudes of her narration, he had clasped her hand with a fearful earnestness, as if he had shared the dangers she had related; he pressed it to his lips. Amidst my Lucy's present momentous concerns, I would not intrude my own; but I am selfish in the little services she acknowledges; I look for a return. She blushed again.—I have but little art, said she, and cannot disguise my sentiments; my Henry will trust them on a subject which at present I know his delicacy will forbear.

Annesly now entered the room, and Bolton communicated the trust he was possessed of in his behalf, offering to put him in immediate possession of the sum which Mr. Rawlinson had bequeathed to his management, and which that gentleman had more than doubled since the time it had been left by Annesly's unfortunate father. I know not, said Annesly, how to talk of those matters, unacquainted as I have been with the manners of polished and commercial nations; when I have any particular destination for money, I will demand your assistance; in the mean time, consider me as a minor, and use the trust already reposed in you for my advantage, and the advantage of those whom misfortune has allied to me.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Sir Thomas' Situation.—The expression of his Penitence.

Next morning, Sindall, by the advice of his surgeon, was removed in a litter to his own house, where he was soon after attended by an eminent physician in aid of that gentleman's abilities. Pursuant to his earnest entreaties, he was accompanied thither by Annesly and Bolton. Lucy, having obtained leave of his medical attendants, watched her father in the character of a nurse.

They found, on their arrival, that Mrs. Boothby, having learned the revolutions of the preceding

night, had left the place, and taken the road towards London. I think not of her, said Sir Thomas; but there is another person, whom my former conduct banished from my house, whom I now wish to see in this assemblage of her friends, the worthy Mrs. Wistanly. Lucy undertook to write her an account of her situation, and to solicit her compliance with the request of her father. The old lady, who had still strength and activity enough for doing good, accepted the invitation; and the day following she was with them at Bilswood.

Sir Thomas seemed to feel a sort of melancholy satisfaction in having the company of those he had injured assembled under his roof. When he was told of Mrs. Wistanly's arrival, he desired to see her, and taking her hand, I have sent for you, madam, said he, that you may help me to unload my soul of the remembrance of the past. He then confessed to her that plan of seduction by which he had overcome the virtue of Annesly, and the honour of his sister. You were a witness, he concluded, of the fall of that worth and innocence which it was in the power of my former crimes to destroy: you are now come to behold the retribution of Heaven on the guilty. By that hand whom it commissioned to avenge a parent and a sister, I am cut off in the midst of my days. I hope not, sir, answered she; your life, I trust, will make a better expiation. In the punishments of the Divinity there is no idea of vengeance; and the infliction of what we term evil, serves equally the purpose of universal benignity, with the dispensa-

tion of good. I feel, replied Sir Thomas, the force of that observation: the pain of this wound; the presentiment of death which it instils; the horror with which the recollection of my incestuous passion strikes me; all these are in the catalogue of my blessings. They indeed take from me the world, but they give me myself.

A visit from his physician interrupted their discourse. That gentleman did not prognosticate so fatally for his patient. He found the frequency of his pulse considerably abated; and expressed his hopes that the succeeding night his rest would be better than it had been. In this he was not mistaken: and, next morning, the doctor continued to think Sir Thomas mending; but himself persisted in the belief, that he should not recover.

For several days, however, he appeared rather to gain ground than to lose it: but, afterwards, he was seized with hectic fits, at stated intervals; and, when they left him, he complained of a universal weakness and depression. During all this time, Lucy was seldom away from his bedside. From her presence he derived peculiar pleasure: and sometimes, when he was so low as to be scarce able to speak, would mutter out blessings on her head; calling her his saint! his guardian angel!

After he had exhausted all the powers of medicine, under the direction of some of the ablest of the faculty, they acknowledged all further assistance to be vain; and one of them warned him, in a friendly manner, of his approaching end. he received this intelligence with the utmost composure; as an event which he had expected from

the beginning: thanked the physician for his candour; and desired that his friends might be summoned around him, while he had yet strength enough left to bid them adieu.

When he saw them assembled, he delivered into Bolton's hands a paper; which he told him was his will. To this, said he, I would not have any of those privy, who are interested in its bequests; and, therefore, I had it executed at the beginning of my illness, without their participation. You will find yourself, my dear Harry, master of my fortune; under a condition which, I believe, you will not esteem a hardship. Give me your hand; let me join it to my Lucy's!—There!—if Heaven receives the prayer of a penitent, it will pour its richest blessings upon you. There are a few provisions in that paper, which Mr. Bolton, I know, will find a pleasure in fulfilling.—Of what I have bequeathed to you, Mrs. Wistanly, the contentment you enjoy in your present situation makes you independent; but I intend it as an evidence of my consciousness of your deserving. My much injured friend; for he was once my friend,—addressing himself to Annesly—will accept of the memorial I have left him. Give me your hand sir; I receive my forgiveness, for that wound which the arm of Providence made me provoke from yours: and, when you look on a parent's and a sister's tomb, spare the memory of him whose death shall then have exipated the wrongs he did you! Tears were the only answer he received. He paused for a moment: then, looking around, with something in his eye more elevated and solemn—I

have now, said he, discharged the world! Mine, has been called a life of pleasure: had I breath, I could tell you how false the title is. Alas! I knew not how to live—Merciful God! Ithank thee—thou hast taught me how to die!

At the close of this discourse, his strength, which he had exerted to the utmost, seemed altogether spent; and he sunk down in the bed, in a state so like death, that for some time his attendants imagined him to have actually expired. When he did revive, his speech appeared to be lost: he could just make a feeble sign for a cordial that stood on the table near his bed; he put it to his lips, then laid his head upon the pillow, as if resigning himself to his fate.

Lucy was too tender to bear the scene; her friend, Mrs. Wistanly, led her almost fainting out of the room; That grief, my dear Miss Sindall, said she, is too amiable to be blamed; but your father suggested a consolation which your piety will allow; of those who have led his life, how few have closed it like him.

THE CONCLUSION.

Early next morning Sir Thomas Sindall expired. The commendable zeal of the coroner prompted him to hold an inquest on his body; the jury brought in their verdict—Self-defence. But there was a judge in the bosom of Annesly, whom it was more difficult to satisfy: nor could he for a long

time be brought to pardon himself that blow, for which the justice of his country had acquitted him.

After paying their last duty to Sir Thomas' remains, the family removed to Sindall park. Mrs. Wistanly was prevailed on to leave her own house for a while, and preside in that of which Bolton was now master. His delicacy needed not the ceremonial of fashion to restrain him from pressing Miss Sindall's consent to their marriage, till a decent time had been yielded to the memory of her father. When that was elapsed, he received from her uncle that hand, which Sir Thomas had bequeathed him, and which mutual attachment entitled him to receive.

Their happiness is equal to their merit; I am often a witness of it; they honour me with a friendship which I know not how I have deserved, unless by having few other friends. Mrs. Wistanly and I are considered as members of the family.

But their benevolence is universal; the country smiles around them with the effects of their goodness. This is indeed the only real superiority which wealth has to bestow; I never envied riches so much, as since I have known Mr. Bolton.

I have lived too long to be caught with the pomp of declamation, or the glare of an apopthegm; but I sincerely believe, that you could not take from them a *virtue* without depriving them of a *pleasure*.

THE END.

J. HARTLEY, PRINTER, HALIFAX.

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